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Across the Syrian Deserts by Airplane

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

I WAS the guest of my old friend, General Gouraud, High Commissioner from the French Republic to Syria, in his magnificent Villa des Pins at Beirut. The general is one of the most picturesque figures in the army. After an exceptionally brilliant career in the colonies—at twenty-two he captured the African king, Samory, in a particularly audacious desert raid—he was wounded at the beginning of the Great War while commanding a division in the Argonne. A few months later, in the Dardenelles, a Turkish shell blew him fifteen or twenty feet in the air, taking off an arm and wounding him seriously in the leg and pelvis. Any one else would have died of the injuries, but his astonishing vitality pulled him through. I went to see him not long afterward in the hospital, where they had just operated on him, and as he lay there, all bandaged up and unable to move, he said to me quietly: "Your next visit to me will be at headquarters, for I shall take over the command of my army again in a few weeks." At the time I thought he was out of his head, but the curious thing is that his prophecy came true in every particular. . . .

While we studied the maps spread out before us and smoked our Turkish cigarettes, the general busied himself making out an itinerary across the interior of Syria as far as Mesopotamia, for me. As he finished he said: "For this long desert journey you have the choice of two modes of travel—the airplane and the camel. Which do you prefer?"

"My choice is quickly made," I replied. "I prefer the airplane."

As a matter of fact, whatever the advantages of a trip by caravan (I have made several in the Sahara Desert), in spite of the novelty and the local color of it, the slowness and monotony of a camel's gait soon become absolutely insupportable to a European. In order to accustom one's self to the rhythmic motion, one must have the mentality of a Bedouin for whom time does not exist. Unfortunately this sort of mentality is not acquired all in a minute—as by the stroke of a magic wand. . . .

I left Beirut on the next day but one. After a stop with the patriarch of the Maronites in one of the most picturesque corners of Lebanon, we proceeded by way of Tripoli, Homs, and Hama to Aleppo, the great merchant city, the vast emporium of occidental Asia.

One of the most interesting things about Syria—that battle-field of many peoples and races; where dynasty has succeeded dynasty; where Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Crusaders, Tatars, and Mongols, one after the other, have deployed their armies—is the variety of the monuments and the landmarks which most of the conquerors have left behind them.

Between Tripoli and Homs, not far from the valley of the Orontes, there is to be seen a stupendous fortress, one of the most amazing monuments in the whole world—the stronghold of the Crusaders,

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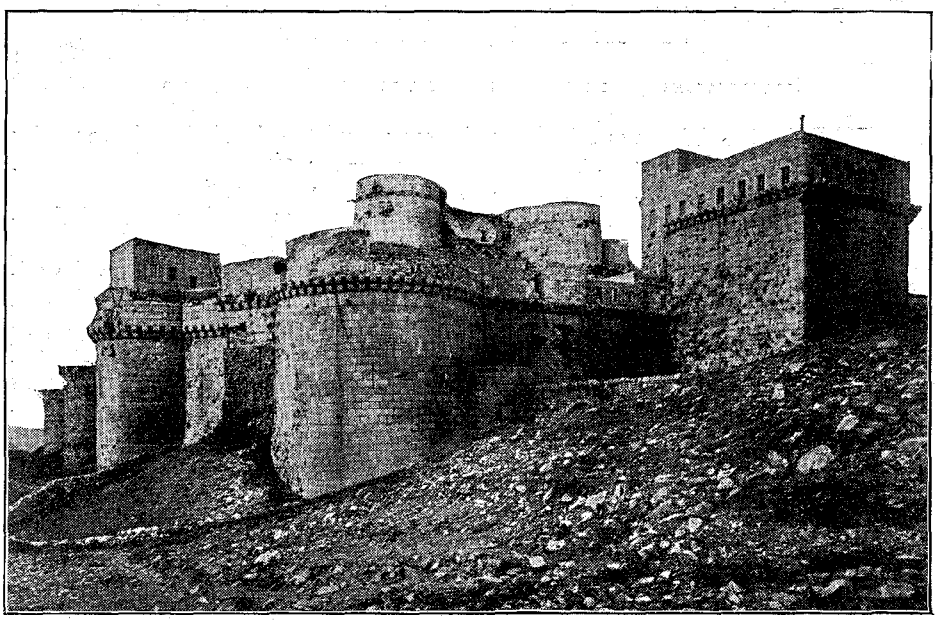
known as the "Kalaat-el-Hoesn," or the "Krak des Chevaliers." The most formidable European fortresses of the Middle Ages, Coucy-le-Château in France and the "burgs" of the Rhine valley, seem like child's toys in comparison. Thanks to this fortress and to others of the same sort, the hardy knights who built them, those adventurous crusaders from France and Flanders, could, with a handful of men, maintain their foothold in those far-off countries, even against desperate odds, and successfully withstand all assaults of Islam.



Between Tripoli and Homs . . . there is to be seen a stupendous fortress, one of the most amazing monuments in the whole world—the stronghold of the Crusaders, . . . the "Krak des Chevaliers."

On leaving this European fortress one reaches by evening the purely Arabian city of Hama, whose charm and "difference" amaze one. Hama is, in fact, one of the marvels, one of the jewels of Mohammedan art and civilization. Crowded into a bend of the Orontes, her bridges spanning the river whose waters lave the very foundations of her houses and palaces, Hama impresses one as jealously, fiercely self-sufficient, existing of and for herself, utterly unconcerned with time and the outside world. Day and night the great water-wheels, some of them of colossal size and all exactly as they were when invented by Arabian engineers ten centuries ago, draw up water from the Orontes to the aqueducts and conduits. The insistent whine of the creaking, groaning wheels mingles with the other noises of the city, penetrating and dominating all. The ceaseless drone seems, in fact, to be the pulse, the very heart-throb, of this strange city.

After Hama we reach Aleppo, the great mercantile city, the rendezvous of all the caravans which, by endless routes across the desert, gather here from all parts of Asia, Anatolia, the Caucasus, Persia, Kurdistan, Irak, and Arabia. It is the city of traffickers and money-changers with its immense "soukhs" and its numberless "khans"—inns—crowded with merchandise and camels.

In Aleppo one is impressed with the briskness, the intensity, of trading interests, which stamps not only its own people but Syrians in general, as virtuosi in all matters of barter and money exchange. The gold piece has almost entirely disappeared from Europe and even from a part of Asia. It is only to be found now

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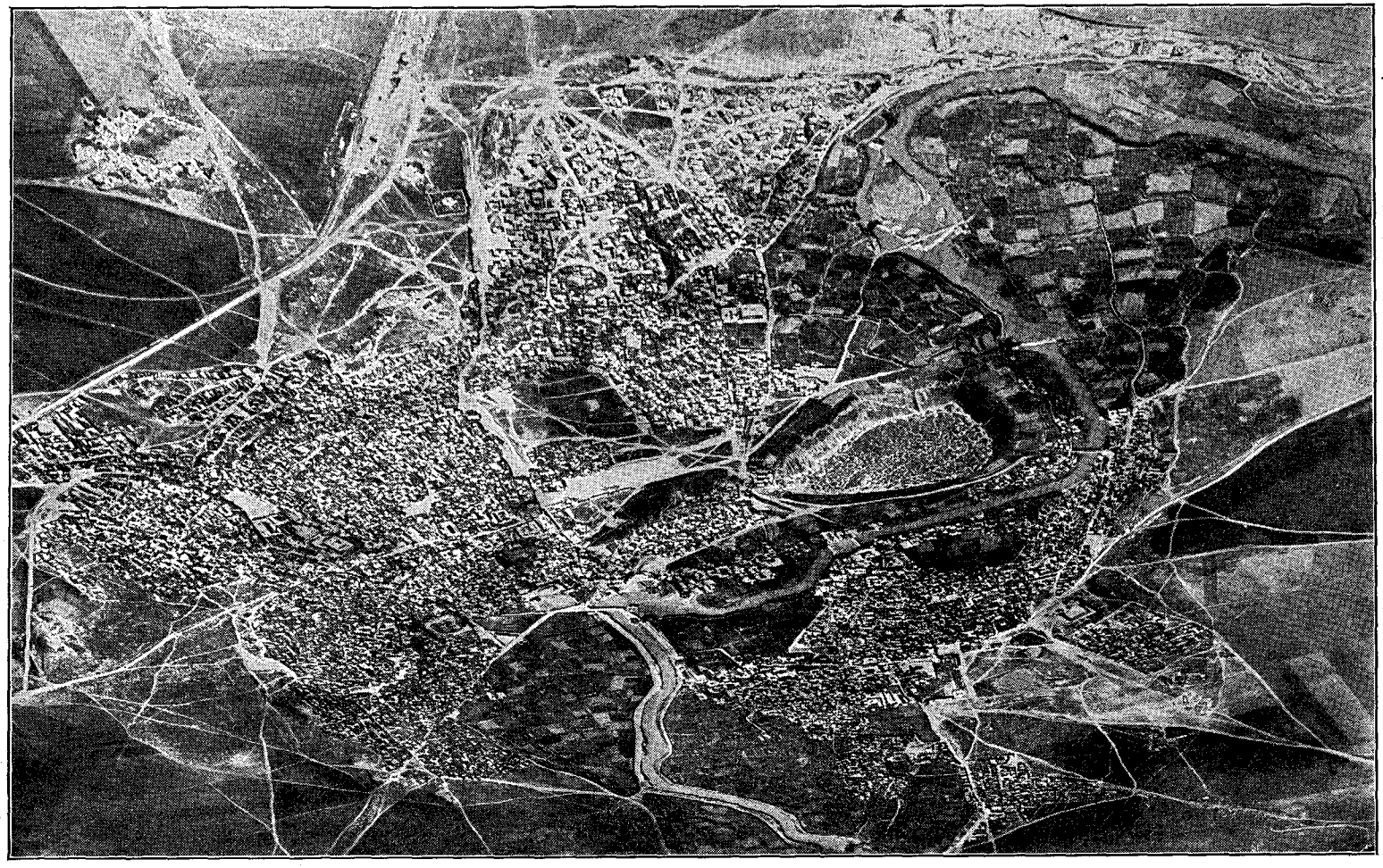

Hama is . . . one of the marvels, one of the jewels of Mohammedan art and civilization.—Page 388.

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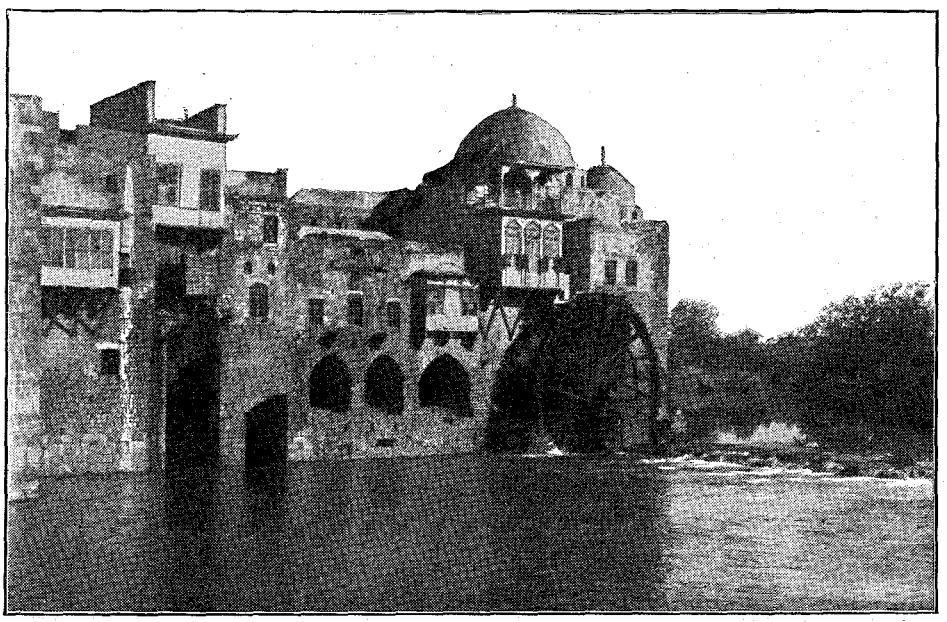
hidden away in some peasant's woollen stocking or in the vaults of national banks or in museums. But in Aleppo and everywhere in Bedouin countries gold reigns supreme. The farther one penetrates into the desert, the more firmly one finds gold to be established as the standard. The wandering tribes along the shores of the Euphrates know no other money. That is certainly one result of the war

a biplane of the Bréguet type, belonging to one of the numerous escadrilles of our Syrian forces of occupation, piloted by an excellent sergeant aviator.

Our plane had scarcely taken the air when we saw on our right a big stretch of water—Lake Sabkha. Shortly afterward the eye distinguishes far off on the horizon a narrow winding ribbon, a zigzag trail of verdure, across the arid sands. It is the



Day and night the great water-wheels (at Hama) . . . all exactly as they were when invented by Arabian engineers ten centuries ago, draw up water from the Orontes.—Page 388.

which the most knowing of economists could not have foreseen.

I left the Aleppo aviation field, which is not far from the Bagdad Railway, in an airplane. One of the inconvenient things about these air trips is that one is obliged to get up very early in the morning. One must be on one's way by five o'clock in order to reach one's destination by eight or nine—before the desert wind, very dangerous for the traveller by air, begins to blow.

The first halt of our aerial circuit was to be Deïr-ez-Zor on the Euphrates, almost half-way between Mosul and Bagdad. The caravans take from nine to ten days to make the journey, which we were scheduled to accomplish in three or four hours. I left in a military "avion," Euphrates. The plane, going at a terrific rate of speed, heads straight for the river and is quickly flying over it, swooping above its muddy waters in long detours.

A few scraggly herbs, water-plants, and rushes are all that grow on the banks of this great river, unnavigated, abandoned. No centres of humanity, no villages, no habitations are to be seen for hundreds of kilometres. For this reason the aviator dares not deviate from the route. As a precaution, in case of accident and a forced landing, the avion is always supplied with a couple of rifles, two days' rations, and water for the pilot and passenger. And should the plane not arrive at its destination on time, the nearest post will immediately send another avion to its aid.

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Aleppo, the great mercantile city, the rendezvous of all the caravans which, by endless routes across the desert, gather here.—Page 388.

All civilization—we can even go so far as to say all life—has disappeared from these regions once fertile, flourishing, and populated, if one may judge by the very numerous and important ruins that one sees. One comes upon them first, on reaching the Euphrates, at Meskéneh, the ancient Barbalissos. At this point it is said Alexander the Great, following up his stupendous conquests, crossed the river with his legions. Then, on the right, is Resafeh, the Sergiopolis of ancient days; the two dismantled strongholds of Alibieh and Zenobieh, built by Zenobia, the splendid queen of Palmyra, dominate both banks of the river. In other places ruins sometimes retain the semblance of life; but here, in the midst of the desert, crossed now and then only by some infrequent caravan, some wandering tribe of Bedouins, the very ruins seem dead.

These capricious deflections of civilization, not unlike the vagaries of a stream which suddenly leaves its bed and flows in a different direction, constitute one of the strangest phenomena of Asia.

The military avion in which we are making our flight over the Syrian deserts is scarcely to be recommended to squeamish persons or those fond of taking their ease. Its inventor didn't bother himself for an instant about the comfort of the passenger. To be exact, it wasn't constructed to carry a passenger. It was simply intended to provide room, after a fashion, for an observer detailed either to throw bombs or to take photographs. One has difficulty in stowing one's self and a small valise away in the narrow space behind the pilot's seat, where, by the way, one is well fanned by the wind from the propeller, and as it is almost impossible to make a movement, one ends by getting terribly cramped. Moreover, in order that the photographer may train his camera downward to get views, three quarters of the flooring has to be removed,

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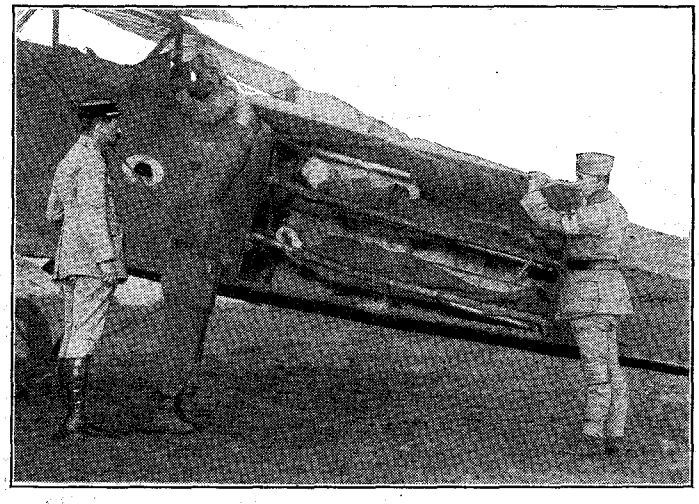
so that one's feet dangle in space—not the most agreeable sensation in the world. But all inconveniences are forgotten in the tremendous interest of the trip.

These avions have been used in a way as novel as practical—for the transportation of wounded soldiers following the slight outbreak of hostilities at Deïr-ez-Zor in October, 1921. The "tail" of the airplane was ingeniously arranged so as to allow for two wounded men, stretched out at full length on litters, to be placed in it, one above the other, as in a sleeping-car. The opening in the tail of the plane was then closed upon the men, comfortably installed and securely fastened in, and it took the air, transporting them in a few hours and without painful jarring—great care was taken to land as gently as possible—to the hospitals of Aleppo, four hundred kilometers away.



The military avions have been used in a way as novel as practical—for the transportation of wounded soldiers.

This use of the airplane in a country without military service stations, or even roads, has been of the greatest benefit. By means of them men have been saved, who, moved in any other way in the torrid heat, would probably have died. The Senegalese sharpshooters, unfamiliar with this mode of locomotion, yelled with terror at sight of the avions. The afternoon of the same day, finding themselves in bed in a hospital at Aleppo, they demanded to know by what miracle they had been able to return so quickly from a place which had taken them a hard fifteen days' march to get to.

The pilot, turning his head enveloped in casquette and goggles toward me, pointed a finger first at a great square of houses from which rose several minarets; then at an island lying between two arms of the river—a big splash of green; and then at the bridge which crosses the Euphrates in a line straight as a swallow's flight. It is Deïr-ez-Zor. One is simply astounded to come upon a city of such importance lying lost in the desert.

At the rate of speed we are flying it will be the easiest thing in the world to reach Bagdad by evening, in time for dinner with the English aviators. That is what the chief of the French Air Service also proposes to do in the next few days. From Bagdad in three laps—by Bassorah on the Persian Gulf, Bender-Abbas, Karachi, and Bombay—one can reach India. Thus are space and distance annihilated!

We descend by volplaning over the mud huts and the few stone houses which form the town of Deïr-ez-Zor. The aviation-field is just at the gate of the city—at the last houses. The commandant, chief of the French post, who was expecting me, came for me at once in his automobile.

Scarcely had I landed and removed the wadded "combination" I had worn for the flight when a terrific, suffocating heat struck me. After the fresh, invigorating upper air I felt as though I had been suddenly plunged into a furnace, a *hammam*. The cushions of the motor were as hot as though they had been in an oven. Only the middle of spring and already the heat seemed to me to be almost unbearable! According to the inhabitants, Deïr-ez-Zor is one of the hottest places in Mesopotamia and probably in the world. I take refuge in the commandant's quarters, which are comparatively cool, with their

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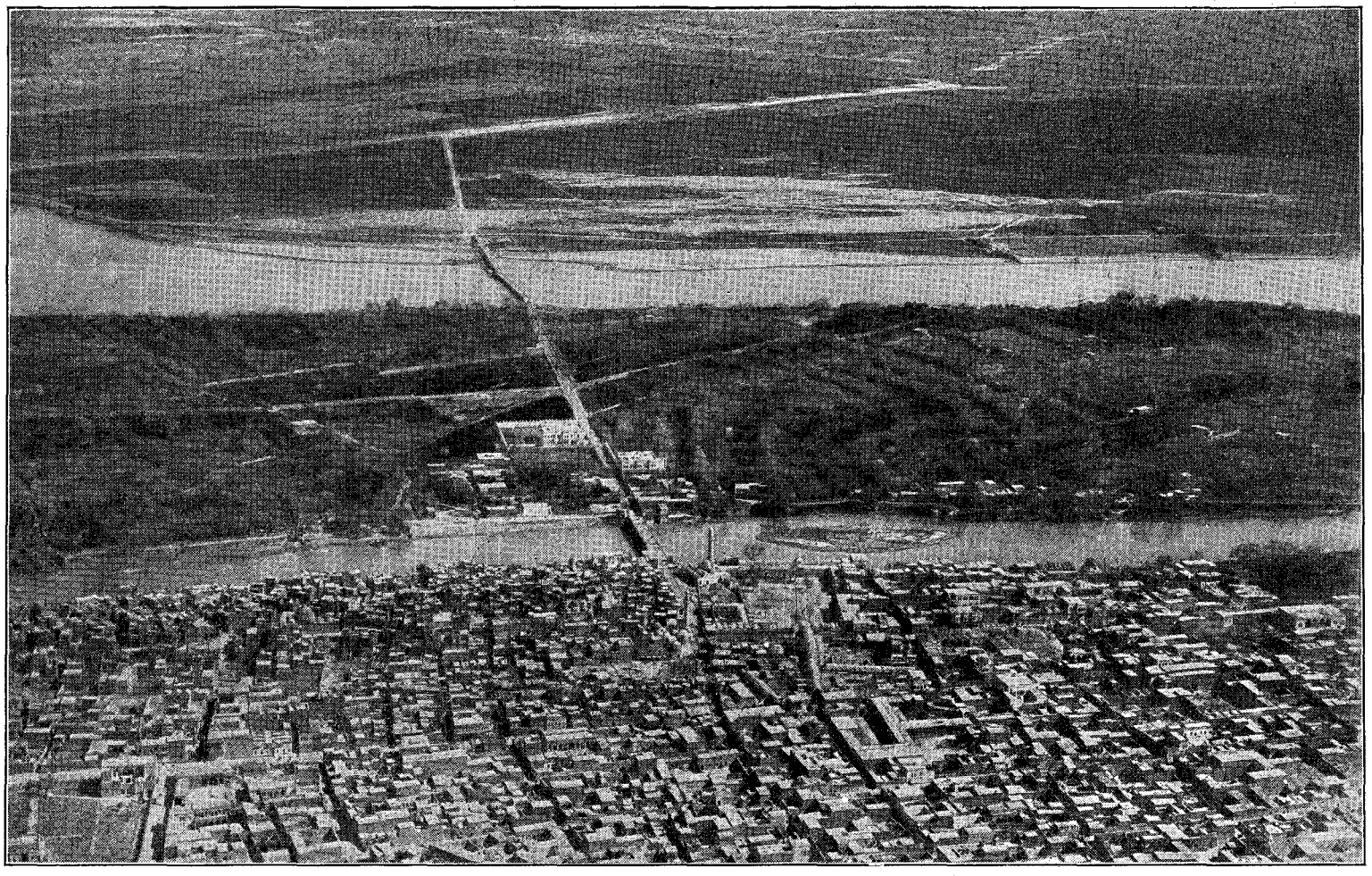

The pilot . . . pointed a finger . . . at an island lying between two arms of the river . . . and at the great bridge which crosses the Euphrates. It is Deïr-ez-Zor.—Page 392.

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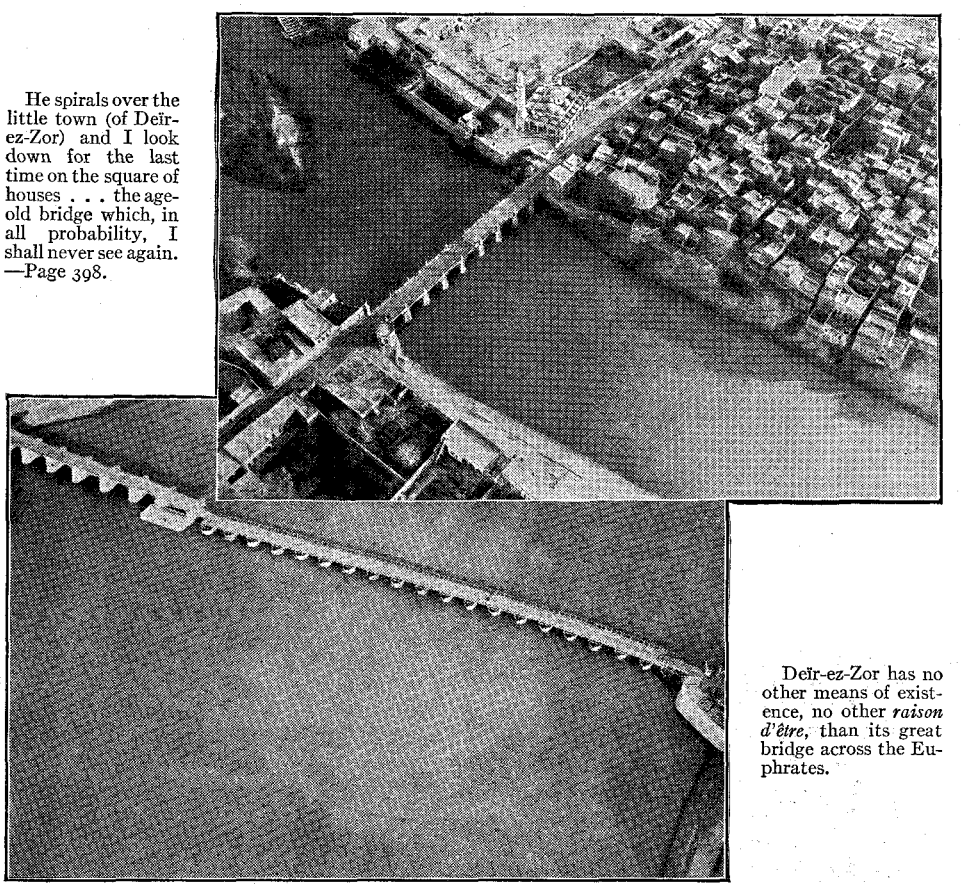
darkened rooms and hermetically closed shutters.

Deïr-ez-Zor seems to be first and foremost an administrative centre. The Turks made it the seat of government for an important territory and maintained troops there to hold in check the powerful tribes of nomadic Bedouins who roam over this whole section of country.



He spirals over the little town (of Deïr-ez-Zor) and I look down for the last time on the square of houses . . . the age-old bridge which, in all probability, I shall never see again. —Page 398.

Deïr-ez-Zor has no other means of existence, no other *raison d'être*, than its great bridge across the Euphrates.

The town has no other means of existence, no other *raison d'être*, than its great bridge across the Euphrates. Fom Djerablous, quite a distance up the river, where the Bagdad Railway crosses—and at the present moment even that bridge is down—to Bagdad there is no other bridge. All the caravans and convoys are therefore obliged to pass by way of Deïr. It is the rendezvous of the merchants and the nomads; the "rond-point" of the desert. All roads—from Mardine and Diarbekir, from Mosul, from Aleppo, from Homs, Palmyra, and Damascus—all meet here.

The principal Bedouin tribes, of which the Chamar and the Anézé are the two most important, lay in fresh supplies of food here. These tribes, the radius of whose wanderings extends over hundreds, often over thousands, of kilometers, regulate their movements according to the season and especially according to the condition of the pasture-land for their cattle. The order in which these changes are made is prescribed by traditions handed down meticulously from generation to generation. The material and moral life of these wanderers has not altered to any appreciable extent since the time of Mahomet. The centuries have rolled over their heads without bringing to them any change, any development. They follow to the letter the precept of the Koran: "Scatter yourselves throughout the des-

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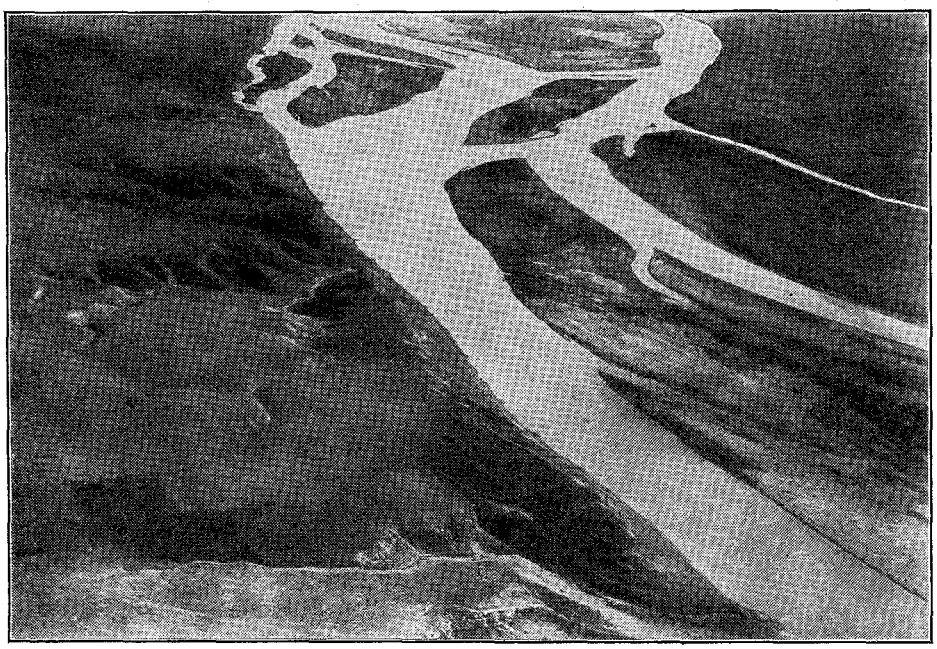
ert and profit by its blessings which will surely be provided for you." The larger part of these "blessings" are the result, not so much of the raising of cattle, camels, and sheep, as of brigandage and the looting of the passing caravan!

Last year, when General Gouraud realized that in order to establish public safety in these regions it was absolutely indispensable to occupy the important position of Deïr-ez-Zor, he sent only a small number of troops at first. As a result of the foolhardiness of one of the commanding chiefs and especially because of the disaffection of several bodies of native soldiers composed of Assyro-Chaldeans, one of our columns in action on the Euphrates suffered a slight reverse as a result of which it was compelled to fall back. Emboldened by this success the Bedouins attacked the aviation-camp of Deïr-ez-Zor during the night and succeeded in burning two or three avions. Punishment was swift. A column of two or three battalions quickly set out from Aleppo, and in a very short time had saved the situation. By a clever and rapid manœuvre they surrounded the larger part of the revolting tribes in a bend of the Euphrates and the aviators bombed them. The chiefs of the robbers fled to the other side of the Euphrates, crossing the river on the ancient equivalent for "water wings"—inflated goatskins—just as they did in the time of Cyrus and Artaxerxes. The rest implored "aman" (pardon). They were fined several thousand Turkish pounds, which were put aside for repairs on the bridge.

Ever since this affair perfect tranquillity has prevailed. Caravans are no longer attacked. A French officer, accompanied only by his orderly, recently travelled over the whole country without any misadventures. Profiting by the success of what has been accomplished in the Sahara, a native police force has been organized consisting of two platoons of "méharistes," native riders on specially picked mounts—camels that are to the ordinary camel what the thoroughbred is to the horse—capable of going tremendous distances at a stretch across the desert. Commanded by French officers, this native light infantry goes hotfoot in pursuit of the bandits and nearly always succeeds in capturing them.

Because Deïr-ez-Zor is the gateway through which all must pass, it is a splendid post of observation, a centre of the



One is amazed at the width and volume of the Euphrates. . . . This great river rushes along precipitately as though anxious to leave these desolate shores.—Page 397.

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most interesting information. It is a window opening upon the whole Orient, from which one gets glimpses of what is happening in Anatolia, in Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, Arabia, and even Persia.

The day before I arrived at Deïr by airplane an English officer, Captain Savory, arrived by the overland route. This officer belongs to a regiment of Indian Sikhs in garrison at Bagdad. He was off for London on a long leave of absence and, after consulting the maps, decided that it was not only unnecessary but foolishly extravagant to make the long detour by way of Bassura, the Persian Gulf, Bombay, the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, and the Suez Canal, when Bagdad seemed to be such a short distance by land from Aleppo and Beirut, where he could get an excellent passenger steamer that would take him to Marseilles in five days. They assured him at Bagdad that the road was bound to be perfectly safe as the British Government gives yearly an enormous sum of money, forty thousand Turkish pounds—about two millions of francs or two hundred thousand dollars in American money—to the chief of the principal Bedouin tribe to police all that country and insure the safety of travellers.

Money is the trump card of the British political game in the Orient. The number of petty kings, native chieftains, and religious dignitaries whom His Majesty's government pensions off with as much liberality as assiduity, is almost incredible. The English, who are very practical and excellent mathematicians, have discovered by a very simple calculation that it costs infinitely less to pay a native chieftain to attend to their affairs for them than to import into the country their public servants or their soldiers for that purpose. The trouble is that these native chiefs, marionettes manipulated by the English agents, are most often without any sort of real power or authority. Those who are supposed to obey them do not obey them the least in the world. Some new leader is forever cropping up, trying to recruit a band of followers and pushing himself to the front so that he too may be subsidized by the British Government. This system, which undeniably has been greatly abused by England, has not worked at all well. In almost every case the governmental policy that depended upon it is meeting with failure, as, for example, in Mesopotamia with the Emir Fayçal, in Transjordan with the Emir Abdallah, in Arabia with Ibn-Seoud, and in Kurdistan.

Captain Savory left Bagdad for Mosul, which is occupied by British troops, and there made a bargain with an Armenian, the proud owner of two Ford cars, who agreed to take him, together with five or six other travellers—an Assyrian bishop, two Christian merchants, and several Arabs—from Mosul to Aleppo by way of Deïr-ez-Zor for thirty Turkish pounds gold.

They left one fine morning and had hardly gone a hundred kilometers into the desert, following the caravan route, when, almost at the very gates of Mosul, in the heart of British territory, they were held up by a band of Bedouins mounted on fine Arabian steeds, who trained their excellent repeating rifles on the travellers, obliging them to dismount and each one to give up ten pounds gold. It was in vain that the merchants tried to bargain with them. All discussion was useless. The levelled rifles constituted an unanswerable argument. Captain Savory showed his British officer's passport and called attention to his uniform, but apparently the Bedouins did not attach the slightest importance to either. He complained bitterly of the treatment he was receiving and reminded them of the forty thousand Turkish pounds his government presented yearly to their chief, to which they replied: "Our chief puts all that money in his pockets and keeps it there carefully for himself; he doesn't yield up any of it to us. That's why we are obliged to follow his example and get what is coming to us from you traveller."

A few hours later the same thing happened all over again. They were held up in the same way by more Bedouin brigands and again they had to "come across" with ten Turkish pounds.

They were held up twice more the following day and always with the same ceremonial and the same contribution. Captain Savory began to regret that he had not gone by way of the Persian Gulf, as a rapid calculation proved to him that this overland trip would cost him consider-

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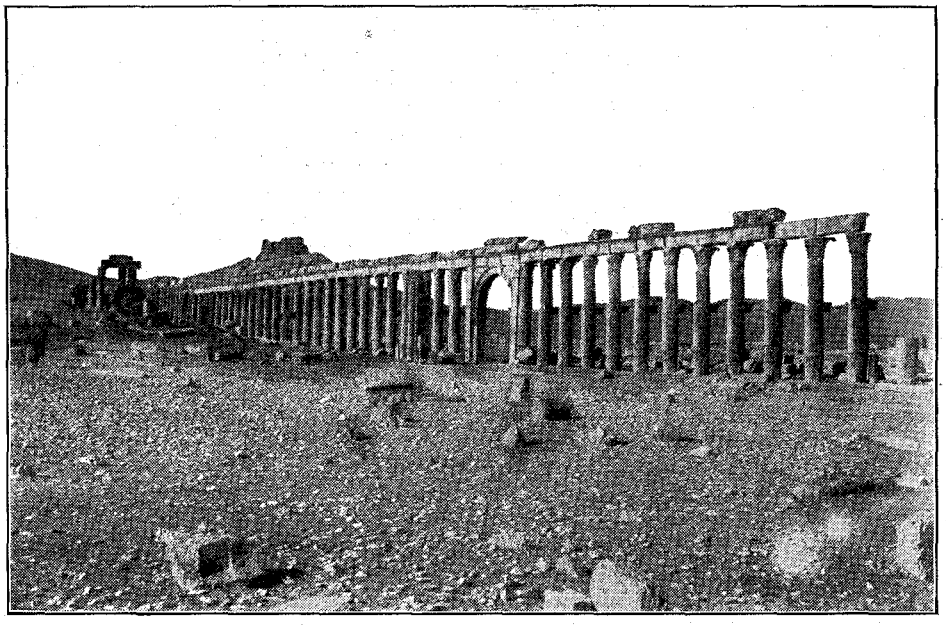
ably more than the one by water. He arrived at Deïr-ez-Zor highly indignant and convinced that the policy of transforming brigands into rural police wasn't such a brilliant idea as it seemed.

To take his mind off his troubles we went together, in the cool of the evening, to see the little town whose streets, sleepy and deserted earlier in the day, were now beginning to wake up. Houses and streets become alive once more. The little shops are full of buyers. Innumerable narghile smokers are seated in front of the cafés. A long caravan, arriving from Mosul, has just crossed the bridge. Led by a little donkey, the hundred camels, strung together in single file, advance with stately gait and soundless footfall, their legs, much longer and more shaggy than those of the African camel, coquettishly adorned with gay, variegated woollen bands and pompons.

We reach the river-bank and cross by the primitive bridge made of joists more or less well fastened together and resting on pontoons. One is amazed at the width and volume of the Euphrates, and the little island up-stream, which divides the current, makes it appear still wider. This great river rushes along precipitately, as though anxious to leave these desolate shores. Its mighty power is unused save now and then by some creaking old hydraulic wheel which draws up enough water to keep green some little garden, some parched field.

The light here is wonderful. A beautiful yellow tint, a radiance like powdered gold, is over everything. It has the same limpid clarity, the same tempered serenity, as in Egypt. And suddenly night envelopes us, with no warning twilight, and we return. In the gardens of the little island lying opposite the commandant's quarters the nightingales have begun to sing, nor will they cease until the morning breaks.



The long line of columns throws a shadow athwart the yellow sands.—Page 398.

The next day, at the first crack of dawn, the orderly knocks on my door. I am to leave shortly by airplane for the oasis of Palmyra. Half an hour later the commandant and I are on our way to the aviation-field in his automobile. The sun has scarcely risen beyond the Euphrates when the whole town is up and about, in order to enjoy the "exquisite hour" of sunrise, to feel the cool freshness and tang of the morning air.

A new airplane, driven by a new pilot from the escadrille of Deïr-ez-Zor, carries

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It was not until toward four o'clock, when the sun began to sink, . . . that I could go over the ruins (of Palmyra) in company with the officers of the post.—Page 399.

me off toward Palmyra. Before ascending to the upper air courses, he spirals over the little town and I look down for the last time on the square of houses, the green isle, the age-old bridge which, in all probability, I shall never see again. Then the avion heads straight across the desert.

The emptiness and desolation of this sea of sand and rocks over which we fly for three long hours, are without parallel. Yesterday, during our flight, we followed the course of the Euphrates, which at least made a trail of verdure and a semblance of life. But to-day there is nothing, absolutely nothing, but the narrow track, like an endlessly unwinding ribbon, over which hovers the tiny shadow of our moving plane. If anything happens and we have to land, and should the neighboring post not send us aid, there would be nothing for it but to die of hunger and thirst in this desert.

The monotony of the landscape and the regular whir of the propeller finish by putting me to sleep. A cry awakens me. It is the pilot who is pointing out to me the landscape lying almost directly beneath us, where are seen huge stones and colonnades of a beauty, a regularity, a vastness, that are as amazing as unexpected. The long line of columns throws a shadow athwart the yellow sands, clear-cut as a geometrical figure. On one side are the porticos, constituting the central part of the edifice and surrounded with monumental doors and capitals; at the other end is a high hill on the top of which is an old fort. Such is the appearance of the ruins of Palmyra when first seen from an airplane. I know of no more extraordinary, no more moving, spectacle.

We land about two kilometers from the little village that lies almost entirely within the Temple of the Sun. Palmyra is almost as hot as Deïr, which is saying a good deal! The aviation officers wish to extend to me the hospitality of their quarters but the temperature of their tent makes me prefer the stone roof of the sheik Abdallah. The sheik, who has just welcomed me, is an old man who still preserves a handsome appearance in spite of his advanced age. He has innumerable children and grandchildren. His line is not likely to become extinct, for two of his wives, so he tells me, are about to present him with new heirs. He is celebrated throughout the region for a famous ad-

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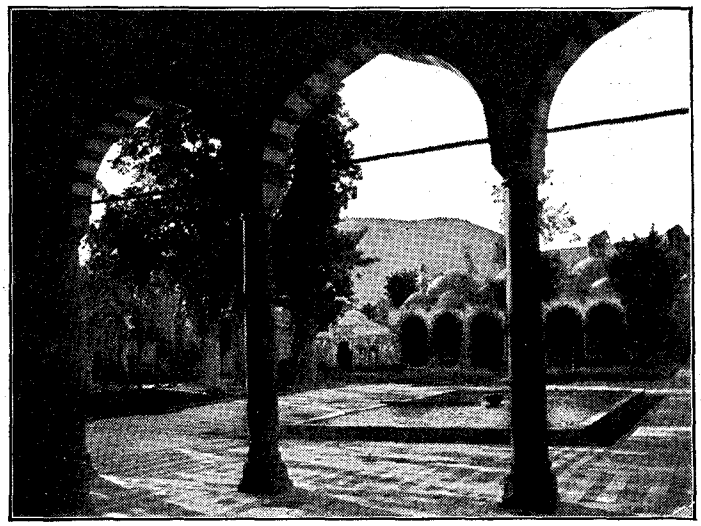
venture which he had, thirty years ago, with a rich European woman who, in the course of her travels in the desert, met and became fascinated with him.

In spite of the intense heat, curiosity, that demon of the traveller, impelled me to go out at once, before breakfast, for a sight of the ruins. But I had scarcely taken a hundred steps when my strength failed me. The glare of the sun on the sand and stones was blinding, and I was obliged to take refuge once more under Abdallah's stone roof. In this country the European, conquered by the intensity of the sun's rays, is condemned to a forced rest and siesta during the hottest part of the day, whether he likes it or not.

It was not until toward four o'clock, when the sun began to sink and the light became still more yellow, that I could go over the ruins in company with the officers of the post. What astounds me is the magnitude and the fine state of preservation of these ruins. One wonders how men could ever have conceived the idea or have had the wealth and power to erect such a monument upon this abandoned spot in the very heart of the desert.

What seems still more astonishing is that the entire place, with its colonnades, its capitals, its porticos, and its temples, gives one the vivid impression of having all been built at one time. Who were the builders? Very little is known about them. They flashed across the pages of history like meteors, leaving almost no trace. One of their sovereigns, the magnificent Zenobia, has immortalized her name in these splendid monuments. We only know that she arrayed her armies against the Romans, was conquered by them, and taken prisoner to Rome to adorn one of their triumphal processions.

The prosperity, the wealth of Palmyra accrued entirely from her commerce, that is to say, her caravan trade, as is the case everywhere in Syria. One of the great streams of commerce must have flowed past the oasis of Palmyra for a time; then, when it was deflected to other routes, opulence turned to misery. One sees everywhere in the Orient examples of these sudden changes from riches to poverty, from grandeur to nothingness.



The Tekkyé at Damascus.

All in all, the ruins of Palmyra form one of the most impressive sights imaginable. For centuries and centuries their very existence was unsuspected. They had literally disappeared from history. One can therefore conceive of the surprise and admiration of the European merchants of Aleppo when they discovered them a little more than two hundred years ago.

From the top of the massive walls of the temple we watched the sun disappear behind the tawny hills which bounded the horizon. It was the close of a magnificent day. Troops of goats pressed about the principal gate; a procession of women returned from the fountain carrying on their shoulders stone water-jars as in old Biblical days. Beasts and human beings hastened to cover for the night.

Scarcely had the sun set when a stiff wind suddenly began to blow. The aviation officers with whom I dined told me that if the wind should continue there would be no chance of leaving the follow-

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ing morning. The air traveller finds himself in somewhat the same fix as the old sailing master—his plans depend entirely on the wind. However, the prospect of spending one more day at Palmyra was far from disagreeable to me.

Toward midnight I got up, opened the door, and ventured a little way into the court. The wind had died down completely. At half after four, according to instructions, an orderly came to awaken me. At five o'clock the automobile was waiting to take me to the aviation-field. Just as I was about to fly the commandant of the escadrille insisted on my partaking of a generous breakfast, and I accepted with joy, for nothing whets the appetite like an air trip. It was a great mistake, though, and I quickly had reason to regret the delay, for had we not lost that good half-hour at breakfast we might perhaps have escaped the storm into which we ran. Hardly had we left Palmyra when the desert, the narrow track across the sands, the eternal desolation, recommenced.

When we had flown about two-thirds of the distance to Damascus, suddenly, without warning, we were caught in a violent wind-storm, in the midst of which the avion began to pitch and roll in a most distressing way. My bag, which the mechanician had fastened in after a fashion, broke loose and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping it from bumping against the steering-gear.

From a height of two thousand meters, at which we had been flying, we dropped in a few seconds to hardly more than fifty above the ground. The pilot looked about for a landing-place, but finding close to earth a quieter zone of air, decided to keep on flying.

The end of the trip was terrible. As we approached the rocky mountains of the Anti-Lebanon it was again necessary to ascend and quit the lower air lanes. The wind was now blowing very hard. We should have made the trip in less than three hours and we had already been more than four hours on our way and Damascus not yet in sight! We were now among the barren mountains of the Anti-Lebanon. On all sides nothing was to be seen but chalky rocks, crevasses, and ravines through which zigzagged the narrow trail. I told myself that if we had to land there, the landing would be decidedly rough!

The avion, however, began to ascend, and, after a bit, in the distance was to be seen an enormous agglomeration of buildings—a very sea of houses and minarets engulfed in an immense oasis. It is Damascus and we fly high over it in every direction.

Arriving at the city limits the avion volplanes downward rapidly. The hangars of the aviation-field come into view, and I confess to experiencing a distinct feeling of relief at sight of them! But we were not yet at the end of our troubles.

Just at the moment that the plane began to taxi across the ground the pilot, worn out by his exertions during the latter part of our rough trip, made a false move. He did not land with the wind dead ahead and he slowed down too quickly. Instantly the wind, tilting the tail of our plane upward, made the avion heel half-way over, so that her nose was buried in the sand and she came within an inch of turning completely over on us.

At least fifty military mechanicians swarmed from the hangars to our assistance. They dragged the pilot and myself out of the plane. We were absolutely unhurt, but the avion was a total wreck.

An hour later, just time enough for a "tub" and change, I was in the magnificent home of Colonel Catroux, representative of the French High Commissioner to the native government at Damascus. His home is situated at the upper end of the city, at the foot of the hills overlooking Damascus. The view from the terrace of his place is one of the most beautiful to be seen anywhere in the Orient. Imagine a great city of towers and minarets lying at the foot of the snowy mountain peaks; on all sides are gardens kept cool and green with running water; beyond, the tawny desert stretching away to the horizon.

It is a landscape of marvellous beauty —a vision of the Orient such as we have all seen in dreams. Its varied elements are each wonderful and all harmonize so perfectly that together they make of Damascus one of the most enchanting cities of the Orient, comparable with those beautiful ones celebrated in song and story —those pearls of Islam, Fez, Cairo, and Delhi.

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I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes with the
LONDON
Eight Drawings in Monotone
by
George Wharton Edwards.
things of fame that do renown this City

Plate I . . . . (*Frontispiece*) Trafalgar Square and the Monument from the steps of the National Gallery.

Plate II . . . Buckingham Palace, the residence of the King and Queen of England. Perhaps the most magnificently furnished palace in the world.

Plate III . . . Chantry of Henry V, Westminster, with the tomb of Henry of Monmouth, the hero of Agincourt.

Plate IV . . . The Thames Embankment, showing Somerset House, the Egyptian Obelisk, and the Bridge.

Plate V . . . Piccadilly Circus, which derives its name from the favorite turn-down collars worn by King James I in 1617.

Plate VI . . . The great Banqueting Hall of the Temple. Ben Jonson calls the Temples "The noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the Kingdom."

Plate VII. . . The entrance to the Temple with the ancient house fronts. Quoth Charles Lamb: "I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple."

Plate VIII . . The Tower of London. Every British sovereign down to Charles II occupied the Tower at intervals.

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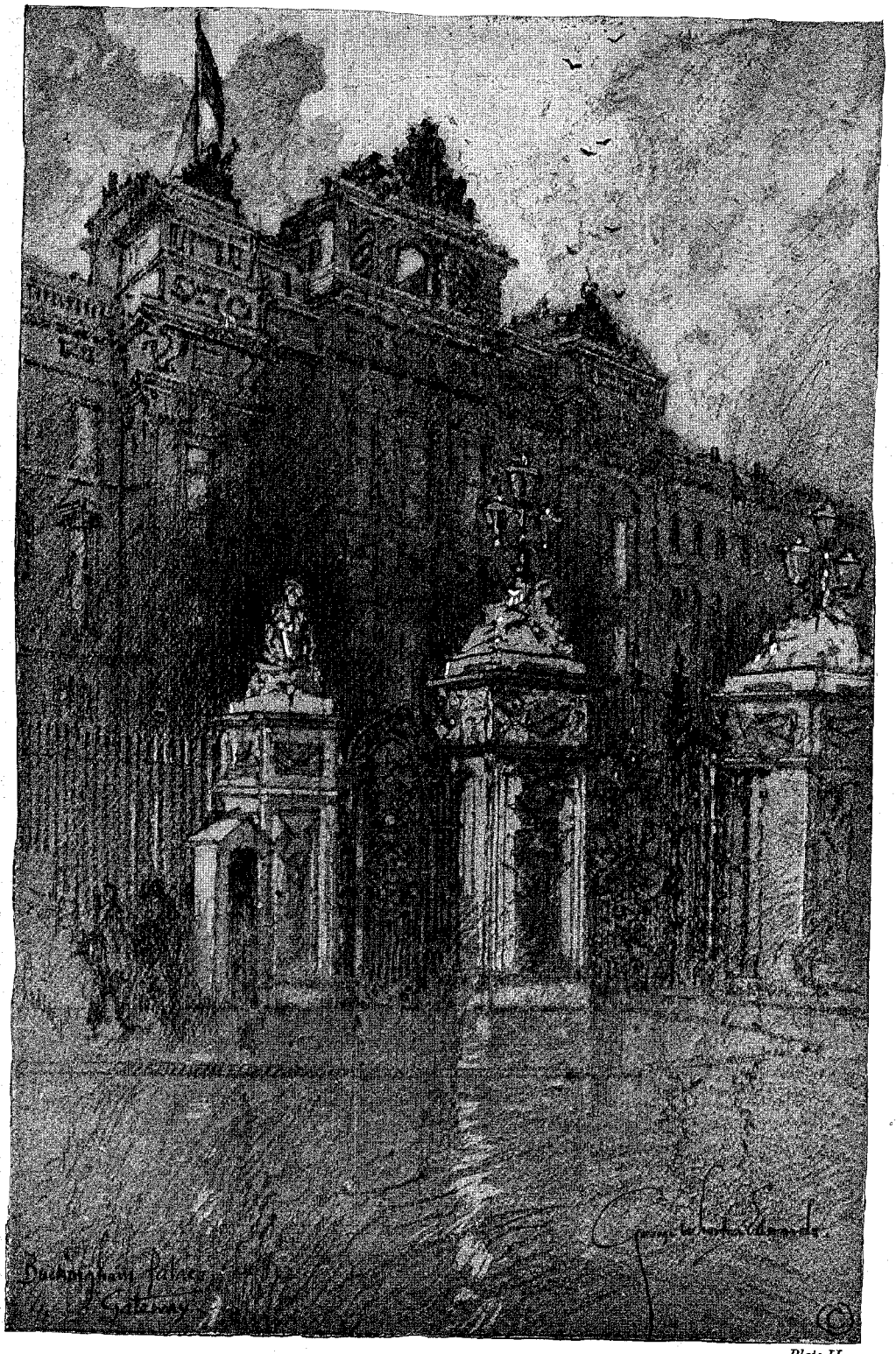

Plate II.

Gateway; Buckingham Palace.

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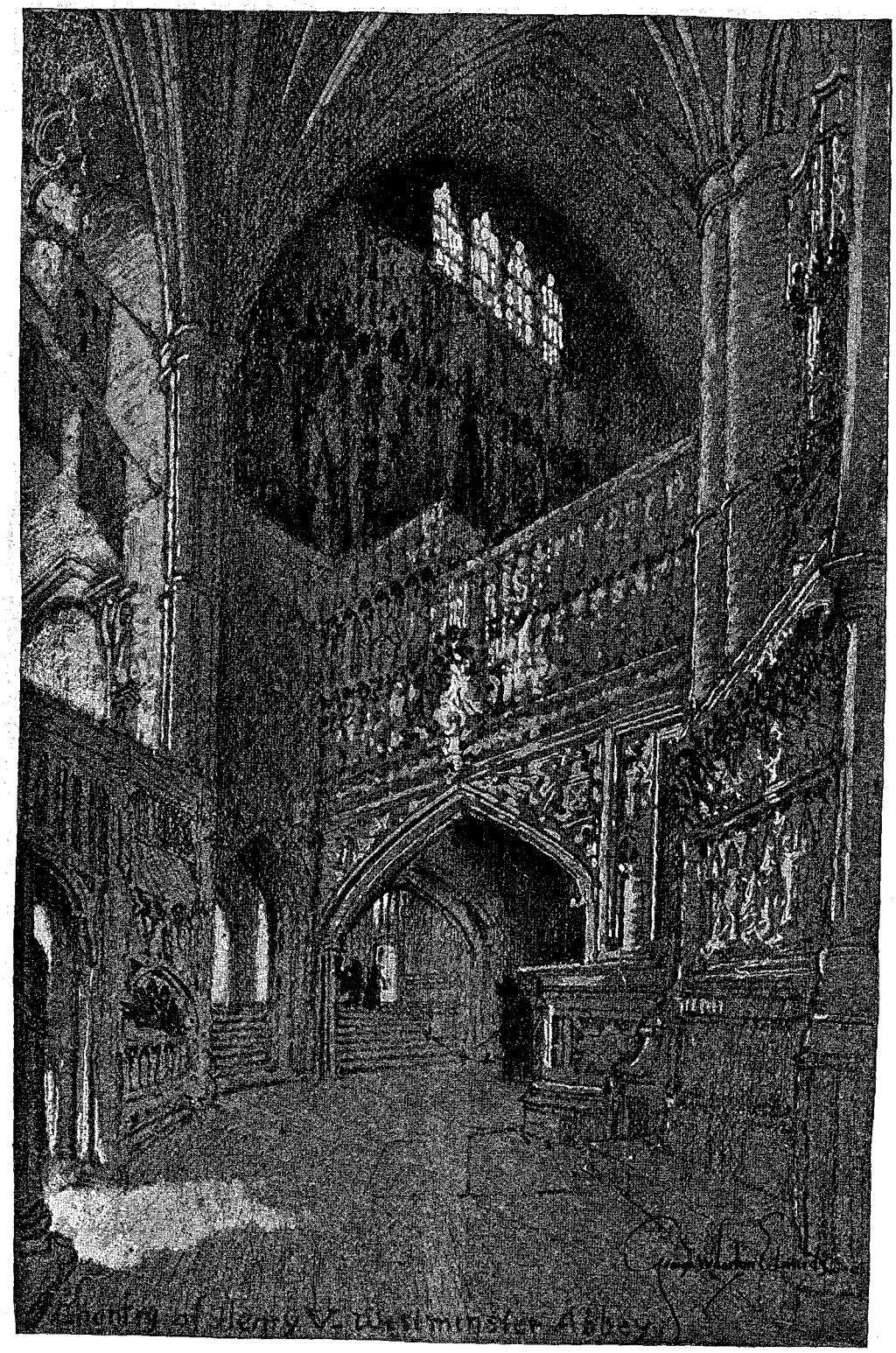

Plate III.

Westminster Abbey; chantry of Henry V.

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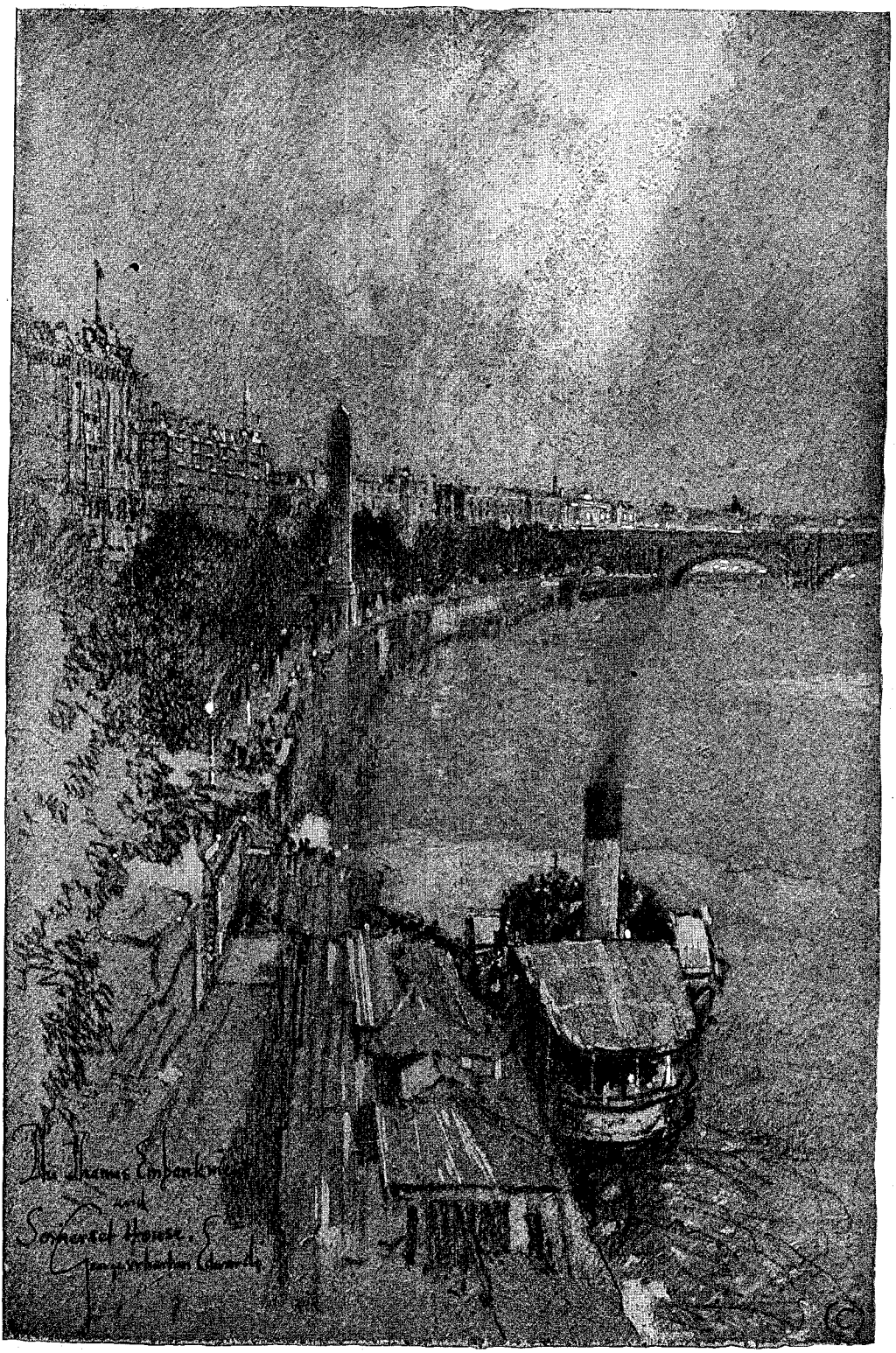

Plate IV.

The Thames Embankment and Somerset House.

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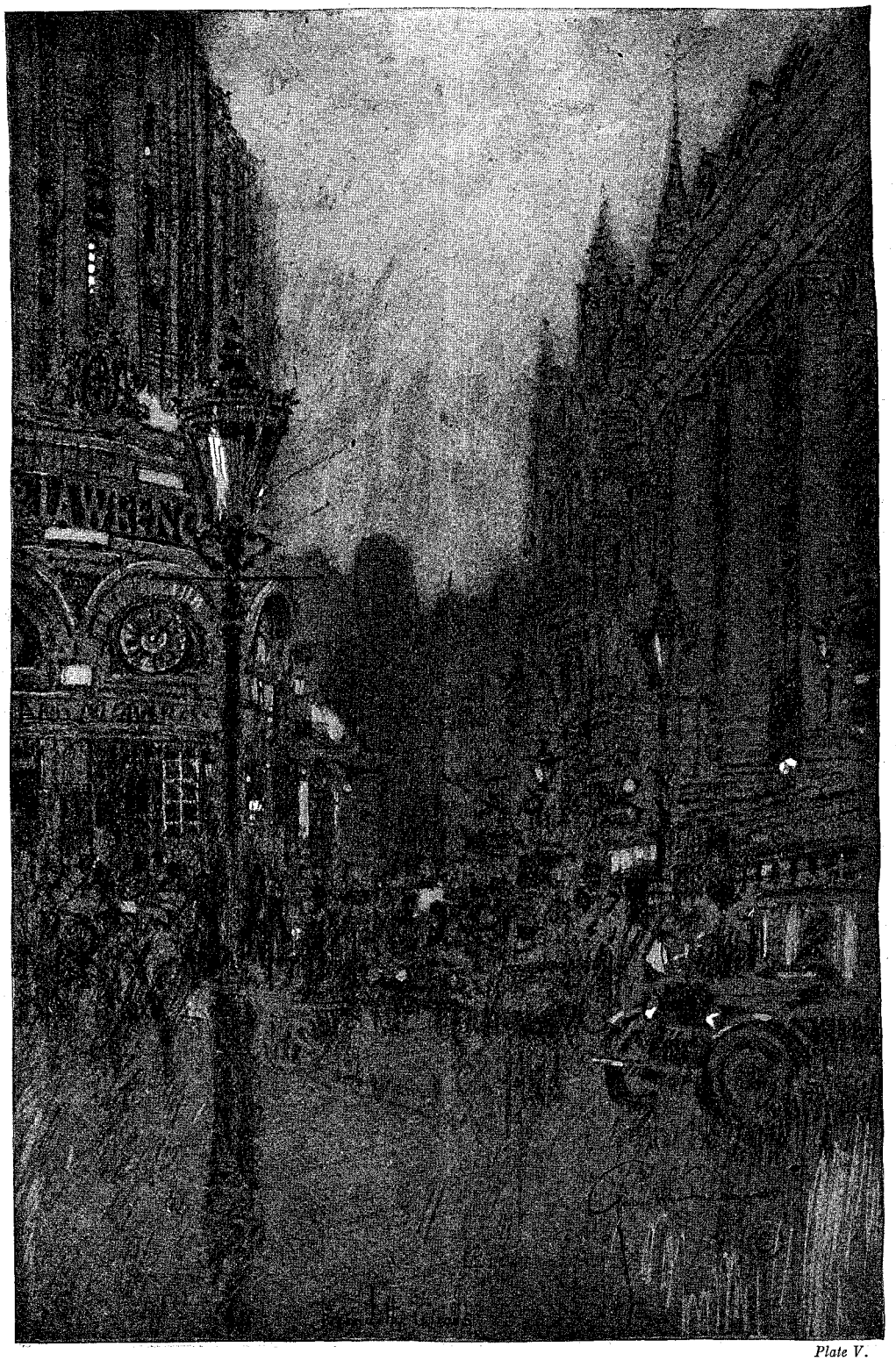

Plate V.

Piccadilly Circus.

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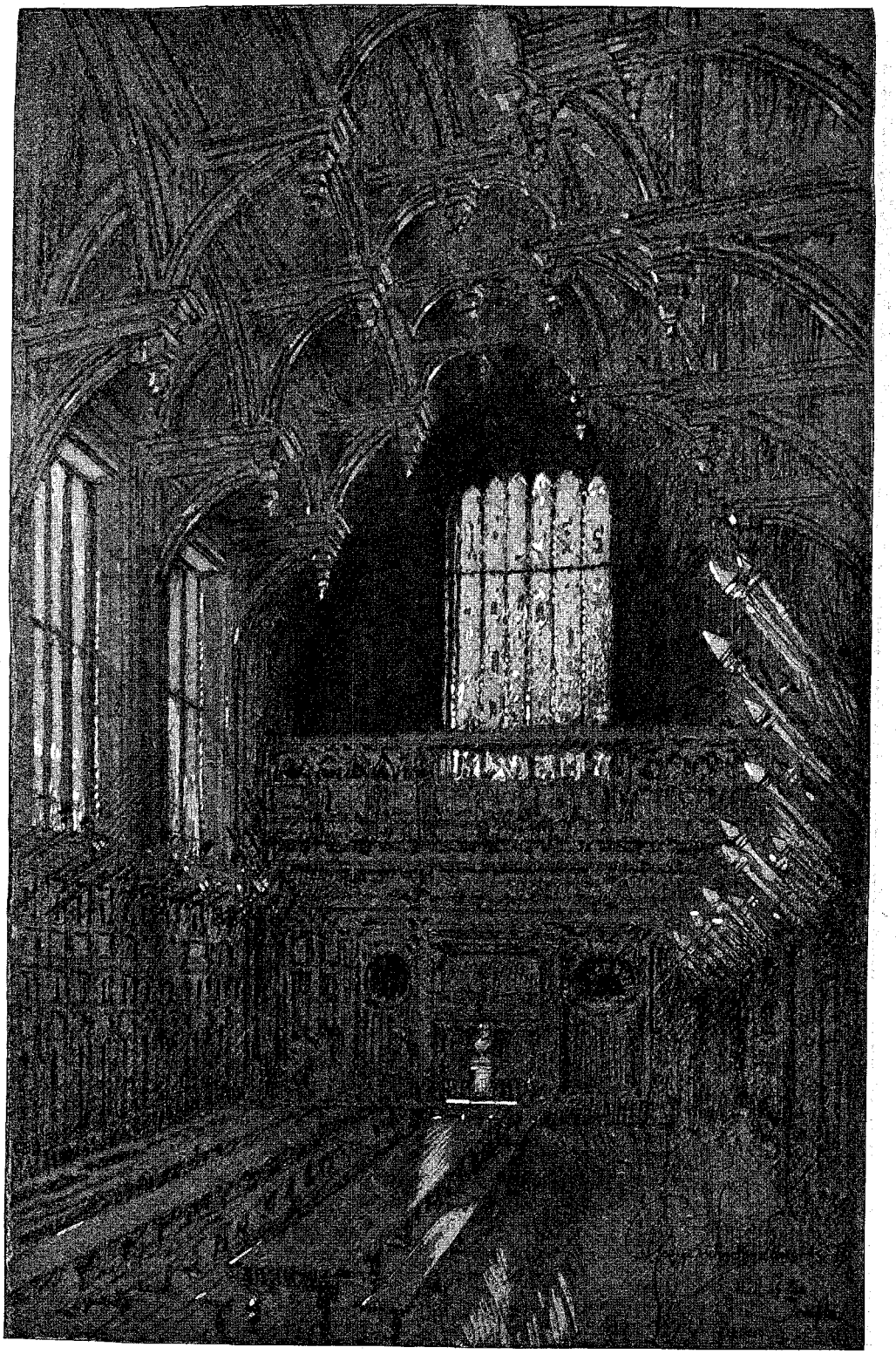

Plate VI.

The Hall of the Temple.

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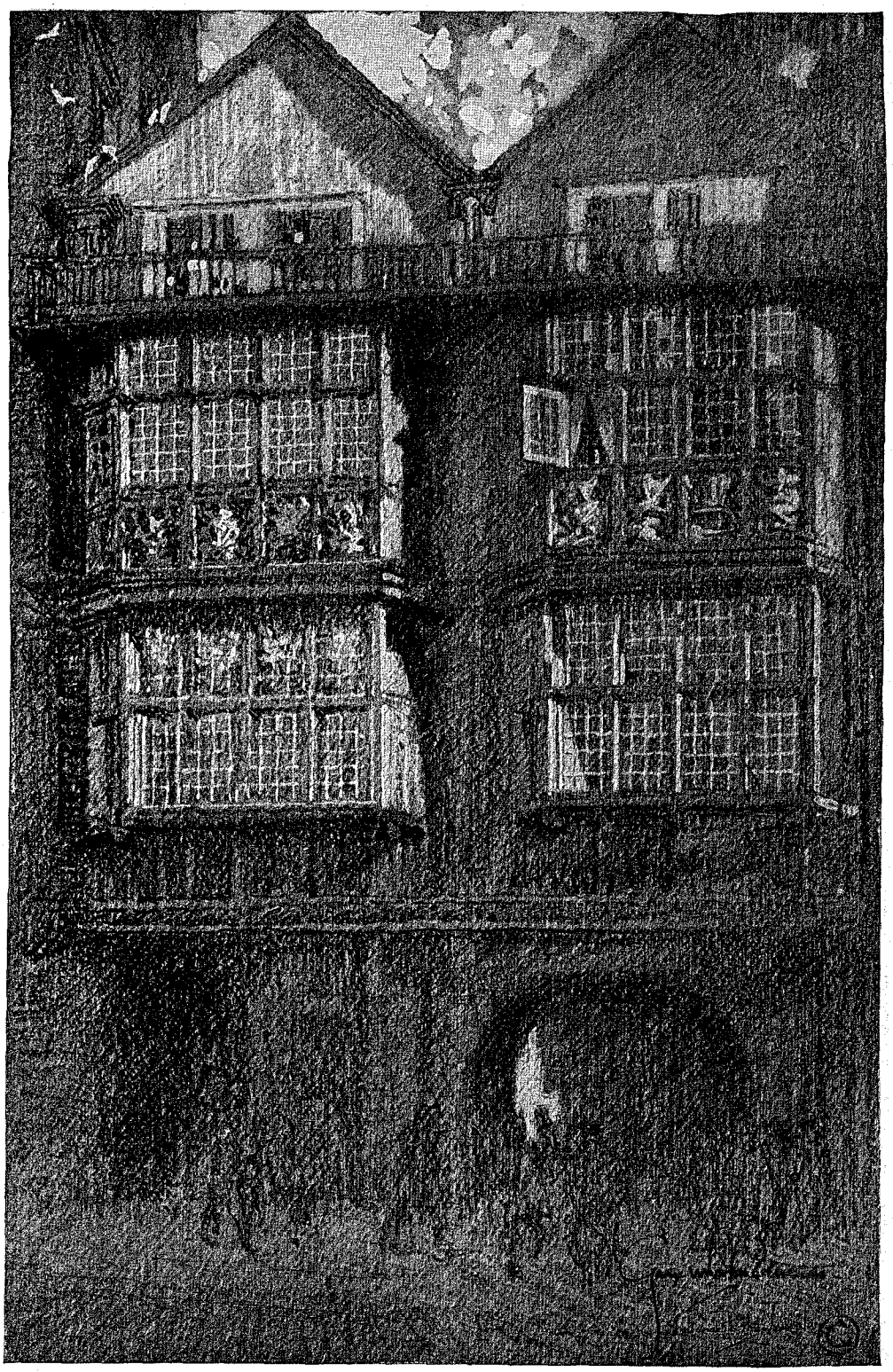

Plate VII.

Entrance to the Temple.

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Plate VIII.

Entrance to the Tower of London.

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From Immigrant to Inventor

By MICHAEL PUPIN
Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

II.—THE HARDSHIPS OF A GREENHORN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

MY first night under the Stars and Stripes was spent in Castle Garden. It was a glorious night, I thought; no howling of the gales, no crashing of the waves, and no tumbling motion of the world beneath my feet, such as I experienced on the immigrant ship. The feeling of being on *terra firma* sank deep into my consciousness and I slept the sound sleep of a healthy youth, although my bed was a bare floor. The very early morning saw me at my breakfast, enjoying a huge bowl of hot coffee and a big chunk of bread with some butter, supplied by the Castle Garden authorities at Uncle Sam's expense. Then I started out, eager to catch a glimpse of great New York, feeling, in the words of the psalmist, "as a strong man ready to run a race." An old lady sat near the gate of Castle Garden offering cakes and candies for sale. A piece of prune pie caught my eye, and no true Serb can resist the allurements of prunes. It is a national sweetmeat. I bought it, paying five cents for it, the only money I had, and then I made a bee-line across the Battery Park, at the same time attending to my pie. My first bargain in America proved a failure. The prune pie was a deception; it was a prune pie filled with prune pits, and I thought of the words of my fellow passenger on the immigrant ship who said that "no matter who you are or what you know or what you have you will be a greenhorn when you land in America." The prune-pie transaction whispered into my ear, "Michael, you are a greenhorn; this is the first experience in your life as a greenhorn. Cheer up! Get ready to serve your apprenticeship as a greenhorn before you can establish your claim to any recognition," repeating the words of my prophetic fellow passenger who had served his apprenticeship in America. No prophet ever uttered a truer word.

The old Stevens Hotel, a white building with green window-shutters, stood at the corner of Broadway and Bowling Green. When I reached this spot and saw the busy beehive called Broadway, with thousands of telegraph-wires stretching across it like a cobweb between huge buildings, I was overawed and wondered what it all meant. Neither Budapest, nor Prague, nor Hamburg looked anything like it. My puzzled and panicky expression and the red fez on my head must have attracted considerable attention, because suddenly I saw myself surrounded by a small crowd of boys of all sizes, jeering and laughing and pointing at my fez. They were newsboys and bootblacks, who appeared to be anxious to have some fun at my expense. I was embarrassed and much provoked, but controlled my Serbian temper. Presently one of the bigger fellows walked up to me and knocked the fez off my head. I punched him on the nose and then we clinched. My wrestling experiences on the pasturelands of Idvor came to my rescue. The bully was down in a jiffy, and his chums gave a loud cheer of ringing laughter. I thought it was a signal for general attack, but they did not touch me or interfere in any way. They acted like impartial spectators, anxious to see that the best man wins. Suddenly I felt a powerful hand pulling me up by the collar, and when I looked up I saw a big official with a club in his hand and a fierce expression in his eye. He looked decidedly unfriendly, but after listening to the appeals of the newsboys and bootblacks who witnessed the fight he softened and handed me my fez. The boys who a little while ago had jeered and tried to

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guy me, evidently appealed in my behalf when the policeman interfered. They had actually become my friends. When I walked away toward Castle Garden with my red fez proudly cocked up on my head the boys cheered. I thought to myself that the unpleasant incident was worth my while, because it taught me that I was in a country where even among the street urchins there was a strong sentiment in favor of fair play even to a Serbian greenhorn. America was different from Austria-Hungary. I never forgot the lesson and never had a single reason to change my opinion.

A gentleman who witnessed the fight joined me on my return trip to Castle Garden, and when we reached the employment bureau he offered me a job. When I learned that one of my daily duties would be to milk a cow, I refused. According to Serb traditions, milking a cow is decidedly a feminine job. Another gentleman, a Swiss foreman on a Delaware farm, offered me another job, which was to drive a team of mules and help in the work of hauling things to the field preparatory for spring planting. I accepted gladly, feeling confident that I knew all about driving animals, although I had never even seen a mule in all my experiences in Idvor. We left for Philadelphia that forenoon and caught there the early afternoon boat for Delaware City, where we arrived late in the afternoon.

As we passed through Philadelphia I asked the Swiss foreman whether that was the place where a hundred years ago famous Benjamin Franklin flew his kite, and he answered that he had never heard of the gentleman, and that I must have meant William Penn. "No," said I, "because I never heard of this gentleman." "You have still to learn a thing or two about American history," said the Swiss foreman with a superior air. "Yes, indeed," I said, "and I intend to do it as soon as I have learned a thing or two about the English language"; and I wondered whether the Swiss foreman who had never heard of Benjamin Franklin and his kite had really learned a thing or two in American history, although he had lived some fifteen years in the United States.

There were quite a number of farmers on the Delaware boat, every one of them wearing a long goatee but no mustache; such was the fashion at that time. Every one of them had the brim of his slouch hat turned down, covering his eyes completely. As they conversed they looked like wooden images; they made no gestures and I could not catch the expression of their hidden eyes; without these powerful aids to the understanding of the spoken word I could not make out a single syllable in their speech. The English language sounded to me like an inarticulate mode of speech, just as inarticulate as the joints of those imperturbable Delaware farmers. I wondered whether I should ever succeed in learning a thing or two in this most peculiar tongue. I thought of the peasants at the neighborhood gatherings in Idvor and of their winged words, each of which found its way straight into my soul. There also appeared before my mental vision the image of Baba Batikin with fire in his eye and a vibratory movement in his hand accompanying his stirring tales of Prince Marko. How different and how superior those peasants of Idvor appeared to me when I compared them with the farmers on that Delaware boat! "Impossible," said I, "that a Serb peasant should be so much superior to the American peasant!" Something wrong with my judgment, thought I, and I charged it to my being a greenhorn and unable to size up an American farmer.

At the boat-landing in Delaware City a farm-wagon was awaiting us, and we reached the farm at supper-time. The farm-buildings were fully a mile outside of the town and standing all by themselves; there was no village and there were no neighbors, and the place looked to me like a camp. There was no village life among American farmers, I was told, and I understood then why those farmers on the Delaware boat were so devoid of all animation. The farm-hands were all young fellows but considerably older than myself, and when the foreman introduced me to them, by my Christian name, I found that most of them spoke German with a Swiss accent, the same which the foreman had who brought me from New York. One of them asked me how long I had been in the country, and when I told him that I was about twenty-four hours in the country, he smiled and said that he thought so, evidently on account of the unmistakable signs of a greenhorn which he saw all over me.

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The first impression of an American farm was dismal. In the messroom, however, where supper was served, everything was neat and lovely, and the supper looked to me like a holiday feast. I became more reconciled to the American farm. The farm-hands ate much and spoke very little, and when they finished they left the dining-room without any ceremony. I was left alone and moved my chair close to a warm stove and waited for somebody to tell me what to do next. Presently two women came in and proceeded to clear the supper-table; they spoke English and seemed to pay no attention to me. They probably thought that I was homesick and avoided disturbing me. Presently I saw a young girl, somewhat younger than myself. She pretended to be helping the women, but I soon discovered that she had another mission. Her appearance reminded me of a young vila, a Serbian fairy, who in the old Serbian ballads plays a most wonderful part. No hero ever perished through misfortune who had the good fortune to win the friendship of a vila. Supernatural both in intelligence and in physical skill, the vilæ could always find a way out of every difficulty. I felt certain that if there ever was a vila this young girl was one. Her luminous blue eyes, her finely chiselled features, and her graceful movements made a strange impression upon me. I imagined that she could hear the faintest sound, that she could see in the darkest night, and that, like a real vila, she could feel not only the faintest breezes but even the thoughts of people near her. She certainly felt my thoughts. Pointing to a table in a corner of the dining-room, she directed my attention to writing-paper and ink, placed there for the convenience of farm-hands. I understood her meaning, although I did not understand her words. I spent the evening writing a letter to my mother. This was my wish, and the vila must have read it in my face.

One of the farm-hands, a Swiss, came in after a while in order to remind me that it was bedtime and to inform me that early in the morning he would wake me up and take me to the barn, where my job would be assigned to me. He kept his word, and with lantern in hand he took me long before sunrise to the barn and introduced me to two mules which he put in my charge. I cleaned them and fed them while he watched and directed; after breakfast he showed me how to harness and hitch them up. I took my turn in the line of teams hauling manure to the fields. He warned me not to apply myself too zealously to the work of loading and unloading, until I became gradually broken in, otherwise I should be laid up stiff as a rod. The next day I was laid up, stiffer than a rod. He was much provoked and called me the worst "greenhorn" that he ever saw. But, thanks to the skilled and tender care of the ladies on the farm, I was at my job again two days later. My being a greenhorn appealed to their sympathy; they seemed to have the same kind of soul which I first observed in my American friends who paid my fare from Vienna to Prague.

One of my mules gave me much trouble, and the more he worried me the more amusement he seemed to furnish to the other farm-hands, rough immigrants of foreign birth. He did not bite, nor did he kick, as some of the mules did, but he protested violently against my putting the bridle on his head. The other farm-hands had no advice to offer; they seemed to enjoy my perplexity. I soon discovered that the troublesome mule could not stand anybody touching his ears. That was his ticklish spot. I finally got around it; I never took his bridle off on working-days, but only removed the bit, so that he could eat. On Sunday mornings, however, when I had all the time I wanted, I took his bridle off, cleaned it and put it on, and did not remove it again for another week. The foreman and the superintendent discovered my trick and approved of it, and so the farm-hands lost the amusement which they had at my expense every morning at the harnessing hour. I noticed that they were impressed by my trick and did not address me by the name of greenhorn quite as often. They were also surprised to hear me make successful attempts to speak English. Nothing counts so much in the immigrant's bid for promotion to a grade above that of a greenhorn as the knowledge of the English language. In these efforts I received a most unexpected assistance, and for that I was much indebted to my red fez.

On every trip from the barnyard to the fields, my mules and I passed by the su-

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perintendent's quarters, and there behind the wall of neatly piled-up cord-wood I observed every now and then the golden curls of my American vila. She cautiously watched there just like a Serbian vila at the edge of a forest. My red fez perched up on a high seat behind the mules obviously attracted and amused her. Whenever I caught her eye I saluted in regular Balkan fashion, and it was a salute such as she had never seen before in the State of Delaware. Her curiosity seemed to grow from day to day and so did mine.

One evening I sat alone near the warm stove in the messroom and she came in and said: "Good evening!" I answered by repeating her greeting, but pronounced it badly. She corrected me, and when I repeated her greeting the second time, I did much better and she applauded my genuine effort. Then she proceeded to teach me English words for everything in the dining-room, and before that first lesson was over I knew some twenty English words and pronounced them to her satisfaction. The next day I repeated these words aloud over and over again during my trips to the fields until I thought that even the mules knew them by heart. At the second lesson on the following evening I scored a high mark from my teacher and added twenty more words to my English vocabulary. As time went on, my vocabulary increased at a rapid rate, and my young teacher was most enthusiastic. She called me "smart," and I never forgot the word. One evening she brought in her mother, who two weeks prior to that time was taking care of me when I was laid up from overzealous loading. At that time she could not make me understand a single word she said. This time, however, I had no difficulty, and she was greatly surprised and pleased. My first examination in English was a complete success.

At the end of the first month on the Delaware farm my confidence in the use of the English language had grown strong. During the second month I grew bold enough to join in lengthy conversations. The superintendent's wife invited me often to spend the evening with the family. My tales of Idvor, Panchevo, Budapest, Prague, Hamburg, and the immigrant ship interested them much, they said. My pronunciation and grammar amused them even more than they were willing to show. They were too polite to indulge in unrestrained laughter over my Serbian idioms. During these conversations the vila sat still and seemed to be all attention. She was all eyes and ears, and I knew that she was making mental notes of every mistake in my grammar and pronunciation. At the next lesson she would correct every one of these mistakes, and then watched at the next family gathering to see whether I would repeat them. But I did not; my highest ambition was to show myself worthy of the title "smart" which she had given me.

One evening I was relating to the superintendent's family how I refused the first offer of a job at Castle Garden, because I did not care to accept the daily duty of milking a cow, which, according to my Serbian notions, was a purely feminine job. I admitted that Serbian and American notions were entirely different in this particular respect, because although over a hundred cows were milked daily on the farm, I never saw a woman in any one of the many barns, nor in the huge creamery. I also confessed that both the vila and her mother would be entirely out of place not only in the cow-barns but even in the scrupulously clean creamery, adding that if the vila had been obliged to attend to the cows and to the creamery, she would not have found the time to teach me English, and, therefore, I preferred the American custom. Vila's mother was highly pleased with this remark and said: "Michael, my boy, you are beginning to understand our American ways, and the sooner you drop your Serbian notions the sooner you will become an American."

She also explained to me the position of the American woman as that of the educator and spiritual guide of the coming generation, emphasizing the fact that the vast majority of teachers in American primary schools were women. This information astonished and pleased me, because I knew that my mother was a better teacher than my schoolmaster, an old man with a funny nasal twang. Her suggestion, however, that I should drop my Serbian notions and become an American as soon as possible disturbed me. But I said nothing; I was a greenhorn only and did not desire to express an opinion which might

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clash with hers. I thought it strange, however, that she took it for granted that I wished to become an American.

The next day was Sunday, and I walked to church, which was in Delaware City. The singing of hymns did not impress me much, and the sermon impressed me even less. Delaware City was much bigger than my native Idvor, and yet the religious service in Idvor was more elaborate. There was no choral singing in the church of Delaware City, and there were no ceremonies with a lot of burning candles and the sweet perfume of burning incense and there was no ringing of harmonious church-bells. I was disappointed, and wondered why Vila's mother expected me to drop my Serbian notions and embrace America's ways, which, as far as public worship was concerned, appeared to me as less attractive than the Serbian ways. Vila's family met me in front of the church and asked me to ride home with them. A farm-hand riding in a fine carriage with his employer struck me as extraordinary, and I wished to be excused, but they insisted. No rich peasant in Idvor would have done that. In this respect Delaware farmers with their American ways appealed to me more. Another surprise was in store for me: Vila's mother insisted that I share with the family their Sunday dinner, just as I shared with them the divine service. I saw in it an effort on her part to show an appreciation of my religious habit and to encourage it, thus proving in practice what she preached to me about the spiritual influence of the American woman. During the dinner I described the Sundays of Idvor, dwelling particularly upon the custom among the Serbian boys and girls of kolo dancing on the village green in front of the church on Sunday afternoons. Vila approved of the custom enthusiastically, but her mother thought that a walk through the peach-orchards, which were then in full bloom, was at least as good. Vila and I walked together that Sunday afternoon. My attendance at church gained for me this favor also.

He who has never seen the Delaware peach-orchards of those days in full bloom, when in the month of May the ground is a deep velvety green, and when the Southern sky seen through the golden atmosphere of a sunny May day reminds one of those mysterious landscapes which form the background in some of Raphael's Madonna pictures—he who has never seen that glorious sight does not know the heavenly beauty of this little earth. No painter would dare attempt to put on canvas the cloth of flaming gold which on that balmy Sunday afternoon covered the ripples of the sun-kissed Delaware River. Vila asked me whether I had ever seen anything more beautiful in Idvor, and I said no, but added that nothing is as lovely and as sweet as one's native village. When I informed her that some day I expected to return to it, enriched by my experiences in America, she looked surprised and said:

"Then you do not intend to become an American?"

"No," said I; and after some hesitation I added: "I ran away from the military frontier because the rulers of the land wanted to transform me into a Hungarian; I ran away from Prague because I objected to Austrian Teutonism; I shall run away from Delaware City also if, as your good mother suggested, I am expected to drop my Serbian notions and become an American. My mother, my native village, my Serbian orthodox faith, my Serbian language and the people who speak it are my Serbian notions, and one might as well expect me to give up the breath of my life as to give up my Serbian notions."

"You misunderstood my mother, Michael," said the vila; "she only referred to your notions about woman's work, and you know that European women are expected to do the hard work for which men only are strong enough."

"Very true," said I; "the strongest and ablest men in Europe spend the best part of their lives on battle-fields or training for the battle-fields; this is particularly true of the Serbian people. This forces our Serbian women to do some of the hard work which men should do." This gave me a fitting opportunity to say a few things in favor of the spiritual influence of the Serbian women by describing the position of the Serbian woman as she is represented in the Serbian ballads—of Chouchouk Stana, the wife of Haydouk Velyko, who urged her hero husband to sacrifice his life rather than surrender the eastern frontier of Serbia, which, during

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the Serbian revolution, he was defending against vastly superior Turkish forces; of the maid of Kossovo, who at the risk of her life and liberty visited the battle-field of Kossovo in order to administer the last spiritual aid to the fallen and dying heroes; of Yevrosima, mother of Prince Marko, the national hero of the Serbian race, whose counsel and advice were the only guiding star to Marko throughout his stormy life. I also told her that I would not be a witness to that heavenly scene on the banks of the Delaware that Sunday afternoon if it had not been for my mother, who urged me to go into the world and learn new things, which I could not learn in my native peasant village. Young Vila was much impressed by my Serbian tales, and by my pleading in behalf of the Serbian women, and then she asked me whether I ever heard of Martha Washington, the wife of George Washington, the national hero of America. I confessed complete ignorance. Pointing to the golden ripples of sun-kissed Delaware River, she said that it did not always look as bright and peaceful, and then described its appearance when in the middle of winter its surface is covered with broken ice, which, tossed by the waves of the angry river, makes a passage across it next to impossible. But in January, 1777, George Washington, the commander of the retreating American armies, crossed it, and on the other side of the river, near Trenton, surprised the advancing victorious British armies and defeated them, turning American defeat into American victory. "Washington," she said, "just like Haydouk Velyko, was ready to sacrifice his life while crossing the treacherous ice-fields of the angry Delaware in order to strike a timely blow for the safety of his country." And she was inclined to believe, she said, that Martha Washington acted at that critical moment just as Chouchouk Stana did. From that day on Washington was to me the Haydouk Velyko of America, and the name of the Delaware River inspired me always with thoughts of deep veneration. Vila showed me that America, like Serbia, was also a land of heroes. The rest of that glorious Sunday afternoon was spent in Vila's answering my numerous questions concerning George Washington and the war of the American Revolution. It was the most inspiring afternoon which I ever experienced in America, up to that time, and I felt that, after all, there might be many things in America which are just as great as those great things of which the Serbian gouslar sings in the national ballads of Serbia. Vila succeeded in welding the first link between my Serbian traditions and the traditions of America. I apologized to her for misunderstanding her mother's suggestion that I become an American as soon as possible, and confessed that I was much less anxious than I thought I was a few moments ago to run away from the shores of the historic Delaware.

After Vila discovered my lively interest in American history, she continued her English lessons to me by telling me stories relating to early American history, which I repeated to her. Jamestown, South St. Mary, in southern Maryland, and Virginia figured big in these tales. When I first heard of the *Mayflower*, a year or so later, and its landing at Plymouth Rock, I wondered why Vila never mentioned that great historical event. She never mentioned Lincoln, and changed conversation when I once called him the American Prince Marko. America north of the Delaware River was very little in her mind, and even Philadelphia was mentioned only on account of the Liberty Bell and the Declaration of Independence.

One evening Vila's mother asked me about my mother and her hopes for my future. Remembering her remarks concerning the spiritual influence of the American women upon the coming generation, I gave her a glowing account of my mother, and wound up by saying that she did not expect me to become an American farmer, and that I came to America to learn what I could not learn in a peasant country like that of my native village. She was much touched, and then in simple and solemn language she revealed to me a new truth which I never forgot and which I found confirmed by all my experiences in this great land, the truth, namely, that this is a country of opportunities which are open equally to all; that each individual must seek these opportunities and must be prepared to make good use of them when he finds them. She commended me warmly for making good use of all the opportunities which I found on

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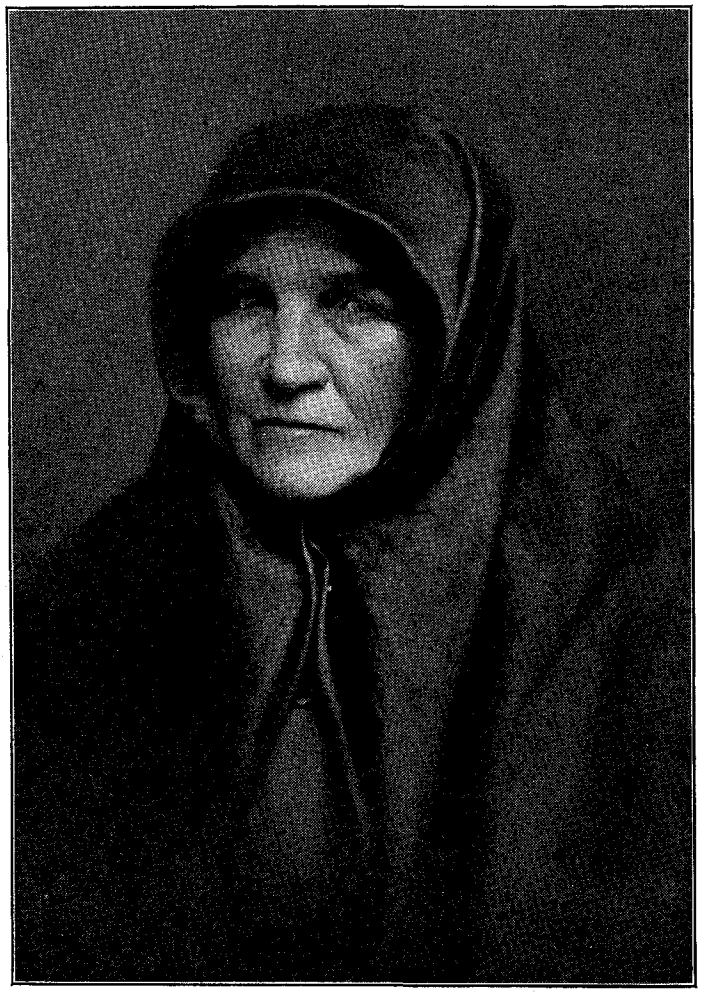
the farm, and advised me strongly to go in search of new opportunities. Vila agreed with her, and I prepared to leave the hospitable shores of Delaware.

I made my return trip to Philadelphia on the same boat which brought me to Delaware City. Things looked different from what they did on my first trip. The farmers of Delaware, my fellow passengers on the boat, did not look like wooden images, and their speech was not inarticulate. I understood their language, and its meaning found a sympathetic response in me. The trip reminded me much of the trip on the Danube some eighteen months prior to that time. Every time I caught sight of my carpetbag with the good things which Vila's mother had put in, I felt that I was still near the vila and her honey-hearted mother. They were my American mother and sister. One of my fellow passengers pointed out Trenton to me and assured me that the boat was passing over the spot where Washington crossed the Delaware, and I remembered then the first view of the Cathedral of Karlovatz, the seat of the Serbian Patriarch, which was pointed out to me from the Danube boat by the theological students. I felt the same thrill in each case,



Olympiada Pupin, mother of Michael Pupin.
From a photograph taken in 1880.

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and I knew that America was getting a hold upon my Serbian heart-strings. My appearance attracted no attention, neither on the boat nor at Philadelphia after we landed. My hat and clothes were American, but my heavy top-boots, so useful on the farm, were somewhat too heavy for the warm June days in Philadelphia.

The Swiss foreman directed me to a Swiss acquaintance of his who had a small hotel in Philadelphia. He was very eager to have me take all my meals at the hotel, but my total capital of ten dollars made me cautious; besides, my days from early morning till late at night were spent in the heart of the city. No human being ever saw so much of Philadelphia during a stay of five days as I did, hunting for a job, searching new opportunities, as Vila's mother expressed it. But I searched in vain. I gained new information about William Penn and Benjamin Franklin and saw many buildings the history of which is attached to these two great names, and I wondered why Benjamin Franklin ever deserted Boston to search new opportunities in a place like Philadelphia. But he did it and succeeded. I was sure that neither he nor any other human being could walk more nor chase after a job more diligently than I did, but then he was an American boy and he had a trade, and I was a Serbian greenhorn who did not know anything in particular, except to drive a pair of mules. Besides, thought I, Philadelphia might have lost its wealth of opportunities since Franklin's days. Such was my consolation while resting on a bench in Fairmount Park, near the grounds which were being prepared for the Centennial Exposition of 1876. I was lunching on a chunk of bread and thinking what would happen when the last three dollars, the remnant of my ten dollars which I brought from the Delaware farm, disappeared. A husky farmer approached me and addressed me in English, asking whether I wanted a job. "I do," said I; "I have been chasing after one nearly a week, and I can't chase much longer, because I see that my weary farm-boots are showing many signs of distress in their long daily struggles against these hot Philadelphia pavements."

A day later found me in South St. Mary, in southern Maryland. I expected great things here, having heard so much of its early history from Vila. I was engaged to drive a pair of mules, dragging cultivators through corn and tobacco fields. As far as skill and physical exertion were concerned, the job was easy. But the climate was deadly, and social life was even more so. The only interesting people whom I found there were those buried in the old cemetery, some two hundred years prior to that time, when South St. Mary was quite an important place, and when the original settlers brought many fine things from England, and even bricks with which they built their houses. The only diversion I found was to read the legends on the tombstones in the old cemetery near the village church. Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River and the many inlets of the bay bordered by luxuriant vegetation gave the country a most picturesque appearance. The flourishing corn and tobacco fields suggested prosperity, but the only people who stirred and showed any activity were darkies, whose language I could not understand. I felt that as far as human speech was concerned, I was in a valley of silence, although the air was full of incessant sounds from all kinds of insects and water-animals. Mosquitoes, gnats, and flies, and the most oppressive, almost tropical, heat of the sun made work in the fields unbearable. Many a time while driving the phlegmatic mules through the broiling atmosphere of the tobacco-fields I thought of the icy blasts of the North Atlantic which I experienced on the immigrant ship less than three months prior to that time, and I prayed that one of those icy breaths of the polar regions might wander astray and reach the flatlands of Chesapeake Bay. My prayer was not heard, and I was happy to be still alive at the end of the month, and then I took my wages of fifteen dollars and made a bee-line for the north. I hoped that in New York I might be able to catch some of the cold North Atlantic breezes and, after cooling off, pick up one of the many opportunities in the metropolis, which on the day when the immigrant ship landed me at Hoboken seemed to be seething with life and activity and brimful of all kinds of opportunities.

The Chesapeake boat landed me at Baltimore in the early hours of a Sunday

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morning, and the sound of beautifully tuned church-bells greeted me. I was told that Baltimore was a Catholic city and that the bells belonged to a Catholic cathedral. They almost persuaded me to stay in Baltimore and become a Roman Catholic, so sweet and soothing was their effect upon my soul. It recalled to my memory the lovely harmony of the church-bells of my native Idvor, and with that memory there appeared in my imagination the vision of my strongly orthodox mother and of St. Sava. This vision reminded me that I must say good-by to Roman Catholic Baltimore.

Forty-two years later I met Cardinal Gibbons in Baltimore during a visit to that city, when Johns Hopkins University conferred upon me the honorary LL.D. degree. I told him of the incident just referred to; he was in a jocular mood and said: "Too bad that you did not yield to the first effect of the Baltimore church-bells; you might be to-day the archbishop of this diocese, and perhaps even a cardinal." "But, in that case, I would not have to-day the honorary LL.D. degree of Johns Hopkins; I would not exchange that for any other honor," said I, returning jest for jest and watching the merry twinkle in the cardinal's fluorescent eyes. Some months later President Butler, of Columbia University, and I happened to be descending in the same lift at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington. Presently Cardinal Gibbons entered, and President Butler introduced me to his Eminence, who, recalling our former meeting in Baltimore, said, "I know Professor Pupin, and it is a great honor, indeed, to ride in the same lift with two eminent men who carry so many distinguished academic honors," and as he looked at me with a genial smile which was brimful of Irish humor, I knew that he wished to remind me in a good-natured way of my high rating of an honorary Johns Hopkins degree in comparison with the honors attached to the titles of archbishop and cardinal.

The Pennsylvania train from Baltimore to New York delivered me to a ferry-boat, which landed me on West Street, where I found a small hotel kept by a German, a native of Friesland. He was a rugged old fellow who loved his low-German dialect, which I did not understand. He spoke in English to me, which, according to his son Christian, was much worse than mine, although he had been in America some twenty years. Christian was a yellow-haired and freckle-faced lad, of about my age, and we hit it off very well, forming a cross-matched team. He would have given anything, he said, to have my black hair and dark-red complexion. His almost white eyebrows and eyelashes and mischievous gray eyes and yellow freckles fascinated me. He was born in Hoboken and understood his father's low-German dialect, but whenever addressed in it, by his father or by the Friesland sailors who frequented his father's inn, he always answered in English, or, as he called it, "United States."

Christian managed somehow to get away every now and then from the little hotel and to accompany me on my many long errands in search of a job. His familiarity with the town helped me much to master the geography of New York, and to find out what's what and who's who in the great metropolis. He seemed to be the only opportunity which New York offered to me, and it was a great one. Every other opportunity which appeared in newspaper advertisements had hundreds of applicants, and they were lined up at the place of the promised opportunity, no matter how early Christian and I reached the place. I was quite sure that those opportunity-chasers lined up soon after the first issue of the morning papers. I was told that several years prior to that time (in 1873) occurred the Black Friday panic, and New York had not yet recovered from it. There were thousands of unemployed, although it was summer. One morning Christian told me that he had found a fine job for me, and he took me to a tug anchored quite near his father's hotel. There were quite a number of husky laborers on the tug, which took us to the German docks in Hoboken. We were to stay there and help in the loading of ships, replacing the longshoremen who were on strike. The job assigned to me was to assist the sailors who were painting the ship and things on the ship. We never left the docks until the strike was over, which lasted about three weeks. At its termination I was paid and the tug de-

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livered me to the little hotel on West Street, where Christian received me with open arms. I had thirty dollars in my pocket, and Christian told me that I looked as rich as Commodore Vanderbilt, whom Christian considered to be the richest man in New York. Christian took me to Chatham Square to buy a new suit of clothes and other wearing apparel, and I thought that the Jewish clothing dealers would cause a riot fighting for my patronage. The next day when I appeared at the breakfast-table in my new togs, Christian's father could hardly recognize me, but when he did he slapped me on the back and exclaimed: "Who would ever think that you are a Serbian greenhorn?" "Nobody," said Christian, resenting his father's remark, and then he added with some hesitation: "But who would ever think that you are not a German greenhorn?" Christian's father rebuked him and assured me that he meant no offense when he jokingly called me a Serbian greenhorn.

Christian was anxious to have me replenish my fortune, which was considerably reduced by my purchases in Chatham Square. He called my attention that morning to a big German who was drinking beer at the hotel bar after delivering several baskets filled with bread, rolls, and pies, and said that he was a rich and stingy baker, whose wagon, standing in front of the hotel, needed painting badly. I saw that the lettering needed speedy restoration. I assured my chum that my experience as assistant to the sailor painters on the Hoboken docks, in addition to my natural skill in free-hand drawing, qualified me for the job of restoring the lettering; Christian chuckled and made a bee-line for the stingy German baker. I got the contract to restore the lettering for five dollars and my meals, he to pay for the paints and the brushes, which were to remain my property. Christian formulated the contract and specified its terms very clearly; he was my business manager, and he enjoyed it hugely. The next day I lunched with the baker's family, according to the terms of the contract, and after luncheon, as soon as the wagon had returned from its daily route, I started the work, interrupted by the supper only, and at nine o'clock in the evening the job was finished to the full satisfaction of the party of the first part. That evening found me richer by five dollars, several paint pots and brushes, a huge home-made apple pie, and a new and encouraging experience. Christian, for some reason unknown to me at that time, seemed to look upon the whole affair as a joke, but nevertheless he paid many compliments to my success as an artist. The next day we left bright and early for his father's house in Hoboken, where in accordance with a plan conceived by Christian we were to spend some time in painting and papering several of the rooms. Profiting by the instructions which we received in sundry places, and after making several unsuccessful attempts, we managed to master the art and to finish the rooms to the full satisfaction of Christian's father, who confessed that no Hoboken expert could have done better. "This painting is much better than that which you did on the baker's wagon," he said, "because you added some dryer to the paint." "Right you are," said Christian, "but I am to blame, because I purposely avoided telling Michael to use some dryer on the baker's wagon. I wanted to make two jobs out of one." "There will be several jobs, I am afraid," said Christian's father, "because on the day after the lettering was done the baker's wagon was caught in a shower and all the fresh paint has been washed off, and the wagon looks like a show." Christian roared with laughter, but seeing that I looked worried he whispered in my ear: "Don't worry, it serves him right; he wanted a twenty-dollar job done for five dollars, because he took you for a greenhorn." Christian made a new arrangement for the relettering of the wagon and I earned another five dollars, but no home-made apple pie. The German baker in Goerck Street was neither as cordial nor as hospitable as he was before.

Christian encouraged me in the belief that I was a painter and paper-hanger, and I felt that I had a trade; that feeling gave me much confidence. Christian's mental attitude was a revelation to me. He actually believed that a boy can learn anything quickly and well enough to earn a living, if he will only try. He certainly could do anything, I thought, as I watched him in his little carpenter-shop in Hoboken. He also had a lathe and was

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quite expert in wood and metal turning, although he never served apprenticeship, as they do in Europe, in order to learn these things. When I told Christian that, according to my information on the immigrant ship, I was doomed to serve in America my apprenticeship as a greenhorn, he said that a European greenhorn must have told me that, and added, in an offhand manner, that I would be a greenhorn as long only as I thought that I was one. My description of a European apprenticeship amused him much, and he called it worse than the slavery which was abolished here by the Civil War a few years only prior to that date. When I asked him where he got all those strange notions, he told me that these notions were not strange but genuine American notions, and that he first got them from his mother, who was a native American. His father and his father's German friends, he admitted, had the same notions as that greenhorn on the immigrant ship. Christian certainly looked like a Friesland German, but his thoughts, his words, and his manner of doing things were entirely different from anything I ever saw in Europe. He was my first glimpse of an American boy, just as the vila on the Delaware farm was my first vision of an American girl, and her mother my first ideal of a noble American woman. They were the first to raise that mysterious curtain which prevents the foreign-born from seeing the soul of America, and when I caught a glimpse of it I loved it. It reminded me of the soul of my good people in Idvor, and I felt much more at home. The idea of being a greenhorn lost many of its horrifying features.

Christian left New York during that autumn to go into a shop in Cleveland. Without him, West Street had no attractions for me. I moved to the East Side of New York, so as to be near Cooper Union and its hospitable library. I spent many hours in it after my days of labor, or after my numerous unsuccessful daily trips in search of employment. It was my spiritual refuge when things looked black and hopeless. As winter approached, jobs grew alarmingly scarce, and my money was rapidly approaching the zero level. My hall-room in Norfolk Street was cheerless and cold, worse even than my little attic in Prague. Neither the room nor its neighborhood attracted me in daytime; I preferred to walk along the endless avenues. This exercise kept me warm and gave me a chance to make frequent inquiries for a job at painters' and paperhangers' shops. When the prospects for work of this kind appeared hopeless, I struck a new idea. Instead of walking more or less aimlessly, in order to keep myself warm and familiarize myself with the ways of the great city, I followed coal-carts, and when they dropped the coal on the sidewalk I rang the bell and offered my services to transfer the coal from sidewalk to cellar. I often got the job, which sometimes was a stepping-stone to other less humble and more remunerative employment. After placing the coal in the cellar and getting my pay, I would often suggest to the owner that his cellar and basement needed painting badly; most cellars and basements do. The owner on being informed that I was a painter out of work, a victim of the economic crisis, often yielded. The idea of a young and ambitious painter being compelled to carry coal from sidewalk to cellar at fifty cents a ton made a strong plea, stronger than any eloquence could make. The scheme worked well; it did not lead to affluence, but my room-rent was always paid on time, and I never starved. Often and often, however, I had to keep my appetite in check. I always had enough to buy my bowl of hot coffee and a brace of crullers for breakfast in a restaurant on wheels, stationed near Cooper Union, where Third Avenue car-drivers took their coffee on cold winter mornings.

During periods of financial stringency my lunches were a bowl of bean soup and a chunk of brown bread, which the Bowery Mission supplied for five cents. It was a splendid meal on those cold winter days. But the Bowery Mission supplied a prayer-meeting with red-hot speeches as dessert; some of these addresses I really enjoyed; there were speakers, however, who offended me, because they confessed that they were reformed drunkards and godless men, and they assured their hearers, victims of the economic crisis just like myself, that they would prosper if they would only sign the pledge and vow to return to Jesus. I neither drank nor did I ever desert Jesus; the reformed drunkard's views of human life depressed me and

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drove me away from the Bowery Mission and from the Bowery.

Carrying coal from sidewalks to cellars and shovelling snow from sidewalks during that memorable winter were healthful jobs and cheerful enough, but not very remunerative; painting cellars and basements on Lexington Avenue was more remunerative, but fearfully depressing. To spend one's time day after day in dark cellars and basements and pass the night in a cheerless hall-room in Norfolk Street, surrounded by neighbors who were mostly foreign-born of the most unattractive type, was too much for a Serbian youth who knew the beautiful world as one sees it from the pasturelands of his native village and from the banks of golden Delaware. The reading-room of the Cooper Union library relieved somewhat my mental depression, although it was packed with sad-looking victims of the economic crisis, who found their way from the Bowery to the reading-room in order to keep warm. I longed to see God's world of the country again.

The opportunity came, and about the middle of April of that year, 1875, I was on a farm in Dayton, New Jersey. My employer's family consisted of his wife and an elderly daughter, and I was the only farm-hand on the place. They were apparently pleased with my work, and the ladies took much interest in my personal welfare. But the farmer, call him Mr. Brown, took it into his head that a youth who had lived one whole winter in Norfolk Street, New York, near the ungodly Bowery, needed spiritual regeneration. He was a very pious Baptist, and I soon discovered that in his everlasting professions of omissions and commissions he was even worse than that reformed drunkard whose sermons drove me away from the Bowery Mission and its vigorous bean soup. Every Sunday his family took me to church twice and made me sit between the female members of the family. I felt that the congregation imagined that Mr. Brown and his family were trying their best to convert a godless foreign youth and make a good Baptist out of him. Mr. Brown seemed to be in a great hurry about it, because every evening he made me listen for an hour at least to his reading of the Bible, and before we parted for the night he would offer a loud and fervent prayer that the Lord might kindle his light in the souls of those who had been wandering in darkness. I know now that he had in mind the words of St. Luke, "To give light to them that sit in darkness," but at that time I fancied that he referred to my painting operations in the cellars and basements of Lexington Avenue, and interpreted his prayers as having a special reference to me

The joy of life which during the day I inhaled in the fresh fields of the early spring was smothered in the evening by Mr. Brown's views of religion, which were views of a decrepid old man who thought of heaven only because he had no terrestrial problems to solve. He did his best to strip religion of every vestige of its poetic beauty, and of its soul-stirring spiritual force, and to make it appear like a mummy of a long-departed Egyptian corpse. A Serbian youth who looks to St. Sava, the educator, and to the Serbian national ballads for an interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, could not be expected to warm up for a religion which farmer Brown preached. I thought of Vila and her mother on the banks of the golden Delaware, and of the glorious opportunities which they pointed out ahead of me, and I wondered whether farmer Brown was one of these opportunities; if so, then there were some opportunities in America from which I wished to run away.

One Sunday evening, after the church service, farmer Brown introduced me to some of his friends, informing them that I was a Serbian youth who had not enjoyed all the opportunities of American religious training, but that I was making wonderful progress, and that some day I might even become an active member of their congregation. The vision of my orthodox mother, of the little church in Idvor, of the Patriarch in Karlovac, and of St. Sava, shot before my eyes like a flash, and I vowed to furnish a speedy proof that farmer Brown was wrong. The next day I was up long before sunrise, having spent a restless night formulating a definite plan of deliverance from the intolerable boredom inflicted upon me by a hopeless religious crank. The eastern sky was like a veil of gold and it promised the arrival of a glorious April day. The fields, the birds, the distant woods, and the friendly country road all seemed to

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Nassau Hall, Princeton University.

I pointed out the elm in front of Nassau Hall where I breakfasted some forty years prior.—Page 422.

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join in a melodious hymn of praise to the beauties of the wanderer's freedom. I bade good-by to the hospitable home of farmer Brown and made a bee-line for the distant woods. There the merry birds, the awakening buds on the blushing twigs, and the little wild flowers of the early spring seemed to long for the appearance of the glorious sun in the eastern sky. I did not, because I was anxious to put as much distance as possible between farmer Brown and myself before he knew that I had departed. When the sun was high in the heavens I made a halt and rested at the edge of woods on the side of a hill. A meadow was at my feet, and I, recalling the words of poet Nyegoush, watched for "the bright-eyed dewdrops to glide along the sunbeams to the heavens above." The distant view as seen from the elevation of my resting-place disclosed, near the horizon, the silhouette of a town with towers and high roofs looking like roofs of churches. After some three additional hours of wandering, I crossed a bridge over a canal and found the distant town. There seemed to be one street only where business was done; the rest of the town appeared to me like so many beautiful convents. The tramp of many miles through woods and meadows without any breakfast made me ravenously hungry and somewhat tired. The peaceful aspect of the monastic-looking town invited me to sit down and rest and enjoy some food. I bought a shining loaf of bread and, selecting a seat under an elm near a building which looked like the residence of the Archbishop of Prague, I started my breakfast. It consisted of bread only, and I enjoyed it as I never enjoyed breakfast before. Many boys, looking like students, passed by on their way to the ecclesiastical-looking building; one of them watched my appetite as if he envied it, and inquired whether I would like some Italian cheese with my bread. He evidently thought that I was an Italian, being misled by my ruddy cheeks and dark-brown hair. I answered that Serbian cheese would suit me better. He laughed and said that Serbia and Serbian cheese were unknown at Princeton. I answered that some day perhaps Princeton might hear from Serbia. It is a curious fact that, in 1914, I was the first man who was invited to Princeton to give an address on the subject of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia. The late Moses Taylor Pyne was my host, and I pointed out to him the elm in front of Nassau Hall where I breakfasted some forty years prior to that time. The students received my address very enthusiastically; Dernburg addressed them two weeks later, and their heckling broke up the meeting.

After finishing the loaf I basked in the warm rays of the mellow April sun, and fell asleep and dreamed that in the building where the students went there was a large assembly of people who had gathered there for the purpose of conferring some academic honor upon me. When I woke up, I thought of the letter which I had written to my mother from Hamburg, a year prior to that time, promising that I would soon return rich in learning and in distinguished honors. The dream reminded me that my promise was carefully recorded in the mechanism which controls my consciousness.

Princeton was unlike anything that I had ever seen up to that time. I had read about Hilendar, the famous monastery on Mount Athos, on the Ægean Sea, founded by St. Sava in the twelfth century. I saw pictures of its buildings, where monks lived the life of solitude and study. Princeton, with its many monastic-looking buildings, I imagined was such a place, where young men were given every opportunity to study and become learned men so as to be able to devote their lives effectively to such work as St. Sava did. As I walked slowly and thoughtfully toward the railroad-station, a student met me and engaged me in conversation. He was a little older than myself; kindness and intelligence beamed from every feature of his handsome face. He knew a great deal about Serbia, and even about the Serbs of Austria-Hungary, and when I told him that I had come to America in search of knowledge, he expressed the hope that he might some day see me enrolled as a student in Princeton. A student at Princeton! With fellow students and friends like this divinely handsome and gentle youth who accompanied me to the station! Impossible! thought I, as I looked through the car-window and saw the academic halls of Princeton gradually disappear in the distance and realized at the same time that the train was taking

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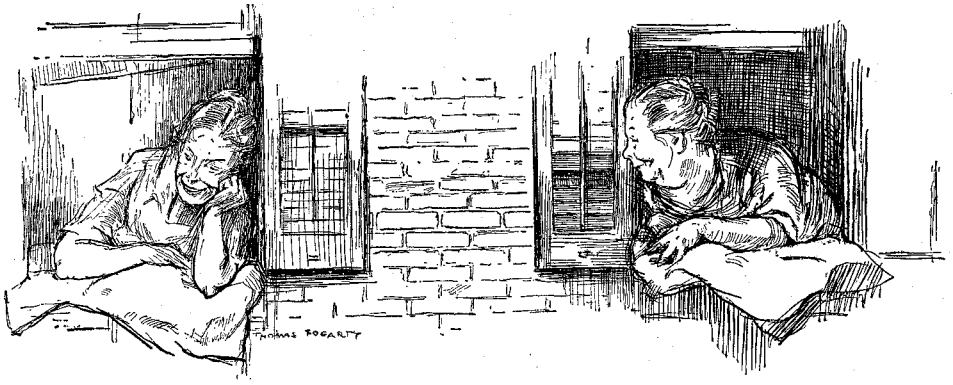
me back to the Bowery. Eight years later I read the letter which I wrote to my mother describing Princeton and, in order to encourage her, I expressed a strong hope that some day I might write to her and sign myself a student at Princeton.

I may add here that my good friend Henry Fairfield Osborn, the distinguished scientist, was a sophomore at Princeton during that year. He might have looked just like that gentle youth who showed me the way to the railroad-station. President Wilson entered Princeton in the autumn of that year.

(To be continued.)



"An' where are they goin' now, I wonder? This ain't campaign time."—Page 430.

Hey, Toolan's Marchin'!

BY HENRY H. CURRAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

THE Van Tassels of Park Avenue and the Toolans of First Avenue were two old New York families that had seen very little of each other in recent years. In fact, they could hardly be said to have met at all, since that day away back in the nineties when the elder Van Tassel had taken the wrong train home on the elevated. That had been a bad day in "The Street," such as often came in those years, and Van Tassel had left his bankers and boarded the train at Hanover Square, completely lost in his anxieties. When the smoky little engine went puffing off to the right at Chatham Square, and led its clattering cars up Second Avenue, instead of Third, Van Tassel still took no notice. At Thirty-fourth Street he got off, according to habit, walked north two blocks, and then most unaccountably turned to the east. It was not until he was brought up with a sharp jerk, by an insurmountable barrier, that he realized what had happened.

"Look out, mister—yer might hurt yerself." The dumpy little man with the red hair was leaning against a table on the sidewalk, on top of which rested a pile of chairs.

"My conscience!" exclaimed Van Tassel. Back of the table was a bed, turned on end and supported by a dilapidated bureau. A mattress, a bird-cage whose occupant had long since departed, a picture of a bunch of purple grapes, and a miscellaneous mess of clothes and cheap bric-à-brac helped make up the household pile that covered most of the sidewalk.

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A woman and three children sat dejectedly among the débris. It was beginning to rain.

"Good heavens!" again exclaimed Van Tassel, as he took in the family picture. "What are you doing out here? Don't you see it's raining?"

"No place to go," responded the red head, in a tone of gloomy finality.

"Why don't you go inside?"

"Dispossessed."

Van Tassel was stumped. He knew that if people did not pay their rent they were dispossessed—in fact, that it happened all the time. But he was not in the real-estate business, thank Heaven, and he did not have to wrestle with this form of misfortune. It was bad enough when a dividend was passed, but then it just stopped, and there were no harassing post-mortems. He had often wondered what a family did when they were dispossessed; it was a hard thing to imagine from the point of view of the old house on Murray Hill where he had lived since he was a boy.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Dunno."

"But, good Lord, man, you've got to do something—don't you see it's raining?" He bethought himself of the universal panacea. He had felt very poor when the bears had gotten through with his securities an hour or two ago, but this looked really worse.

"Have you got any money?"

The man laughed uneasily. "Why would I be here?"

The children began to giggle sympathetically at this unusual sound from their father, but the woman looked up suspiciously. Van Tassel became impatient.

"Oh, I say, come on now, we've got to do something about it—what's your name?"

"Toolan. Matthew Toolan."

"Where do you live?"

"That's where we used to live." He jerked his head toward the tenement that towered over them. "Fifth floor. Rear, west."

"How much will it take to get back there?"

"Eighteen bucks."

"And what then?"

Van Tassel continued his questioning in much the same way that he cross-examined his bankers when they offered him new securities, but there was a kindly banter in his voice that drew answers from the red head and eventually disarmed even the suspicions of the red head's wife. The result of the inquisition was the rehabitation of the Toolan family, bird-cage and all, with enough cash besides to stock up a larder that had dwindled to nothing.

That the beneficiaries of this turn of fortune were doubtful of its reality goes without saying. It was not until the enfolding walls of Fifth Rear West had actually closed about them again that the Toolan incredulity was finally dissolved. But the sidewalks of New York breed strange adventures, and there is a fatalism attending the ups and downs of the poor that is sufficient unto all things.

Van Tassel took it less calmly. When he had left behind the last of the landlords, tenants, city marshals, and dubious neighbors who had crowded his horizon for an hour and a half, he turned toward home with a feeling of sudden weariness. It had been a very distressing experience. Such things ought not to be allowed—in any event they should not be shoved right under one's nose. He fell to wondering what would have happened if he had not been led into the very vortex of the Toolan crisis; or if he had turned away from it without further ado. Why had he stopped and joined hands with it at all? It was no responsibility of his. The more he thought about it the more amazed he became. When he told his wife about it at dinner he did so with a feeling that perhaps he was recounting a dream, after all. He felt sure of at least a quip or two about his absent-mindedness, for that was an established topic of connubial raillery. Instead of that, Mrs. Van Tassel listened quietly, and then asked the address of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Toolan. She said nothing to her husband until the next evening, but in the meantime there had been an unexpected visit to the Toolan apartments, and the small Toolans had acquired some unbelievably new breeches and dresses, while a doctor had even been to see Mrs. Toolan about that throat.

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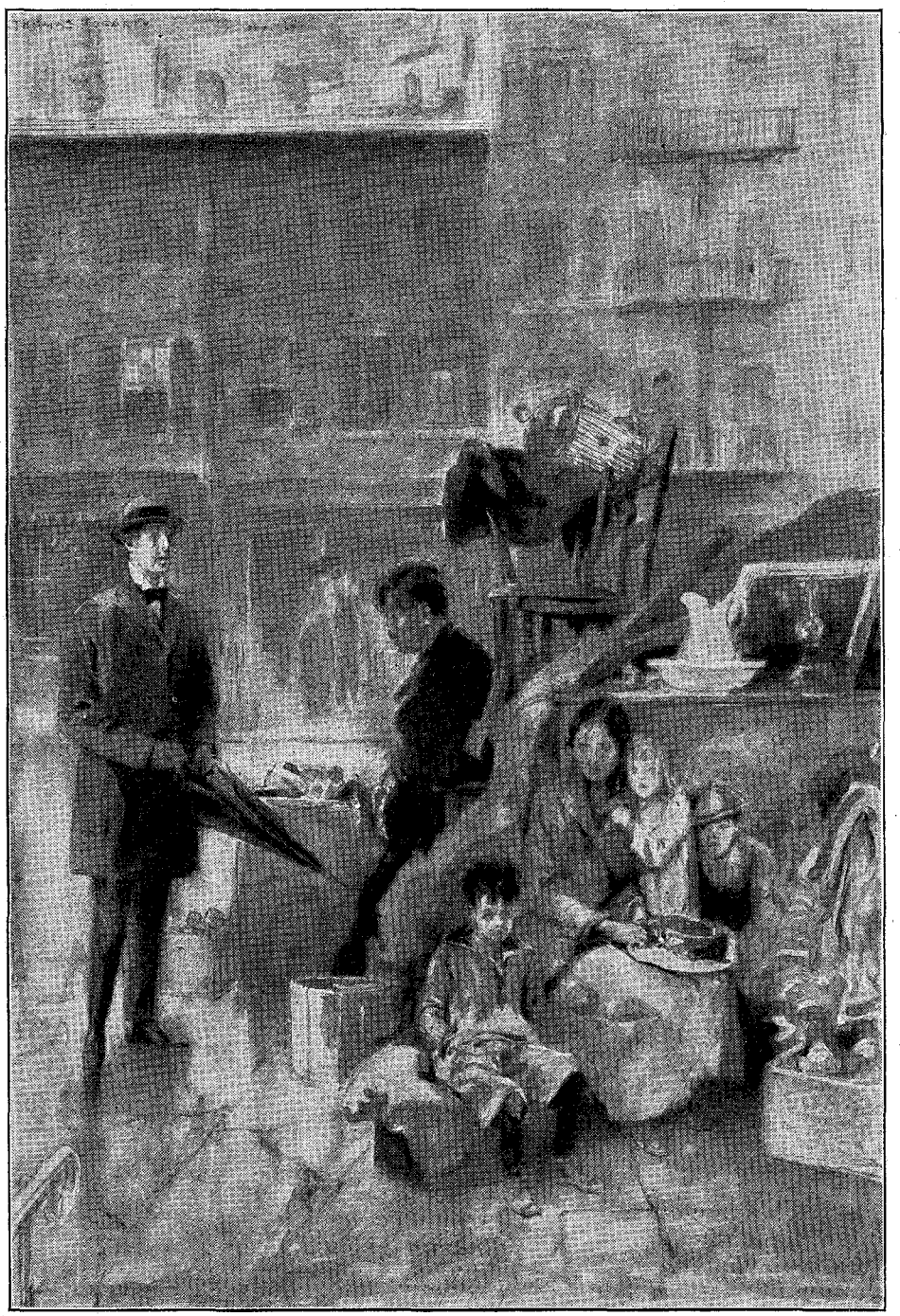

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"Good heavens! . . . What are you doing out here? Don't you see it's raining?"—Page 424.

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Then Van Tassel went his wife one better and got Toolan a job. He was all the way in now, and anything was permissible. But he was more amazed than ever.

Ever since that rainy day Park Avenue had taken a kindly glance at First Avenue from year to year, with a special look at Christmas time. But that was long ago, and one by one the elders had gone, all but Mrs. Van Tassel. In both homes the chicks had grown up and had begun to leave the coop to fly for themselves. Matty Toolan, Junior, had even become prosperous in his way, for he was now the undisputed proprietor of Toolan's Rest, where the First Avenue wayfarer could slake his thirst over a real bar, from a real schooner, of deep-sea size. In the house on Murray Hill, Mrs. Van Tassel kept pretty much to her chair in these days, but, with a mind as good as ever, she took a lively interest in the doings of Jimmy, her youngest son, who was still far from finding himself. He lived in the old house with his mother, and was equally well acquainted with his club on Fifth Avenue. Theatres and restaurants were not unknown to him. All of which, taken with certain graces of fortune and a cheery straightforwardness of character, had provided Mr. James Van Tassel with a satisfactory world of friends and frolic that kept him steadily occupied in the doing of nothing at all. This was not for lack of suggestion from a remembered father, who had been a good sport himself in his day.

"My boy, I hope you will go in for government," the elder Van Tassel had said to him a few days before his death. "You will have ample means, and you can go into banking if you want to, and lose a good deal without getting hurt. More likely you'll increase what you have. But we're living in a different day from those I grew up in, and now we need our best men in government, not in business. We've done it all, in business. Why, look at our country—leading the whole world. But not in government. And we won't be safe until our young men, who can lead, go into government, and come to lead there too. We must have leadership, the kind that carries intelligence and vision, that can be trusted by every one, rich or poor, ignorant or intelligent—but we won't get it until the best men go in for it, by choice. If they don't go in pretty soon, they'll be forced in by the calamities that come from the wrong kind of leadership, that we see all around us every day. There's your chance, my boy, and your duty. I don't know how to tell you to go about it—I never knew much about politics—but I know we're mighty hard up for a few real leaders. Think it over."

Jimmy had thought it over, with excellent intentions, for nearly a year. It had been hard to begin; he did not know where to go. Now he was thinking it over again as he sat in his club window on Fifth Avenue. But in a very different mood. For at last he was under way. As the newly chosen chairman of the Society for the Promotion of Proportional Representation, he had just come from an examination of the poster, on the door of the United Civics Building, that advertised the mass-meeting which his society proposed to hold that very evening. "Mighty well done," he murmured in praise of the printer, as he recalled the line in red letters that read: "Chairman, Mr. James Van Tassel."

"Well, well—what's well done?" inquired Andy Nichols, as he sank lazily into the cushioned chair opposite.

"Oh, just a piece of printing I've been looking at—I didn't know I was talking to myself."

"Something about that new-fangled society of yours, I suppose," ventured Andy.

"Yes, it was, to tell you the truth," laughed Van Tassel. "Announcement of a meeting."

"Thought so. Going to make a speech?"

"No, just preside."

"Well, I suppose you'll tell me I ought to go. You certainly have got the political fever. But I don't see where you get with it all."

"I don't know where I do get, Andy, but an old friend of father's asked me to take hold of this, and I believe in it. You know, if we don't have proper minority representation, in the real ratio of strength, we——"

"Oh, dear," Andy yawned. "Jimmy, let me off, will you? You've told me

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"Why don't you give a thousand families a scuttle of coal apiece?"

that already, you know." He laughed good-naturedly. "Why don't you give a thousand families a scuttle of coal apiece the next time a cold snap comes? They might elect you alderman—they'd see that you got minority representation, when the votes were counted, anyhow."

Van Tassel looked distressed.

"Oh, well, I was only joking," continued Andy, hastily. "That was what the elevator man said at the office to-day, when I asked him about your going into politics. He says one good turn deserves another; said he'd never heard of your proportional business."

They drifted into other talk.

In front of the United Civics Building a short, thick-set man with red hair was studying a poster on the bulletin-board. "It must be the boy," he said. "Same name, but—" The red head bent closer, then recoiled from the succession of long words. "But what kind of a thing is that?" muttered the proprietor of Toolan's Rest, as he walked thoughtfully toward First Avenue.

There was little to lead the casual passer-by toward the Toolan emporium on First Avenue. The street is broad and bleak there. A stone's throw to the east the river frets to and fro with the tide, and the stretch between the two is a dreary waste of lumber-yards and coal-pockets. Here and there a brick factory shoulders into the wind that sweeps across this no man's land. An occasional truck rumbles by. It is not a place that people come to by choice. Toolan's Rest called its guests with a lure of its own. There was something about the little frame building, with its huddled gables crowded between the swaying piles of lumber-yard planks, that suggested an inn rather than a saloon. The faded green clapboards looked old and comfortable. There were white curtains in the windows up-stairs, and the front was free of the conventional waistband of gilded brewery advertising. Even the door was different. It opened inward with a knob, and did not swing.

As Toolan entered and carefully closed the door behind him, he glanced at the bar and then at the round tables that lined the opposite wall. They were old tables, clamped to the wooden floor, and there were only three of them. A gas-light hung from the low ceiling and threw its faint glow on the faded pictures of stationary race-horses that looked down from the walls. A portrayal of the epic encounter of Messrs. Heenan and Sayres cast a fistic benediction over the bar. There were no mirrors, no mosaic underfoot; and there was no cash-register.

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The barkeep was silent and observant, a graven image of black pompadour, red cheeks, and white jacket. The free lunch engendered thoughts of the stone age. Disposing of the two or three "Hello, Matty's," that came from the tables, with a nod of the head, Toolan pushed his hat back and picked up the telephone-receiver that flanked the far end of the bar.

"Beekman two three hundred. That's right. Commissioner's office. Yeah. Baker there? Yeah. This you, Bill? This is Matty. Yeah. Can yer come up? Right now. All right."

He cast an appraising eye over the tables.

"Slim!"

That individual detached his spindle-like form from its affectionate hold on a half-consumed schooner of beer, and reported for duty.

"I wantcha ter look up an' down the street a little. See Finnerty and Hogan —an' pick up Fred's gang over on Second Avenue. Tell 'im I may want some marchin' to-night—ter be ready if I send out the call. Then come back. I've got another job for yer."

Slim's eyes brightened. When Toolan marched it meant free beer all around for the marchers, to the extent of three or even four kegs. When he marched to a political rally the Toolan clan's numbers and enthusiasm insured the success of the rally, and success was well worth the price of a few kegs to those who managed the affair. There was no mystery about the transaction. Enthusiasm is the one essential of an effective political meeting, and the noisier it is the better. Sometimes it is deplorably absent, and then the district is blighted by the "frost" that undoes the work of a dozen successful gatherings. Better no meetings at all than one frost! So runs the rule. Toolan provided insurance against frost in the shape of a hundred noisy attendants at any near-by meeting. The premium, paid in terms of Toolan's beer, was dispensed to the attendants by Toolan himself—when they had earned it, and not before. At the call of the clan they would cheerfully march to the field of oratorical battle, and carry off the victory with the strength of their thirsty enthusiasm. Then they would withdraw in good order to the security of Toolan's Rest, and receive their just reward. Could any uprising of the populace be more natural or delightful? Here was a game, so contrived by the joyful wit of Toolan that everybody was sure to win. It was not difficult to spread the news, when Toolan marched—the populace rose!

Slim carefully unloaded his schooner of the rest of her cargo, and went out the door.

Presently a tall figure, with grizzled hair and gray eyes under a slouch hat, bent as it opened the door and betook itself to where Toolan presided, at the far end of the bar.

"What's up, Matty?"

"I gotta find out sump'n quick. There's a meetin' to-night in that buildin' on Thirty-eighth Street—Civics, or sump'n like that—you know—near Lexington. Yes, I know—it's a dead one—never got a crowd there yet—an' it's a small place, at that. But that ain't the point. What I wantcha ter do is take a look at the dodger that's on the front o' the buildin' an' pick up this name—James—Van—Tassel—in red letters. Yer can't miss it. Then find out if he lives in a big house at Park Avenue an' Thirty-seventh Street—I forget the number. An' tell me if it's the same one. That's all. An' come back an' lemme know soon, see? An' look out for that name, Bill—be sure yer got it right."

"A'right, Matty."

Big Bill was accustomed to strange errands for Toolan, and, while he could make nothing of this one, he was content to go on his way unenlightened. As a messenger in the employ of the government of a great city, he had learned to figure out his whys and wherefores en route instead of at the start, and his uptown discipline was as good as the downtown brand. Bill turned in his report on this mission, on time and to the letter, according to standard.

In the auditorium of the United Civics Building a select audience had assembled to hear the address of Professor Pecan, of Olympia College, on the subject of "Proportional Representation; Its Genesis and Its Necessity." There were several lecturers on political science, a generous sprinkling of women, and a consider-

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able number of students with note-books. In addition there were various Van Tassel relations, and a few of Jimmy's friends from the club, who had prepared to sacrifice a perfectly good evening on the altar of loyalty to Jimmy. In one corner a reporter from a school of journalism was ready, with pencil poised, to get it all; and toward the rear of the room a group of hungry-looking young men, with long hair and keen faces, had taken up a position on the aisle. A tall, lean form was slouched in a seat near them, alone. But there were row on row of empty seats, and the room had a cold look that made Van Tassel shiver inwardly as he looked out over it from the platform. He smiled weakly at Nichols, who was sitting at the end of the second row, then motioned to him to come up.

"Guess I might as well go ahead, Andy; will you take a look outside and see if any more are coming?"

"Just looked, Jimmy; it's as empty as midnight." Nichols hesitated. "You'll never get them out for this sort of thing, Jimmy," he added. "It isn't real. I don't want to throw cold water around, but why don't you join a political club in your district, or something like that? This is no good."

"Well, you may be right, but I'm going to see it through," said Van Tassel, and he thumped with his gavel and unwound the introductory remarks that he had prepared with such care.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," he concluded, "it gives me great pleasure to introduce Professor Pecan, of Olympia College, who has made a life study of the subject that brings us here to-night—Professor Pecan."

As the professor arose, adjusted his glasses, and drew his manuscript from his pocket to the accompaniment of a mild round of polite handclapping, Van Tassel noticed that the thin man who sat alone rose unobtrusively and left the room. "Good Lord, they're going already," he thought. He did not know that the telephone in Toolan's Rest was at that moment jingling energetically at the call of the departed one.

"That right, Slim? As bad as that? Yer don't say so. Well, come over, quick."

Matty hung up the receiver, turned toward the well-filled barroom, and called for silence.

"We're goin' ter march, boys," he announced. There was a pleased shuffle about the tables, and three feet slipped off the rail at the foot of the bar. A small man who was pecking furtively with a fork among the free-lunch items stopped suddenly, then carefully resumed.

"Come, lay off that lunch fer a minute, Smoke—I wantcha ter listen to me."

Toolan gave his orders, despatched his messengers, and threw out a parting injunction: "In ten minutes, now—we gotta be quick—getta move on yer!" He turned to Big Bill, who was standing by in somewhat the position of an adjutant.

"Bill, we better have the busbies," he said, "an' the red fire! Get 'em up from down-stairs, will yer? We might pick up a few scouts on the way. Then drop in at the station-house an' tip off the lieutenant. Better see the man on post, too. We ain't got no permit for a parade, an' he might be one o' them new rookies they just put in. I'll meet yer at the door. Yeah, at the buildin'. Whose meetin' is it? Oh, never mind about that. An' don't talk to nobody at the hall, see? Don't put 'em wise. Oh, I'll look out fer the kegs—leave it ter me, Bill—I know what I'm doin'. Now, get busy, will yer, an' don't ask me no more questions!"

A few minutes later thirty or forty men, of all sizes, sorts, and descriptions, were marching west from Toolan's Rest. They formed some sort of column, and were led by Toolan himself, as a mute guaranty to recruits that the usual reward was impending. Behind Toolan marched the elect who wore the busbies, a dozen or more who looked very fierce indeed as the great bearskin helmets bobbed along above the heads of the rest. Down the column an occasional stick of red fire sputtered its fitful glow about the marchers, and in the rear and on the flanks a multitude of excited children scampered and leaped, and begged for red fire as they ran. As the word went around and the recruits fell in, the column gradually lengthened. When Fred's gang fell in at Second Avenue, thirty strong, it began to look like a parade.

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"Hey, Toolan's marchin'!" cried an excited youngster, as he estimated the situation from the curb, and then ran headlong to spread the news in his own bailiwick.

"Toolan's marchin'!" came the echo, from half the small boys in the block.

Overhead the women of the window-sill watch exchanged knowing comments from one window to another.

"It's Toolan, all right," said Mrs. McGinnis, as she shifted her arms on the sill and thrust her head slightly forward.

"Sure, it's Toolan," corroborated Mrs. McGann, from the east. "I can see the busbies."

"An' where are they goin' now, I wonder? This ain't campaign time."

"Fred Garland is with 'em. It must be a big one."

"An' I see Hogan. The ol' man'll be late to-night."

As the red fire and the marchers departed toward the west the chatter of the window-sills went with them along the walls of the tall tenements that flank the narrow street below like the sides of a canyon. When the column reached the United Civics Building, there were nearly a hundred men in line. Toolan stopped them a few yards away.

"All right, Bill?"

"O K," replied the big man.

"All right—in yer go!" shouted Toolan to the column. "Now, remember what I told yer—go in quiet like, a few at a time—an' don't talk or go ter sleep—this ain't no political meetin'—it's a bunch o' highbrows we're up against! Give'm a clap once in a while—quiet like. Keep yer eye on Big Bill. He'll be on the aisle, an' yer'll get the tip from him. An' do what he tells yer, or there won't be nuthin' doin' later on—I'll be there watchin'—go ahead, now! Oh, an' come out the same way yer go in," he added, "when it's over—not before! We ain't goin' ter march home."

They started in, in threes and fours.

"Here, gimme them busbies!" exclaimed Toolan suddenly as the bearskin marchers passed him. "That'd never do," he muttered, as he gathered them up, and handed them over to two of the marchers to carry back. "An' douse them red lights back there!" he commanded. Then he followed the rest in, and slipped into a seat near the door, where he could see everything that went on.

Professor Pecan was well into his subject when the marchers began to file in, and he looked up once with annoyance as the threes and fours continued to shuffle into the empty seats. It mattered little to him whether the audience was small or large; the idea was the thing. But to Van Tassel it mattered a great deal. He looked pleased when the first few drifted in, then surprised as they kept coming; and, finally, when the room was nearly filled, he felt the glow of the success that follows failure, and he looked triumphantly at Nichols. That friend at all costs, who had several times looked over his shoulder with growing curiosity and was still puzzled by this outpouring of the people, returned a congratulatory look that said, as plain as words: "I don't know what it is, Jimmy, but you're going strong."

As the professor glanced up over his glasses a few minutes later, he said, with an air of satisfied accomplishment: "And that brings the history of our movement down through the year nineteen hundred and five." The students made careful note of this in their note-books, and the Van Tassel relations preserved a family fortitude that proved what dead game sports they were. Jimmy's friends bore up well. Then, down the aisle, some feet away, a big man suddenly clapped his hands with enthusiasm, and in a moment, as the marchers recognized the heroism of the professor's statement, a storm of handclapping swept over the rear half of the room. The professor looked startled, and a few in the front rows turned around in alarm, but the big man suddenly stopped clapping, and the applause was followed by a thick silence. Somewhere in the rear of the room a husky voice affirmed audibly: "Toolan's all right."

"Shut up!" hissed Big Bill in a hoarse whisper. "Hey, Smoke, cut that out!" he added severely, as he recognized the well-meaning offender.

There were two or three other bursts of applause, and each time they came as the professor came to a halt at the end of a long paragraph.

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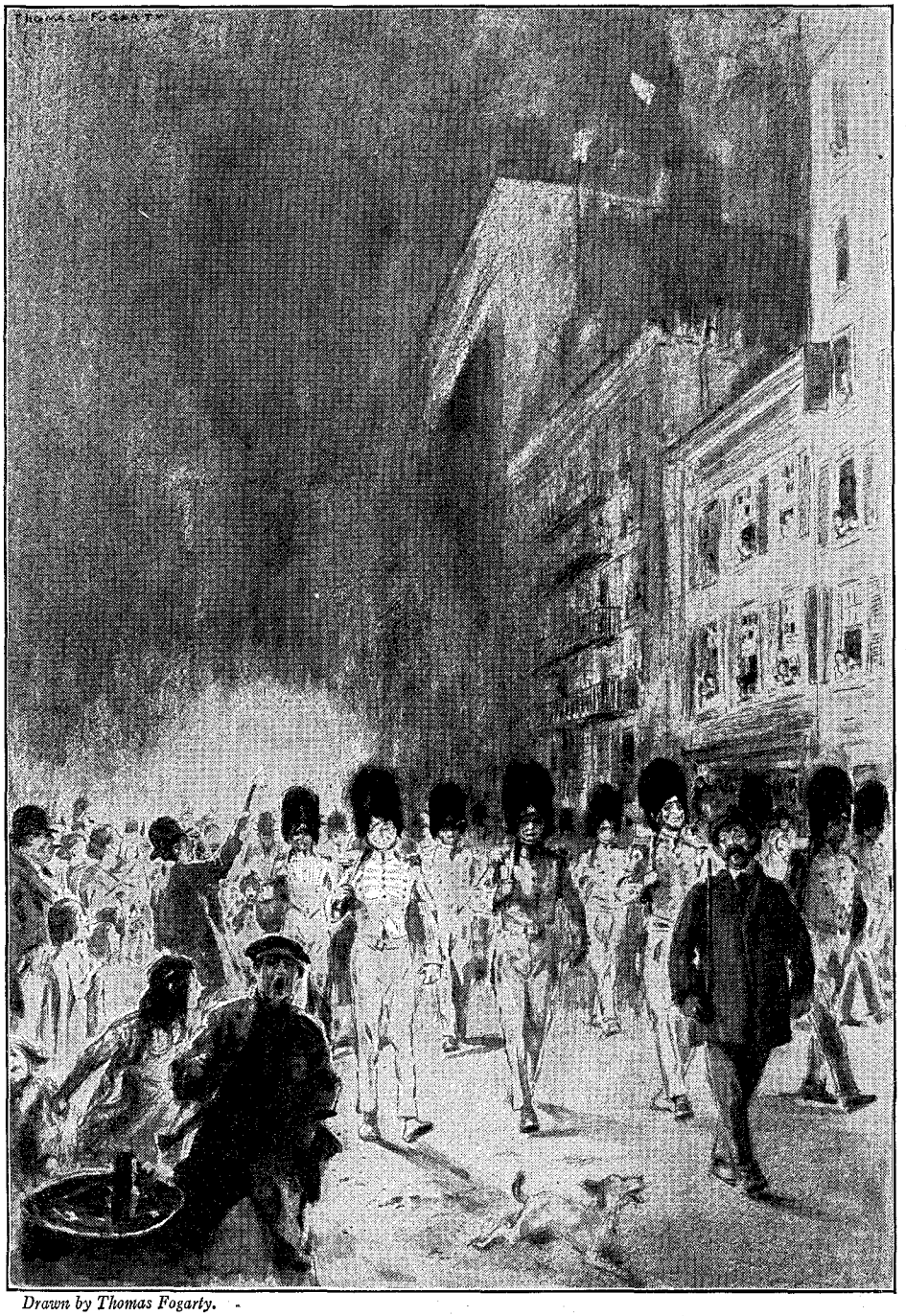

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"Hey, Toolan's marchin'!"—Page 430.

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"Wot's it all about?" Van Tassel heard a voice saying, as one of the gusts died away. But that was to be expected, and it was a good thing that the professor was there to explain.

Things became more serious when one of the long-haired young men, who had been in the room from the beginning, stood up in the middle of a sentence from the professor and pointed a long, thin finger at him.

"How can you claim any worth for your plan," he called in a shrill voice, "when on every hand we see stolen wealth parading——"

"Aw, siddown," came a voice from behind.

In front, heads were turning around. Van Tassel reached nervously forward and grasped his gavel. But the professor was in his element. He stopped and removed his glasses.

"Let him go on," he cried. "I welcome questions. Let us discuss the matter."

The discussion never took place. Big Bill was leaning toward the interrupter.

"Siddown, yer big bum," he said quietly, with a look that meant business. The young man paused as he half turned and caught Bill's eye. "Siddown, I tell yer—'fore I knock yer block off—d'yer hear me?" Bill's fist came into view. "Yer rotten egg," he added. The young man suddenly and silently sat down. "Now, keep yer mouth shut, or I'll throw yer through that winder," put in Bill for good measure. There was no more heckling.

When the meeting was over the students crowded up to the platform to ask questions of the professor, and the Van Tassels to congratulate the chairman. "Perfectly fine. Splendid cause. You presided wonderfully. You just gave him one look, and he didn't dare finish his question. Good work, Jimmy." As the loyal Van Tassels came and went Jimmy felt more and more pleased with the success of the meeting. He felt particularly good when Nichols shook his hand warmly and said: "Well, Jimmy, I don't know where your audience came from, but they're the people, all right. There must be something in that proportional business of yours, although I can't figure it out myself. Coming up to the club?"

"Thanks, Andy—yes, I'll be right with you." And it was late when the celebration broke up and they parted on the club steps. Jimmy called for a taxi. "Andy, I don't quite get it yet," he repeated for the tenth time, as he stood with one foot on the running-board. "They all came in together; and they were different from the rest."

"Well, I give it up," said Andy. "I spoke to one man, and he said something about Toolan's, on First Avenue somewhere. That's all I could get."

"Toolan's," mused Jimmy. "That's funny. Where have I heard that name? Guess I'll look it up. Well, good night!" He sank into the leather seat of the taxi. "Park Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street," he said.

Over on First Avenue a different form of celebration was coming to its close. Toolan had left the meeting just before the end and hurried away to get things ready. "They'll be over soon enough," he said to himself. "No danger o' their losin' their way." Then, as he rounded the First Avenue corner: "That's the lad, all right—looks jus' like his father looked twenty years ago." Toolan chuckled as he put on his apron and got ready for business.

"Come, gimme a hand with them kegs here," he called to the strays at the tables. "Come on, now—lively—we got a big gang comin'."

When the bar had been lined and relined with the thirst on legs that comes from marching, and the tables had groaned under their recurring burden, and Smoke had forked and fingered into his anatomy the last dripping pickle, the last crumb of old cracker, and the last cube of permanent cheese, Toolan leaned back against the counter that harbored the "hard stuff" and looked out over the bar. The fourth keg had come and gone, and Toolan's Rest was a smoky haze of happy humanity and half-emptied schooners. Toolan's face broke into a tired grin. Two or three had asked him how he had happened into that kind of a meeting, but he had stood them off with a laugh, and he chuckled at the recollection.

"That wasn't one o' Donovan's meetin's," Slim had ventured.

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"Well, who said it was?" Toolan had responded. "G'wan now—don't bother me."

"Matty's all right," asseverated the man next to Slim emphatically.

"An' the beer's all right, ain't it?" added Toolan aggressively.

"'S'all right, Matty," acquiesced Slim.

"Well——?"

And that ended the inquiry.

When they had all gone, on the stroke of one—for Toolan's Rest closed on the minute—Big Bill left Toolan at the door.

"Matty, yer know yer own business, and it ain't fer me ter be buttin' in," said Bill reflectively, "but if ever I see a queer one, it's this here racket yer run off tonight, on yer own. An' four kegs!"

Toolan grinned again. "Aw, lemme alone, Bill—I didn't do no harm, did I?"

"No harm—no." Bill was puzzled. He looked at Toolan again. "An' I never see yer feelin' so good," he said, "not since the little boy come." He glanced toward the ceiling. "What's it all about?"

"Oh, nuthin'," said Toolan, looking down. Then he looked up again quickly. "They say one good turn deserves another," he said, as he looked straight at Big Bill. There was a queer brightness in Toolan's eyes, and they were winking very hard. But there was a broad smile on his face. And Bill left, more puzzled than ever.

The Success of Judge Jewett

BY VICTOR MURDOCK

Federal Trade Commissioner and author of "Folks"

REAL PEOPLE WHO ARE REAL SUCCESSES—FIRST PAPER

THIS is my story of the success of Judge Jewett. It is not his; it is not the community's. It is mine. I employ emphasis because, while his character, unfolding as the story proceeds, will speak for itself, the conclusion upon his career, which also will appear, is my own.

That conclusion, for which I assume and assert responsibility, is this: more often than is commonly supposed, a man's predilections prevail in life—even against his own efforts, that is to say, the subtle, latent desires of a man's mind direct a man to a definite destination. In the outward activities by which a man expresses himself to his fellows, an individual may seemingly defeat his inward desire. He may divert that inward desire by all manner of design, device, dalliance through the major portion of a lifetime, and yet in the end, the inward desire will be found to have charted his course throughout.

In summary this story records Judge Jewett's career over a period of fifty years. The time of the story is from the year 1870 to the year 1920, the place is south central Kansas. The reader will be quicker on the uptake, in the narrative, if he remembers that south central Kansas in 1870 was part of a vast vacant green prairie, as innocent of industry as the vast vacant blue sky which echoed its amplitude, and further, that by the year 1920 it had been cantoned out by civilization to a distinct district, characterized by pastoral plenty and urban excess.

In the earlier period, young Jewett, in stature short, with a big head dominated by very open eyes, given to flashes of fleeting scrutiny followed by long periods

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of drooping rumination, came West and contemplated the particular spot which he had chosen for the practice of the law. This was the town of Wichita.

Jewett came from Lincoln's section of Illinois. Lincoln, so humble that the sorrow of generations lay shadowed in his eyes, so high that his voice came compelling from the mountain top, had been a lawyer, and his example, of the lowly in exalted service, burned a preference for his profession into the imaginations of thousands of young men. Perhaps, it was so with Jewett. Perhaps, it overslaughed a natural inclination in Jewett for a business career.

In any event Jewett, having chosen the law, found himself face to face with a field of activity. Wichita did not overwhelm him with its invitation. No frontier town is likely to appear inviting to a young lawyer of philosophic bent. A young lawyer of that kind is rather disposed to concern himself with the difference between ethics and jurisprudence, and to worry over the occasional perfectly legal appearance of the unethical, and the appealingly ethical appearance of the illegal. If Jewett troubled over this, Wichita must have confused him further in the matter of the practice and practices of the law. For Wichita at that time was not concerned with casuistries.

Wichita had set out to be a city, and had received its first impetus in the form of the cattle-trade from the Rio Grande. Great herds of long-horn cattle bellowed their way across the vast vacant prairie to Wichita, the rail-end, personally conducted by numerous cowboys who received and spent their wage at the journey's end in riotous resentment of the rigors of the trail. The gambling-hall and the dance-hall, both saloon accessories in fact, imparted to and maintained in the place a hectic atmosphere. This was heightened to a degree by an infiltration of Indian and Mexican influences. The Cheyenne and the Arapahoe in their bright blankets, braided hair, and moccasined feet, and the cowboy with his pride in small feet tilted on high heels, his sombrero-like hat and flaming neckerchief, colored the stream of life. Their presence showed in the common speech which the community adopted. The ornate saddle, and this was a day of saddles, added to social intercourse such words as latigo, sudadero, and cinch. To "cinch a job" was to have it beyond question. The cowboys left on the door-step of this Kansas town a Spanish orphan, "hackamore" (the rope used in breaking broncos), and also a waif of unknown nationality, "jinglebob," an earmark. The Aztec "coyote" retained its primitive pronunciation as a trisyllable. The Indian's greeting "How" superseded the usual salutations. The gaming-table with its sinister adaptability to colloquial metaphor further enriched conversation. "To keep cases on a man" meant to keep him under surveillance, a figure from the faro layout. Wichita was possibly the point of philological infection where the United States of America caught "square deal" and "something up his sleeve" and "stacked against him."

Basically the town was a thriving American community with a vaulting ambition, a deep sense of civic decencies, and a profound respect for law and order. It tolerated its curious visitors for a time and finally rose in revolt against them. For at length the cowboys took advantage of the latitude allowed them, and there was a crisis in which young Jewett "took a hand." The crisis came later, however. Now as Jewett, the young lawyer, surveyed the field, it did not appeal to him. Here was great opportunity for a young man who had selected business as a career. But he remembered, with a sigh, that he had made choice of the law and held to it.

He departed from Wichita and selected for the plunge another town, a Kansas town, smaller than Wichita, less hectic, by name Cottonwood Falls. He had no sooner located in this town than a terrible thing befell him.

When it happened, he was standing in a little hotel watching a prairie thunderstorm. On a vast vacant prairie under a vast vacant sky, a thunderstorm preserves a striking identity. It has definite outlines. It looms in the distance, a seething mass of lathered basalt, with a turquoise field above and a lashed and laboring landscape beneath. It rolls forward at a conquering pace, engulfs the observer, and passes away in diminishing

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peals of homicidal anger. The observer has a feeling of personal assault in which curiously he cannot participate except by fear of injury or hope of escape. If the lightning, which seems to be searching for him personally, finds him, usually he is barred from knowing which emotion, fear or hope, was justified.

A bolt of lightning struck young Jewett down while he watched. The little circle in the lobby, recovering from the shock, gathered about his fallen body, awe-stricken. A tall Virginian, a cattleman, broke through the circle with a bucket of water and drenched the prostrate form. The Virginian knew the prairies, the thunder-storm, and the ways of lightning, and he was credited with saving Jewett's life.

The young man was cruelly burned from head to foot and was long an invalid. During these dragging days of torture, he lived on his father's farm, adjoining a little town, Park City. Here he struggled for life and slowly, through seas of agony, headed back to health.

This might have proved a turning-point in his career. He might have dropped the law here. He might have taken up business. He identified that desire.

But during the days of his convalescence, he drifted into the office of an attorney who was also a magistrate, and his course was again pointed toward the law. Little occurred to confirm him in his choice.

Living in the town was an Englishwoman, Mrs. Grimthorpe. Her husband died. The local magistrate was moved mightily by the suspicion, grounded on nothing in particular except magisterial tedium, that there had been foul play. He determined upon an inquest and invited Jewett and several other citizens to accompany him.

Evidently Mrs. Grimthorpe had heard of the proposed visit, and when the little group of solemn citizens appeared at the gate, she emerged from the front door with a shotgun in one arm and an enormous book in the other, and said:

"Listen. Coke says at page 162, 'A man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium*,' and the first man who steps inside that gate I'll blow to kingdom come."

No one moved. She was of heroic mould, was Mrs. Grimthorpe. She had a burning, rolling eye that kindled at the sun. She had given, as well, a particularly acid accent to the Latin.

No one spoke. Finally, to relieve the embarrassment, Jewett explained to her that it was the kindly custom of the neighborhood to call, in response to impulses of friendship, and view, in earnest of deepest sympathy, the body of any citizen who had died suddenly. This he explained was the purpose of the call.

Thereupon the group silently and sheepishly filed into the house, viewed the corpse, and as silently and sheepishly filed out, Mrs. Grimthorpe balancing the shotgun in one hand, and Coke handily in the other, the while.

The majesty of the law had shivered, bent, buckled, and collapsed, not at the gun, not at the tome, but before the impact of that eagle eye.

This and other incidents of frontier life helped Jewett to forget his pain, and in time he recovered sufficiently to visit Wichita again. While in the matter of the practice of the law it proved as discouraging as before, a citizen of political prominence, who was consulted, suggested that young Jewett run for office. Office was a prospect Jewett had not contemplated. He now identified his leanings distinctly as a preference for a business career. He had, however, chosen the law, and here was a proposition that he go into politics. He didn't fancy it, but he had to do something, and this candidacy seemed to be open. It was proposed that he become a candidate on the Republican ticket for justice of the peace. The nominating convention and the election were distant. The immediate problem was bed and board until the aspiration could be put to the test.

Young Jewett called upon the pioneer owner of a frontier hotel to propose to him that he should eat and sleep at his hostelry until he could be elected and accumulate money to pay the arrears.

"Good morning, Mr. Dungan," said young Jewett with whatever assurance he could command.

"How," replied mine host cordially enough, and with a spasmodic hitch of his right shoulder which was peculiar to him.

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Young Jewett explained the purpose of his visit.

"Well, I don't know about that," Dungan said. "Seems like building your fire and heating your irons before you have a cow-brute to brand. What makes you think you can corral the nomination?"

Jewett told him of certain assurances from certain men of influence.

Dungan, again hitching his shoulder, said: "It may be a cinch and it may not. Do you buck the tiger?"

Jewett assured him that he did not gamble.

Dungan said: "I'll deal you a hand. I'll try it out."

He hitched his right shoulder, stroked his beard, and added: "And I'll keep cases on you."

From which it will appear that young Jewett had certain prepossessing qualities. He had. One of the most striking qualities he possessed was an assurance with which an innate integrity had endowed him. He had now entered, unconsciously, on a long chapter in his career—a political career in a pioneer country, generous with its blows in political contests, heated in its partisanship, perfervid in its personal antagonisms. In this important portion of his career, the dominant characteristic of Jewett's life marked and sustained him. This was his integrity. It gave him courage, equipoise, and it won for him in increasing ratio public esteem. His bitterest enemy vouchsafed him honesty and truthfulness.

Young Jewett was elected, served with what distinction is possible in such a post, and eventually became police judge. The cowboys had gained, meantime, in riotous velocity. The mad joy which found its expression in shooting up the town, or wrecking a dance-hall, or tapping a saloonkeeper into insensibility with his own bung-starter, whirled into higher and yet higher revolutions of cowboy abandon. The mayor of the town, who brought his blushing bride from New York City, was rather inflamed when, the morning of his return from New York, a cowboy jumped from his horse, kissed the bride, who was walking at her husband's side, and rode away for Mexico. There was humor to that, and while the mayor was indignant, the bride smiled through her blushes and the community laughed with her. He was a handsome boy, her beauty was provocative, and there was tribute in his impetuosity.

But the cowboys were not only playful. Some became vicious. Judge Jewett applied the law with rigor. And for all men to see, he demonstrated that the law gains mightily in vividness and vitality against a background of aroused public opinion. Outraged by their excesses and tolerant no longer, the community acted with despatch. Jewett pronounced a blanket verdict of vagrancy. The citizens gathered on the main street, armed to the teeth, organized in posse comitatus, and attacked the embattled cowboys. These precipitately and incontinently fled. It was rather a bloodless conflict, considering its lavish dramatic setting, but for half a century a favorite tale in the cow-camps from Deadwood to Corpus Christi was the citizens' onslaught upon the cowboys at Wichita.

In time the cattle-trade passed to other places. Wichita grew apace along other lines, and Jewett found himself running for probate judge in a populous county. The contest proved close. The weight of a hair, one way or the other, it seemed, would throw the election. Jewett's opponent was the proprietor of a queensware store. The morning of the election the walls of this store collapsed and jumbled the whole stock into a tragic heap in the centre of the ruin. By all the rules of frontier politics, this should have provoked such a torrent of popular sympathy for the merchant that he would easily have beaten Jewett. If he had done so Jewett might have turned to his first desire, business, and dropped politics altogether. He believed now that he had always preferred a business career. He had permitted the law to divert him. He had taken the easy road which leads from the law to politics and he was now in politics and it seemed, as he gazed on the fragments of his opponent's physical assets, that here at last Chance had intervened to drive him back to his first desire. But nothing of the kind transpired. The flood of popular sympathy did not materialize and Jewett was elected.

I do not remember how long Jewett remained probate judge. It is in particular

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a place of responsibility in relation to the affairs of widows and orphans. Through contact with estates in the dry dock where death occasionally leaves them, Jewett came into intimate views of the anatomy of the good ship, business—the hope of profit which drives and the fear of loss which checks, the framework of rent, insurance, wage, waste, interest on borrowed money, the cargo of supply balanced against demand. He confessed frankly to himself that he would like to captain such a craft. There was a joy in putting risk to the test of judgment, in manipulating turnover, in translating progress into concrete terms of profit. He liked business tremendously. There was no doubt of that.

But he had chosen the law; he had drifted into politics and he was now an office-holder. Moreover, he faced contests. In that day and in that place, no red-blooded American retired before a contest.

While he was serving as probate judge, certain rival politicians coveted his place. In default of other argument they charged him with being a "politician."

Judge Jewett always bitterly resented the characterization. Most men in politics do. Of all the words in common use, "politician" remains the most aggravatingly nebulous. It may be a disparaging description of a petty intriguer, or it may define a man so near to statesmanship that the community is forced to save the better meaning of the word by distinguishing between a politician and a "mere" politician.

It is my belief that the indignation that Judge Jewett felt over this classification was due, in large part, to his leaning to a business career and a belief in his own business capacity.

He met his contestants in a fair field of battle. He overcame them. In time he became postmaster of the town. He was an excellent postmaster. The business of this colossal national unit, the postal system, once he was in it and part of it, fascinated him. Wichita had now become a city. The booted cowboys and feathered Indians long before had merged into the past's mirage where, as myths of an ancient and unbelievable day, they lingered solely to outfit drama and romance. The post-office was a busy place of large revenue and large expenditure, a cog in the marvellous mechanism which provides celerity, certainty, and safety in a nation's intercommunications. Though they often chasten it with copious criticism, the people of the country love the postal system. It is theirs. Jewett made the postmastership his business. The receipt and despatch of the mail, its infinite routing and infinite distribution, the income and outgo of money, the close contact with the business life of the nation which the instrumentalities of intercommunication comprehend, revived in Jewett all the old desire for a business career.

But while most of the activity of his life had touched upon business, he had not been, after all, in business, except as a third party representing the public interest. In those periods when he was not in public service, he continued in the practice of the law.

Occasionally the old charge that he was a "politician" drifted to him and inflamed him. He never let it inflame him to the point that he neglected his duties as a citizen. He was not the kind to wake to the public interest on election day only. He attended with regularity the far more vital caucus. He did not shirk the face-to-face contests in which in those days the major questions were settled. He was no wastrel to give away the fruits of his victory, if he won; he was no weakling to refrain from trying to work a compromise out of his opponents, if he lost.

In the midst of it all, through the years, Judge Jewett displayed a marked faculty in the judgment of men. He was keen, quick in his survey of them.

Eventually the postmastership passed from him with a change of administration and, shortly thereafter, he became warden of the Kansas penitentiary. He proved a notable warden. Here was a large institution containing within its walls many units of industry, mining, and manufacturing. Here, too, was the problem of men in durance. This supervision of industry, this function of discipline, unbending but human, and demanding that the man who has been made to answer by punishment to justice shall be punished

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with justice, engrossed Jewett. He made adjustments which removed unnecessary and irritating hardships. He tightened real and essential discipline. The great industries of the place filled him again with the old desire for a business career.

His hair was thinning now; his body, rounding out with the years, seemed shorter, but he kept still the habit of keen, quick survey of men and things.

He watched from a fortified tower a sad line of numbered prisoners shuffle, in monotonous rhythm, its way across the worn pavement of the prison. A young convict as he passed hitched his right shoulder. Jewett caught the convict's number. There was no mistake—again the prisoner spasmodically lifted his right shoulder.

Jewett sent for the convict and asked his name.

"Tatell," answered the convict.

"You're in for horse-stealing?"

"Yes."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Dungan," said the prisoner.

"Your grandfather Dungan kept the hotel at Wichita in the old pioneer days?"

"Yes."

Jewett dismissed the convict and searched out his record for behavior. It was good. He took the next train to the state capital. He told the story of the inherited hitch in the shoulder to the board of pardons and the governor. In return for the old favor, he wanted that boy pardoned. The board and the governor demurred. Jewett was altogether too sentimental. But Jewett was obdurate. He kept the record of good behavior waving before them. They gave in at last, and Jewett carried back to the prison that night a pardon that the young man has long since vindicated.

When his days of warden were over, Judge Jewett came back to Wichita. The former vast and vacant prairies had become the bread-basket of the nation—producer of the world's surplus wheat. At Wichita, sky-scrapers under construction shot their spindling skeletons of steel into the sky.

Among a multitude of new enterprises, a life-insurance company was fostered and flourished. Judge Jewett became an officer of this company. He has devoted his time, thought, and experience to it. It has prospered. Judge Jewett has prospered. He is in business. He has succeeded in it.

He is surrounded by a population which, for the most part, does not know that he ever held office. It has been years since any one spoke of him as a politician, in any sense.

Part of the prairie West, growing up in it, growing up with it, developing as it developed, he is one of the real characters of that West. In a way, the title by which he is addressed by its citizens discloses their attitude to him. He is not addressed as Mr. Jewett, or by his first Christian name, Edward. To everybody he is "Judge Jewett." The distinction is not idle. His counsel in public affairs, in business, in the more intimate domestic problems of his friends is often sought. Because his counsel is known to be wise, his expressions take on the color of judgments. The tenacity of the title "Judge" must be tribute to this talent. The public has thus fixed the personality of the man, in its own mind, and, as the public does, established its ownership in him. This is interesting, but it is not more interesting than the fact that, whatever the public's ownership in a man's life, the thread of his private desire persists through the fabric. It has been so with Judge Jewett.

His own efforts turned him throughout his life to many ports of call; his real desire fixed inflexibly the port of destination. That port was business.

He has lived to see his real desire fulfilled. If success, as the world accounts it, is to be measured at all, it must be measured by the fulfilment of a man's real desire. It is my thought that this happens more often than the world imagines.

*** Since this article was put in type, Judge Jewett died at his home in Wichita on May 10, in his seventy-fifth year. One of the local papers said of him: "Prominent in nearly every activity of the city, his death was as great a civic blow as the passing of any Wichita citizen in recent years."

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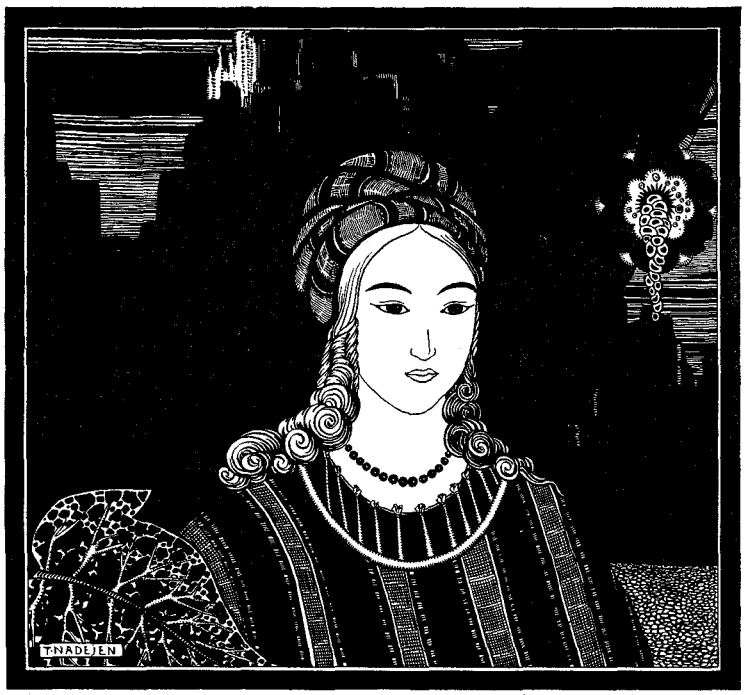

A Daughter of Barbary

BY COMTESSE DE CHAMBRUN

Doctor of the University of Paris; Author of "Giovanni Florio," "Little Archie," etc.

DECORATIONS BY T. NADEJEN

THIS is no story of mine; it happened long before destiny led my steps to Morocco, and has been told beside the pastoral camp-fire of the plains and on the tented slopes of the Atlas.

It is one of the violent incidents of love and war, peculiar to this country, where strife and what the old-fashioned romancer called "the softer passion" are characterized by much the same ferocity.

The teller, Commandant le Glay,* has lived among the unsubmissive tribes and recounts at first hand many such events as this story of Badda; for he knows, like a native, the strange hidden things in the hearts of this mysterious people.

The tiny column had been marching some five hours in that devil's own country about Tafoudeit. The track lay over a waste marked only by the footprints of the first horses marching in Indian file, gray barbs streaked with sweat and clay. They were ridden by two Zaian warriors from Oulmès, draped in dirty woollen djelabas, their heads wound about with stringy cotton turbans. Each cavalier carried across-saddle a loaded musket.

After this advance-guard came the officer commanding the neighboring frontier post; he was followed by his aide—this latter, green in the service, having come through from Casablanca only a few days before. Behind the two French of-

* Commandant Maurice le Glay, formerly of the French Information Service, is now Contrôleur Civil des Abdas at Safi, Morocco.

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ficers rode four more Zaian cavaliers, who, though quite as ferocious-looking as the first pair, must have been considered some atoms more trustworthy, or they would not have been in the rear with the backs of two superiors not five yards distant from their gun muzzles!

But, after all, apparent confidence, the utmost assurance of voice and gesture, are indispensable requisites for a chief in this country. If such a one cannot treat the possibility of assassination with sublime contempt, he may as well cease trying to deal with the untutored savage. Now, this captain had learned his business thoroughly, conscious of ever-present danger; his face never betrayed anything but the most complete serenity, consequently his prestige with native troops was often worth a battalion. Before prestige of this kind resistance crumples up like burnt rubber, and the dissident takes to his mountain fastnesses discouraged, while about the advancing column the inhabitants of the region collect and multiply, squatting at the chief's feet, recounting their small affairs and misadventures, stupid and tragical, with a childlike faith in two things: the roumi's* innate sense of justice, and his will to see it carried out. For justice and energy are the European's best assets in this country, and the sojourner in Morocco soon acquires one thing more, in spite of orthodox Christianity: the belief that, in the end, nothing happens that has not been written.

On that particular day the column was in perfect security, for, although the guides were wild men of the mountain, the four other natives were Mokazenis, or native volunteers, from the post. Brothers or cousins to the first ones, they differed from them in three important points. They carried rifles of the French Government, boasted ninety francs a month pay, and wore the blue-gray burnoose which shows that they have taken service with the roumi. These things have the magic faculty of transforming the worst outlaws and cutthroats into faithful and devoted servants of France. Doubtless, this also "is written," otherwise it would be inexplicable. For the case of a blue burnoose that has not fought to the end beside his chief is rare.

Sometimes the little group of white and blue pushed its way through high wild grass; sometimes it skirted precipitous hill flanks where the ground crumbled in landslides under the horses' hoofs; sometimes it followed narrow gullies, spotted here and there with tufts of verdure toward which the tired mounts stretched their noses longingly. At length the way led over a high ridge of rock, and the natives in front wheeled to the right, giving place for the captain and lieutenant to ride forward between them and survey the country, which lay saucer-like beneath: a flat valley with steeply shelving sides, a veritable tangle of brush, trees, and brambles growing among square blocks of granite. In the centre, almost invisible against the dark tones of the landscape, was a small gathering of tents.

"Ride forward," commanded the captain to one of the Zaian guides; "tell the people of the douar that we shall dismount bringing peace and confidence, and that if any one runs away you will be held responsible."

Descending more slowly behind the scout, it was easy to observe that nobody had fled from the low tents of goatskin; nevertheless, on reaching the douar—as such an agglomeration is called—no sign of life was visible, but there arose from the centre of the encampment a thick odor of warm wool and close-packed donkeys and cattle.

"These are the marauders for whom we have been looking," said the captain; "they have been terrorizing all this region and have sworn on ten guns laid on the ground in a square, never to submit to the Sultan's rule. There will be no resistance to-day, I think, but the incident is not closed."

"But there is no one to resist," remarked the lieutenant naïvely; "the place is quite deserted."

The captain smiled. "On the contrary, within a stone's throw there are fifty or more human beings, old and young, with perhaps four times as many head of live stock. At the first hint of our approach, signalled doubtless long before we came

* Roumi—Christian in general, and in Morocco a Frenchman in particular.

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into sight, they spirited themselves away with their animals. Every douar in this banditti country has its subterranean refuge, which we will now proceed to investigate. It cannot be very difficult to discover with such a solid clew as this smell to follow!"

Indeed, the refuge lay not far off. The yawning entrance was blocked with a mass of thorns and brambles through which twenty or more lances protruded.

The captain caused the tents to be laid flat on the ground and passed over them on horseback in sign of dominion; then, grouping his small force round him, seated himself on a huge boulder facing the mouth of the cave. There was a long pause, then several old men of the strange redoubt cautiously pushed aside the brambles and hesitatingly came forth.

"What wouldst thou?" said they, in Berber dialect.

The officer answered in Arabic, which the Mokazeni interpreter rendered intelligible to the ancients:

"I would first know why you are hiding! Have you done something of which you are ashamed, and which cuts you off from the people? Is there blood between you and your brothers? If so I can wash it away as easily as I can prevent your children from catching smallpox. Will you have it so? Answer!"

"We don't know how to answer," responded the spokesman. "We are very rough folk and aren't much good at talking. Besides, we are frightened, which prevents us from understanding your remarks."

Now, this answer was more threatening to those versed in native ways than it reads in print, and the captain was wise enough not to insist on prosecuting his moral lecture in the face of his guide's anxious looks and the furtive hostility of the ancients. He spoke, however, with utmost calm.

"It is excellent to reflect. I also shall now retire and meditate upon my future course toward you. But I must say just this, immediately. To-morrow you will deliver up one of your brethren to work in my camp, and serve as hostage for your future good conduct. Unless you do this I shall return in three days with my people and rid the country of you. The choice is yours and must be made before high noon."

His ultimatum delivered, the captain rode leisurely off, his small escort following deliberately until they had placed the brush between themselves and the douar. Then they lost no time in gaining their post. It seemed not bad to have settled their differences then and there, but the advantages of the ground lay with the enemy, and there may have been more than a score of young fighting men behind the elders.

No sooner was the officer out of sight than the whole douar was in a turmoil. Women screamed in retrospective terror, tore out handfuls of hair to prove their sincerity, and shook their children until the poor babies squealed louder than ever. As for the men, they wisely decided to postpone the public assembly just convened, until next morning. They might then discuss their future policy without the women and in greater serenity.

At the meeting a simple remedy was proposed: to lie in wait for the French officer, and kill him at the first opportunity. To all but one this seemed an excellent idea. This was a middle-aged man who had travelled farther than his brethren and had seen rather impressive doings. He spoke with the scornful contempt of a voyager addressing stay-at-homes.

"I am so weary of your craziness and stupidity that soon I shall ask for a blue burnoose myself! If you kill that officer another will come, and after him another, . . . and so on till we, not they, are finished. What do we want, after all? Just to stay quietly in our small corner and transact our business among ourselves. This captain demands a hostage. Give him a damsel in place of a man; she will protect us from his wrath, for it is known that he that has a woman there leaves his tent with regret to go a-strolling after adventure!"

The orator was greeted with a perfect storm of derision, and the assembly broke up without coming to any conclusion. To take a male hostage meant a fight; the chosen one would have to be subdued and dragged forcibly from the douar, and the selection itself would mean internal warfare among the families. After pondering for a few hours the old Berber's

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proposition seemed to have more sense in it than his brethren had first observed.

As long as it was decided to take a girl, there could be no hesitation as to which one to select.

Badda was of purest white Berber origin, exquisite in shape and movement as a young gazelle; her wrists and ankles, hands and feet were enough to set a sculptor dreaming, and her delicate, finely featured face was unspoiled by tattooing. Just one thin line of blue, with feathery points, marked the separation of her eyebrows, like a swallow's beak between deployed wings. The effect was singular, becoming as the black patch of some eighteenth-century marquise. It lent a strange look of intensity and concentration to the clear, deep eyes below. The girl did not belong to the tribe of this special douar. Her tent was beyond the Oued Beht in the deep ravine called Ikkel and her tribal appellation was Igerrouane. She had been carried off into captivity the year before, after a bloody skirmish, and her presence soon became an embarrassment on account of her violent character and the strange power of her eyes. They manacled her feet so that she could not take a free step, and gave her in marriage to a young shepherd, hoping that he might tame her, but the girl had neither hesitation nor very much difficulty in strangling her would-be spouse and, what was worse, she soon had all the women in the douar as her strong partisans. She knew much more than they did, spoke Arabic, and could recite the Mohammedan creed—which is impressive and embarrassing in a young girl—all this, upon second deliberation, decided the assembly to send her as a hostage instead of selecting a son of their own tribe.

The outpost of civilization established by the captain was situated at a point where nature and the population seemed almost equally inaccessible. The stronghold stood surrounded with a crenelated palisade, armed with cannon and machine-guns. Beside this was a smaller and less-imposing enclosure given over to the Information Service. The two authorities work together, side by side, representing, on the one part, permanent menace, on the other, perpetual conciliation. The organ of peaceful penetration naturally assumes a welcoming aspect. The house of justice opens smilingly to those who have forgotten her sword and scales, for it is evident that if the native had to crawl through barbed wire, or face a sentinel's gun, he would scarcely decide to seek either justice, trade, or the doctor.

The region came unreadily to heel and the captain had a hard time at first. The camp was often fired upon from the bush,

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two companies armed with machine-guns were detailed every evening to protect the drinking-pool below the fort, and in spite of this precaution, an occasional mule or artillery horse was picked off by a specialist, a sentry would be silently poniarded in the back, or a rifle-ball, fired from Lord knows where, would pick off a soldier peacefully sleeping in his tent. In fact, the limits of the military cemetery grew with more relative rapidity than the commanding officer's sphere of influence. The people round about came, however, willingly enough to see the doctor, sell forage for the horses or wood for the bakery; and the same man who fired from the bush in the morning might bring his children some hours later to be vaccinated against the smallpox. Although such things might trouble a mind unused to paradox, like that of the military agent, his political associate was always ready to explain that one must expect to find cordial relations mixed with gunshots during the first stage of all peaceful penetration in advanced Berber country.

Especially one must be prepared to see quantities of old women about; for, as everybody knows, woman, who is "nothing" in this country, rejoices in considerable influence over the community. As she grows old her dominion becomes almost absolute over her sons and through them predominant in public policy. She passes, by general consent, in battle, immune from interference; for, unlike certain Aryan tribes that inhabit central Europe, those of Barbary consider that to kill women in warfare is an uncivilized proceeding. In fact, the first agent to appear after an advance is always an old woman; she is also the second and the third. Her rôle is to go everywhere, see all she can, count the guns, talk to the native soldiers, sell chickens, eggs, and honey, ask for quinine, and carry belligerent correspondence. It is she who will eventually conduct before the French commanding officer the first man of her douar who consents to parley, and soon, thanks to her efforts, another dissident tribe swells the list of submissions to the august authority of the Sultan, and is added to the number of those who ardently desire to be officially administered by the government of the protectorate. This is the first stage of "political penetration"; the second usually follows some weeks later, when, with the old woman as precursor, the post may expect a massed attack from the newly submissive ones, for the Berber is a simple soul—he attributes to weakness and to fear any humanitarian or pacific dealings with him, and demands as an essential to be well beaten before he obeys.

All this explains why it put the commanding officer in such a bad humor to

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observe numbers of Berber grannies sneaking about the camp and graciously offering service of the most equivocal kind.

The bugle had sounded the call for officers' mess, "C'est le gras qui mange le mieux, nom de Dieu!" when one of the Mokazenis appeared before the captain's quarters with a bundle of rags at the end of a rope. It was large and seemed to contain something human, for, although no face was visible, it held itself upright.

"What is it? Leave it there; I am going to lunch now!" exclaimed the officer, and off he went, followed by Tim the great sheep-dog, a gentleman from Auvergne. After a few moments' hesitation the Mokazeni let fall the package in one of the inner compartments, and turned the key in the door.

The rules prescribe that the "house of the commanding officer shall be constructed according to taste and the habits of the region, with earth, sun-baked bricks, or mud-smeared canes." The captain had put up a large tented entrance leading to a small cabin built in two sections with fragrant cedar planks: one section served as sleeping apartment, the other as dressing-room. From his tent, which served as office, the chief, seated at his work-table, could talk to the men outside. From the inner room windows, which were heavily shuttered at night, he commanded, in the daytime, a view on the camp. Thus the master's eye could survey all the varied activities of the little garrison. The furniture consisted of thick native carpets, cushions, tables, and the "Morris" armchair so dear to all Morocco. Above the divan, which served as bed, hung a crescent-shaped Marakesch dagger in a silver sheath.

The captain returned with clouded brow. He had been bothering about the delay of the unfriendly douar in delivering up their hostage and he had, for the time, forgotten the bundle.

Surprised to find the key turned in the inner door, he hastened to enter, noticed that something obstructed the hinges, and had just time to catch Tim by the collar to prevent the dog from precipitating himself in fury upon the object which lay inert upon the floor.

The captain cursed volubly—"Another meddling old granny"; then stooped to get a closer view. The face, concealed by an embroidered haik, was turned toward the wall, but from the ragged garments protruded two small feet, which, were they not disfigured by scratches and blood-stains, appeared shapely and very white.

"Hey, mother! kindly go sleep elsewhere!" Nothing stirred. The feet were manacled and attached to a rope which passed about the middle, the arms pinioned by a leather belt.

This then was the hostage, a woman! He was scarcely a person to be caught in such an obvious trap. The girl should be sent back to her parents as soon as he had attended to her hurts.

The captain opened his little pharmacy chest and sat down beside the patient, who, at his near approach, made a movement of recoil. With caution and gentleness he loosed her bonds, washed and bandaged the cuts, and began his interrogatory in Arabic.

"Who are you?"

"What does that matter to you?"

"Enough that it does matter. Speak!"

She responded sullenly: "They call me Badda."

"You are not afraid?"

"Certainly not of you!"

"Of what, then?"

"I am afraid of the dog."

Tim had in fact come forward bristling with indignation at such an intrusion as this; a low growl was buzzing in his throat.

The captain talked to the dog, reasoned, explained the situation in so far as he understood it, and Tim, convinced, lay down with nose against the woman's knee.

"He will not hurt you," said Tim's master.

Then Badda remembered having heard among other peculiar things concerning these singular roumis, that they possess dogs that obey, and neither bite their masters nor howl all night long like those of the douar. Reassured, she placed her hand on Tim's head. The hand being small and light, Tim rather liked it, and

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he saw at once, though his master did not, that Badda had come to stay.

One day a brother officer thought well to remonstrate with the captain in the name of prudence, if not of morality. He found Badda quietly seated on the divan with Tim's nose on her lap, and was so astonished by her strange and remarkable beauty that his eloquence slipped away from him. The girl's serene impassibility was most disturbing. She carried her head proudly, but the look of her eyes was prouder yet—limpid, far-seeing, dominant. She wore silver bracelets and anklets, and on her breast a great hand of fate, in filigree. From an embroidered band on the wall above her head the native poniard shone like a crescent moon. The captain, from the doorway, chin on hand, was contemplating the picture. It was easy to see what was the matter with him.

"I speak only in your interest," said the conscientious objector. "No good can come of keeping this girl here! It isn't on account of adverse criticism; these people don't understand why a man should live alone if he can help it. It is the woman's personality that disquiets me; she isn't like the ones we meet, and should she turn out to be, as she may, the daughter of some caid or notable family in search of an escapade, you will bring down a hornets' nest about our ears."

"She has no relatives in this region, but was taken a captive by the Zaian tribe that sent her."

"You should explain to her, then, that she is now free to return to the tents of her own people."

"Try to explain it yourself; you talk better than I do!"

The wise friend was, in fact, rather verbose. Thus encouraged, he set before Badda, in painstaking Arabic, the charms of freedom, the delight of returning to one's tent, and the facilities which he offered for her departure.

She listened quite impassive, simply remarking:

"Of course, when I wish to return, I shall surely go."

"What the devil do you expect to do with this stupid girl?" cried the friend, losing patience.

"That all depends on whether she will have me or not," responded Badda's new master.

Of course the captain was fully aware that the civilized fashion of his wooing would be quite incomprehensible to this wild nature. No woman could be expected to understand these things otherwise than as her people, since time immemorial, had done. That a woman should voluntarily give herself away! Repugnant and impossible thought! That a woman should be won otherwise than by violence is inconceivable to the Berber mind; and yet none of the "Information" which it was the captain's business to centralize and disseminate stood him here in any stead. His poor man's heart, returning to the customs of *his* tribe, sought a response from the unknown heart, beating only in fatalistic contemplation of the captive's destiny.

In the meantime the business of the post was going well; all day the captain scoured the country, parleyed with dissidents, and made topographical plans. On returning at night he found Badda tricked out in her best with the dutiful welcome of the women of the mountain to the chief of the tent. She kissed his shoulder and served supper upon the low table as he sat cross-legged among the cushions.

The captain knew this ritual like his alphabet: the chosen servant should stand at meals behind the master, and it would be a grave discourtesy and indiscretion for such a one to watch him eat! Nevertheless, moved by the natural desire of a man in love to see the girl he cares for at his side rather than at his back, he one day drew Badda down beside him and asked her to share his meal.

She was on her feet in a flash, pale, moved, eloquent in her indignant protest.

"Why, Sidi, do you thus call down shame upon me? Is it not my right to serve you? Have I done anything to merit such treatment that you should oblige me to quit my service to sit beside you?"

"It is because I love you, Badda! Too much. It makes me forget sometimes what is your due! Can you not understand and love me a little also?"

But the girl had already slipped away,

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and was eating her own supper beside the tent door. Insurmountable barrier of custom and of blood, pride of race was stronger in her than any other sentiment. That evening the captain felt very lonely and far from home.

His love was like a possession, dominant, uncanny, and had begun to make him suffer beyond the limits of his will and reason. The necessity of comprehending the girl's sentiments toward him had become imperative. It was intolerable to think that she should merely accept his love like that of some savage master of these barbarous hordes, because he was the "hakem" or chief. In fact, the disease of supercivilization was upon him, and in these regions it is a redoubtable malady.

Did the girl love him? What was her idea of love?

To make her talk, reveal herself, draw her from her dutiful silence, became an obsession. He displayed every ingenuity in trying to extract from the girl some details of her former existence, some picture of her tribal life, to get her to repeat the stories, songs, or poems of love and war, such as alone please the tent-dwellers.

After many vain efforts Badda spoke, indeed. What she said showed perhaps a finer intuition than her lover's of the essential differences between them.

"Better let me remain silent, Sidi. The language we speak is neither yours nor mine! Nor do we think of the same things. What I say with good-will to please, might seem to you displeasing."

But the captain was obstinate. "Even if what you say offends me, I wish to hear your voice; tell me a story of your own people."

"Listen, then, and I will tell you the story of Moha. Moha was a strong man, feared by all, enriched by killing and robbing. His wife, Itto, had youth and beauty, and each time that Moha returned from a raid he brought her silver and jewels and sugar. Itto was happy, for every one feared her husband. But one day Moha brought home with him a woman and said: 'Here is thy sister Haddoum, whom I have taken captive. She shall aid thee in thy service.' Itto rose and served supper to the master, and while he was eating drove a knife into his back. Then rose Haddoum, took the knife and pierced his heart. Then the women embraced each other like sisters and together faced the tribe, saying: 'Moha returned wounded and died of his hurts. We have wound him in his shroud; bury him, brothers.' My people have made a verse upon these events, which is sung in chorus at the haidouz:

"'Moha was struck by hate from the front,
From the back by jealousy.
For Hate and Jealousy are twin sisters.'

"But see how my story has made your face sad! Let us speak no more of my people, Sidi, for words cannot reveal the heart nor measure its longings."

It seemed very singular to the captain, who was well read, to hear this girl expressing in Arabic the thought set down fifty years ago by one of the most finished of France's tragic writers:

"The fulness of the heart often overflows in vapid metaphor, since no man has ever by words given true measure of his needs, his dreams, or his sorrows; for human speech is but the cracked caldron on which we vainly beat out tunes that are hardly fit to set bears dancing, when we would move to compassion the implacable stars."

And yet the girl's words had served to measure the gulf between them. The primitive violence of her uncivilized people had been revealed in this brief narrative as volumes of folk-lore would have failed to do. The scene evoked rose vividly before the auditor: the tribal assembly convoked for the cult of some far-off ancestor in the sacred dance of the haidouz. He could see the men and women shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip, a living multicolored ring, supple, oscillating to the rhythmic beat of the tom-toms, the monotonous chant of the refrain—the refrain which summed up the story of Itto and pointed its crude moral, a moral well within the comprehension of these savage hearers, and containing for them no more terror nor emotion than might fit into their every-day existence.

The captain felt himself filled with sympathy for the wild life of which Badda was the image; the savage landscape of the hills which had thrown upon the girl a ray of its strong colors suddenly took on new

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Drawn by T. Nadejen.

Above her head the native poniard shone like a crescent moon.—Page 445.

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attraction—redolent of aromatic scents, pungent thyme, and spicy asphodels.

The post, which was almost as anxious to know what the girl's feelings toward the "hakem" were as the chief himself had been, was soon to be definitely informed upon that mysterious point. The anxious curiosity of the brother officers concerned security rather than sentiment. The girl's influence was too strong not to cause suspicion; even her power over the dog had something uncanny in it. As for the master, what more likely than that this female outlaw, delivered in chains from the hands of the enemy, was here for little good?

Standing under the open tent-flap and looking out across the waste land, the girl had watched her lover disappear around the mountain slope; the long day weighed upon her. Toward evening, from the huts in the Mokazenis' enclosure, there arose a woman's voice crying in a queer sing-song "Der bou chi fal," and the fortune-teller squatted down alluringly before the entrance.

"The benediction of our Lord Mohammed be upon you," she said. To which greeting the girl responded according to formula, "And may the accursed Satan be stoned as he deserves," adding, "With what medium does your art deal, mother?—sand, water, or henna? that I may fetch you what is needful."

"With none," replied the sorceress. "My art deals with dreams; shall I speak of one which concerns you?"

"Be blessed for it, if what you speak be truth," answered Badda, and the old crone began to chant her soothsay like a litany, without pause or vocal inflection.

"The man loves madly, he is rich, powerful, and strong, but the tribes hereabout are jealous. I saw the trees swaying in the wind, a dog scratching before your door with crimson feet, and over the valley of the Aggenour a great flight of crows. Happiness makes men imprudent. Therefore, beware of my dream!"

Badda threw a silver bracelet to the fortune-teller and sunk down on the ground, while Tim, the sheep-dog, surveyed her with wrinkled, frowning forehead.

She was in a state of violent agitation that night. The old woman from the camp, who brough ther supper on a round brass tray and left it in the tent, thought well to peer back through a slit in the canvas to see what the girl was doing. Badda had broken the great earthen jar and was sharpening the curved dagger on the edge of the shard. Now and then she spoke in Berber to the dog, who leaped excitedly against the door, until the old woman, terrified at this scene, over which she felt sure that Satan presided in the person of Tim, fled away to the huts. She was astonished that Badda had not already been devoured by so ferocious a djinn. For to all the native part of the camp, Tim, the dog, was an object of superstitious terror.

At moonrise some of the captain's comrades came to ask the whereabouts of the master, and whether, before going, he had made known the direction of his ride.

"God knows, not I," replied Badda, haughty as a queen; they evidently anticipated some misfortune and suspected the Berber girl's complicity.

A relief expedition was rapidly got on foot, and the leader, wishing doubtless to judge what countenance the girl put on the matter, paused before the tent where Badda was standing, her hand upon Tim's collar. Without other preface, he announced quietly: "The Sidi is dead." If he had expected to elicit an emotional flash of self-revelation from the girl he was mistaken. Without changing her attitude she murmured the phrase "Ma cha Allah"—"The will of God," which, in this country, is appropriate for almost anything.

The French column was guided by a native scouting party, some of whom declared that, in the blue dawn that precedes sunrise, they had seen flitting before them two shapes, running, leaping over high brambles, or dodging behind immense boulders. The girl, once returned to her habitual haunts, was no less swift and agile than the dog. For three hours they kept their distance before the scouts until these latter reached the deep ravine where the Aggenour flows between great basaltic columns, silver-gray like the organ-pipes of some Western cathedral.

There, after the soldiers had made the valley secure by placing strong patrols

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upon its slopes, they found the Berber girl sitting beside the captain's body, while Tim howled over it. Five Mokazenis of his escort lay dead around their chief from whose corpse the uniform had been stripped, the head severed and carried away——

"Ma cha Allah." The ordinary risks of the profession, likely to occur to the most experienced. Zeal, over-confidence, and high courage will some day drive an officer into imprudence. It was evident that the captain had scented the presence of dissident banditti and, wishing to take stock of their strength, had fallen upon an ambush of greatly superior force.

The worst of the affair was the disappearance of the head, for every one knows in Morocco with what savage joy and hideous triumph these lugubrious trophies are carried from tent to tent, village to village, and that such triumph is more disintegrating for the prestige of an army than the loss of many battles. It is the worst sort of political defeat.

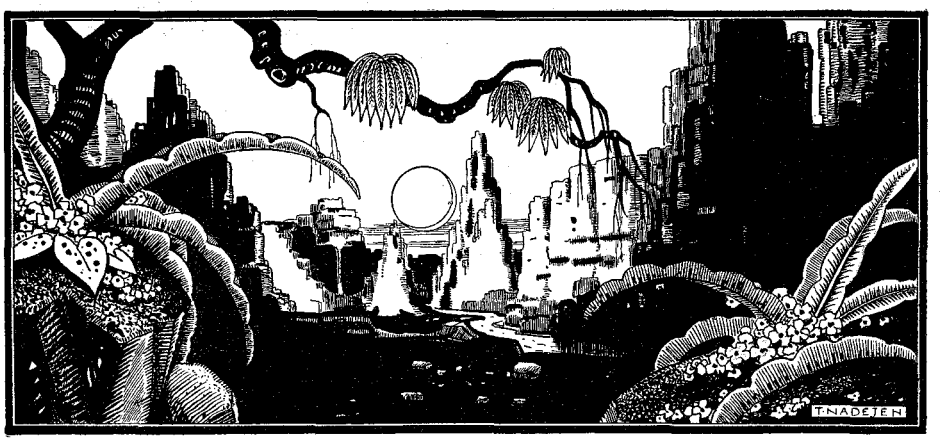
No one in the rescue party thought again of Badda; they were all too much overcome by this calamity. In melancholy silence they bore the chief's mutilated body back to the post, and delivered over those of his escort to their screaming kinsfolk.

All the officers met that night in the captain's tent, where he lay beneath the tricolor. The balmy temperature of an African night had caused them to leave the canvas open. Beyond the smoky flare of the hanging oil-lamp spread the black heavens, starred with innumerable points of light, for the moon had not yet arisen. Suddenly the view without was barred by a strange apparition. Ragged, blood-stained, her face twisted like a tragic mask with grief or pain, Badda stood an instant silhouetted against the night sky. In her right hand she held the Marakesch poniard, on her left arm an object wrapped in native stuff.

"Here is the head of your brother," said she in Arabic, and before the doctor had finished ejaculating "The girl is dying," she had fallen across the bed.

Thus was the mystery of Badda's heart revealed, and the honor of the post saved from stain. Through what deadly, almost superhuman struggle the girl had passed to rescue her Sidi's head from his enemies, Tim the dog alone knew, and poor Tim was never seen again.

The officers of the post did not require his testimony, but buried the daughter of Barbary in the soldiers' cemetery, among the sons of France and beside her captain.



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The Human Touch and the Librarian

BY ELEANOR E. LEDBETTER

I STARTED to walk to work this morning, but it looked so much like rain that about half-way I took the car. This brought me to the library early enough to look at a magazine or two before opening time, and I read "Life and the Librarian,"* and all day subconsciously I kept saying to myself: "Life and the Librarian—well, I'll say so!"

When I signalled the car the motorman gave me a nod and an expression of feature which said: "Aha, you think you can get along without us, but you see you can't." The conductor was the one who asked me last year if the library had any books on the principles of renting property. He owned some dwelling-houses and wanted to learn whether there were any recognized principles as to the amount of income to be spent for repairs and improvements, what allowance to make for depreciation, and what constitutes a reasonable return on such an investment. He had an idea of lowering the rent and putting all repairs up to the tenant, and wished to know whether this had worked out for others. We had no such books in the branch library, but I sent his order in to the main, and was even so self-denying as to have the books sent, not to my branch, but to the one nearest his home. They did give him exactly the sort of information that he desired, so of course we are the best of friends ever since. He thought I was wise to ride, because the rain was drawing very near.

As I alighted from the car my grocer was arranging the fascinating fresh vegetables of the day in front of the store, and I paused to tell him that we have a new book on big-game hunting which will interest him. He does most of his hunting vicariously since the year when they paid all those enormous fees for big-game licenses in Canada and did not get a single moose nor bear, but had a perfectly horrid time in rain and cold, which developed his asthma to a degree from which he will probably never completely recover. But he is interested in the new book and I agree to put it aside until he can call later in the day. The traffic officer turns the signal for my benefit—he is studying "Police Practice and Procedure" from the library—the street-car inspector, who is boss of this busy transfer point, gives me a cheerful "Good morning!" George, inside the candy-store, sees me and gives me a military salute. I wonder don't Greeks have last names? All I know seem to be just George or John. This George I know very well. I have been in the *sanctum sanctorum* behind the shop and have seen him making the Easter rabbits that are so entrancing when covered with chocolate and trimmed with white. George is my link with the Greek church; he keeps me informed what is going on there, the progress of the new building which has stood during these hard times with just the exterior finished, and the interior the crudest possible temporary construction. A round oak heater in the centre of the church with miles of stove-pipe going across to the chimney, temporary electric lights with the wires strung across the rafters in plain view, a temporary floor, bare brick walls without a particle of interior finish—they worshipped here first three years ago on Easter, before the roof was on, and since then they have been able to do little more. Now George tells me the treasurer of the church, a down-town confectioner who is in appearance just an ordinary "wop," is going to advance without interest and for an indefinite period the thirty thousand dollars necessary to complete the church. I wonder how many native sons of America ever did a thing like this?

But this morning George and I salute

*See "Life and the Librarian," by Elizabeth T. Kirkwood, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, June, 1922.

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from a distance. The Syrian standing in the door of the restaurant gives me his usual sad smile. Poor fellow! He wants to go home and get him a wife, but he can't because he must have his "second papers" in order to be able to return, and the officials in Washington can't find the necessary evidence on which to give him his "certificate of arrival"; he has sent three times, waiting from four to six months each time for a reply; the first time they had his name inverted; the second time they looked in the wrong year; the third is still to be heard from. I have discussed the marriage question with him; he says it is better for people to marry within their own race and religion; that thus they understand each other, and they get along together better. It sounds reasonable; and there are no suitable brides in this country. When he finds he can go he must grow a mustache; over there a man without one is a freak. He thinks that the reason American men do not wear mustaches is because their wives will not kiss them if they do. He knows, because he has heard them say so. In his country people never kiss on the mouth until they are married.

Somehow I love this corner. One night a courteous gentleman from New York insisted on escorting me home from an entertainment in another part of town. I like an escort all right, but I could not feel that the pleasure of my company on the way out was going to pay him for the boredom of the long ride back alone, so when we were transferring here I said to him in all sincerity: "Really, Mr. A., it is not at all necessary for you to take me any further. Let me excuse you here. I am perfectly at home the rest of the way. Why, I own this corner!" So I feel this morning. It is really such a friendly corner. We all like each other so well here. I am happy to begin a new day's work.

Of course the janitor has his usual tale of woe. I wonder, do all janitors? This time it is only that the windows were not properly fastened, and two of them blew open in the night. I can stand anything except to be told that some one had spit on the floor. If a boy does that, I kill him and throw his dead body into the street. That is, I produce this psychological effect. Discipline is all a matter of psychology, I find; I have all the feelings that go with this action; the boy knows that I have, and he doesn't spit!

Now, I have read "Life and the Librarian," looked for the author in the A. L. A. Handbook—not here. Is she lacking in professional spirit? or perhaps writing under a pseudonym? It is nine o'clock; my assistants have opened the desk, counted into the cash drawer the two dollars and fifty cents with which we begin the day's business, counted yesterday's cash, and added up the cash book—oh joy! they come out alike the first time—and we open the doors to the Saturday morning throng of children who have been gathering on the steps for the last hour or more. "No crowding! Stop running! Get in line!" and we are off on the day's work. The little square Slav faces indicate intentness on the business in hand; they fall in line around the receiving-desk, each in his turn presents his books open at the dating slip; if the book is overdue he keeps the fine money clasped tight in the little hand until the assistant says: "Did you bring the four cents?" Perhaps they think it is not good form to make an ostentatious display of the money; perhaps they think the assistant will not notice that the books are overdue and they may be able to keep the money. But they have it. With books returned, the crowd distributes itself into the various rooms. Most of the children go, of course, into the children's room; but a few come to me in the adult room with notes or verbal requests. There are always the specific requests for "two good books for a young lady twenty-three years of age"; "a book for a married lady"; "a sea-story for my pa"; "a book for my big brother." I ask the little girl with the last request how big her brother is, meaning to learn whether he is fourteen or twenty-four, but I am rebuked for my slovenly English when she answers in good faith: "He is five foot nine." As I look along the shelves for books to supply these needs, it seems to me that every shelf has associations with readers I have served. "T. Tembarom" always makes me think of the man who wanted to find a story he had seen long ago about two brothers who were separated in child-

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hood, and one was brought up in the noble station to which his birth entitled him, while the other, having been kidnapped, was brought up in mean and humble circumstances. I could not meet his plot exactly, but I gave him "T. Tembarom" as "something along that line." He was perfectly delighted with it, and when he brought it back he said he would always have me choose his books for him. I did two or three times; then one evening he was in when I was very much occupied with some one else, and I failed to recognize him; it was only after it was too late that my mental camera developed the expression of disappointment on his face. I do not know whether he stopped coming, or if I really forgot how he looked; but I never see "T. Tembarom" without feeling a little sorry about this man who liked it so much. "The Iron Woman" always makes me think of the little girl who said: "My mother wants a good book—*not* 'The Iron Woman.'" It seems we had given it to the child three times, always serenely satisfied that we were giving her a good book, and the mother naturally wanted more variety. "The Debtor" is always an object-lesson in the difficulties of English pronunciation, for I was never more puzzled than the first time I was asked for "The Deb-tor," with the *b* fully sounded. Nothing disguises a word more completely, I find, than to sound a silent letter. I have a European friend who always sounds the *p* in psychic and similar words; while on the other hand a man who had learned to pronounce knob, knot, knife, etc., and who thought that *k* was always silent, produced a humorous effect when he spoke about "a 'itten." A woman once asked me if psychology is not a good word; she was doubtful because she said it was not in the dictionary. I inquired delicately, and found that she had looked under *s* and under *c*, and it wasn't in either place!

Psychology is a game when one is giving out books. Nothing is more entertaining than to see what one can do merely by the turn of a phrase. To the girl who asks me for "Ishmael," I say disparagingly, "That is such an old book that we don't have it. You know almost every one wants up-to-date things"; and a little later I chuckle internally when I answer to one who questions "Jane Eyre": "Yes, it is an old book, but it is one that is always good." Never was there a book in the library which I despised as I did "Miss Billy"; so when it is asked for now I say: "We did have it, but all our copies wore out, and you know we never have enough money for all we want; so it seemed better to get some of the newer books instead." Inflection and tone turn the trick every time.

A girl whom I take to be about seventeen asks me for a book on health; this proves to mean, as it usually does, sex hygiene. We go to the case where the books on this topic are kept secluded, and I find that all the books for girls are out. Perhaps something psychic passes between us. I say: "You are not married?" and she answers: "No, but I am engaged, and I thought I might as well learn something," so I give her "Husband and Wife." I believe that increase of healthy information on sex matters is one of the most wholesome signs of the times.

The naïve egotism of our readers I find frequent occasion to construe as a tribute to our success with the "personal touch." A man comes directly to one of my assistants and says: "Did my book come?" She spars for recollection with "Just what day was it that you ordered it?" He says Monday; there were only about one thousand five hundred people in on Monday! But he thinks she remembers him individually, and he will never know that she doesn't. She is a diplomat, and she will work around to a clue without giving herself away. This is one of our favorite indoor sports.

Now for the morning's mail. An overdue notice comes back with three cents due, having followed the borrower to Buenos Aires, and been returned from there. A member of the Natural History Museum writes me that he is greatly interested in caves, and would like to get some information about the cave of Adelsberg in Jugoslavia. I call up the pastor of the Slovenian church, and we make the full European exchange of inquiries regarding each other's health and happiness before I ask him if there are not among his congregation some who know this cave. "Adelsberg? Adels-

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berg?" he says. "I don't know anything about it." I say: "Oh yes, I am sure you do, but probably you know it by the Slav name. It is in Carniola, about twenty miles or so from Laibach—Ljubljana, you know." He evidently talks with some one in the room, then says: "Oh, I get you now. You mean that cave; we call it Postojina. Yes, many of my people came from that very place." So we arrange that he will inquire out those who know the cave the best and bring them down some evening next week to meet the gentleman from the museum. This is to my mind the finest kind of Americanization work, since it will bring these foreign-born men into contact with a representative fine American on the basis of a common interest; and it pleases me most that they are to be the ones to inform him. It is seldom they get this chance, although they have plenty to tell that the native American could well afford to learn.

But here comes my Serbian friend. He and I are the liaison corps, connecting the Serbs of our city with the rest of the world. He explains their difficulties to me; I provide the connection which can solve the difficulty—if I can. It looks as though our duties would soon include the whole State, for his errand this morning is in regard to a church down the State whose members have written him for help. An insurgent faction in the church had employed the methods of the American ward politician under the leadership of the "rich saloon-keeper," and had put over temporarily the election of a priest whom they had chosen to advance their own purposes. The congregation as a whole had repudiated this action of the minority, which really had no claim to legality, as the meeting had not been properly called nor a quorum present, and they had elected for another term the priest who has been their pastor for their whole history. The Bolshevik faction took it to the courts, and the judge, who may have been misled, or who may be under obligations to the rich saloon-keeper, had tried to emulate Solomon by deciding that the two priests should have the use of the church alternate Sundays. But the second priest, realizing the untenability of his position, has voluntarily withdrawn; yet the court order stands, so that Father B. can officiate only alternate Sundays, and the church—their own church which they built in this land of religious liberty—has to stand idle all the rest of the time. The situation is urgent, because this is the great church season, with Ascension Day, Pentecost, and other great days coming on, and it is a dreadful thing to these religious people not to be able to have church on those days. Where I come in is here: This judge has been assigned to duty in this city for the next two weeks. Can I get in touch with him and get the ban lifted? I have to consider this. Judges have as yet no place in my life, but judges are only men and can surely be met like other men. There is always a way, if one is only ingenious enough to find it. I canvas the whole city in my mind, and the solution comes to me. I have served on committees with Judge F——, he must know who I am, and he has a reputation for helpfulness and kindliness. I will ask him to locate this visiting judge and make an engagement for me. The telephone again, and Judge F—— says at once: "I will get hold of him and arrange it for you." So that is easily taken care of.

Time for luncheon, and I go down to the staff-room to eat. My Polish assistant is eating, and she asks if I noticed the girl who was talking with her so long. She was a girl who came to this country only about six months ago, but is already very American in her appearance, and their conversation was long because she was asking Miss C——'s advice about marriage. I ask: "Why does she need advice?" "The man she is thinking of marrying is of Czech parentage, and she wanted to know whether I thought they would be happy together." I ask with curiosity: "What did you advise?" She says: "I told her that I would decide on the man's character and disposition, rather than on his nationality. Except, of course, if he were a German. I would never marry a German. But among any of the Slav family of nations I think there is enough affinity for a happy marriage." But the girl, it seems, is thinking about how she will wish her children to know the Polish language, and will they do it if they have a Czech for a father? I suggest: "Let them learn all three lan-

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guages." But the man scarcely knows Czech; he is all American. I suggest that probably the girl will be too by the time her children are old enough to go to school, and that anyway she is worrying awfully far ahead, but my frivolous view does not quite meet Miss C——'s approval. She sees it, as the girl does, as a serious problem.

But I cannot even finish my hour. A messenger tells me that two Sisters are waiting to see me up-stairs. So I swallow my cake, and go up to find two Polish nuns, teachers in one of the parochial schools of our district. I am very glad to see them, first because I like them, and then because I shall now be able to satisfy a long-suppressed curiosity. They have not been in for a long time, doing all their library business through their school-children. Last fall they asked me to get them a teacher to give them some advanced instruction in English, and I did so. Some time ago they called me on the telephone one day and said: "You will think it funny what we are going to ask you, but we want you to find out something for us." I said: "If I can, I will," but I nearly dropped the telephone when they asked me to find out if their teacher, Mr. M—— is married! The incongruity of these Polish nuns, so remote from life, so foreign, with a habit which makes them all look so old, even thinking whether a man is married or not, certainly has an unavoidable element of humor. I said that I would find out, and it had to be done at once, as they wished to know before their next lesson. This made it necessary for me to approach the matter directly instead of through any diplomatic avenues, but anything they want to know that I can find out for them they shall certainly have. I endured some contumely in the process, but I did not mind in a good cause and I reported back to them at the time requested. Now at last I will find out why they wanted to know. Had he perhaps in discussing some literary theme committed some indelicacy? If so, this would reflect on me as I had chosen him for them. Immediately after our greetings they refer to the matter and thank me for having informed them, and I ask why they wanted to know. The explanation is very simple, they wanted to give him an Easter gift, and Sister Superior says: "You know, in making a present to a gentleman it makes such a difference if he is married." And I wonder how many gentlemen they have ever given presents to! They are going on with their studies this summer and the purpose of the present visit is to inquire how much of the necessary collateral reading we will be able to furnish them. I promise to come to the closing exercises of the school, they take a few books for their course now, in order to get an early start on their work, and I am free to talk with the college student who wishes to discuss library work as a vocation.

She had intended to go into social work, but has had a vision of library work as social work, and has been sent to me to discuss it on that ground. I assure her that certainly it is the finest kind of social work, since it is constructive, and it has for the worker a wholesomeness which does not exist in those types of social work which deal always with the abnormal and frequently with the pathological. In the library one meets the normal, the sane, the intelligent, and the progressive and one helps them on the up-grade. What can be more truly social work? I resent very much the attitude of the visiting nurse whom I met one day when I went out, for the sake of my own education, on a round of visits with the district physician. She did not know me, and said she never thought of my being a librarian, but supposed I was a "social worker." I said: "Certainly I am a social worker. Who establishes more social contacts than I do? Why am I not a social worker just as truly as you who do only remedial work?" My work deals with the mind, hers is only with the body. Why should recreation be called social work when it is found in playgrounds and hikes, and not when it is provided in reading-rooms and in material for recreation at the home fireside? This is the interpretation for which my student had been groping, and she goes away satisfied.

While I have been talking with her—thank goodness!—Mr. S—— has made his regular Saturday visit and gone. He really is a nice man, and I like him all right, but he is one of those unfortunate people who know of no way to express in-

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terest except by finding fault. He is a Czech, and loves best to read his native language. During the war he always refused to believe that we could not get more books, and every week we had to hear his regular grumble on the terrible condition of our collection. Now, preposterous as it seems, he wants to know what we have done with the old dirty books which were so much better than these new clean ones! He never can understand either why the book that he wants isn't in, and he believes in going to the head instead of dealing with subordinates. Fate was kind to me for once.

The assistant at the registration-desk tells me about a boy who came running in and inquired breathlessly: "Who is number 1156?" While she was looking it up, he caught his breath sufficiently to explain that a girl carrying books charged to that number had been knocked down by an automobile, and no one knows who she is. So he looked at her books and told the cop that he would run to the "liberry" and get her name and address. That boy has a future.

As if this were not excitement enough for one day, an officer comes in from the police-station across the street carrying a lost baby who is wild with fright and terror. He says apologetically that he thought perhaps we could calm her high-sterics. One of the girls takes her down to the staff-room, bathes the poor, hot little face and hands, sits down with her in a rocking-chair, and croons a nursery song until she falls asleep.

"Life and the Librarian"—well, I'll say so!

Cold Light

BY E. NEWTON HARVEY

Professor of Physiology, Princeton University; Author of "The Nature of Animal Light"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DIAGRAMS

"HOT LIGHT" is almost tautological; "cold light" is surely paradoxical. So closely associated are light and heat in all our experience that the two would seem inseparable. The sun is not only the brightest but also the hottest object in our immediate neighborhood. I use the words "immediate neighborhood" advisedly, for the sun is only ninety-three million miles away and its light and heat come to us in about eight minutes. Alpha centauri, the nearest star, is so many billion miles away that it takes over four years for its light and heat to reach us.

Practically every illuminant in use today is patterned after the sun and stars. The attempt is made to heat an incandescent filament to the highest temperature possible. We cannot attain the temperature of the sun, five thousand degrees, but we do attain two-fifths the temperature of the sun and a brightness sufficient to convert our principal thoroughfares into great white ways. No artificial lamp is known but that gives off ample heat to be felt by the hand. It is all "hot light." The heat is not only a drawback; it is an actual waste, a waste so great that it represents about ninety-eight per cent of the total energy. We use a fifty horse-power engine to run the dynamo that lights a few bulbs, when one horse-power might do the same thing if we knew the secret of the process.

Quality was the ideal of the artisan, quantity is the by-word of the factory, and efficiency the slogan of the moment. Modern incandescent bulbs are already many times more efficient than those first constructed, but we are apparently approaching the limit. How can we improve the efficiency of our light-producing proc-

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esses still further? Perhaps the solution lies in a wholly different direction. Perhaps if we study the organic rather than the inorganic world, success may crown our efforts. The firefly has eliminated heat from its lighting process, although we do not eliminate the idea of heat from its name. In this part of the country we are inclined to use the term *fire*fly rather than *light*ning-bug, although the latter is a more correct if less elegant name.

It is an often overlooked fact that many so successfully that the exhaustion of the great beds of Chile nitrate need give no concern. Many more processes of tiny cells have been used by man and the limit has not yet been reached. If we could copy the firefly successfully a revolution in lighting might come about.

Although every one is familiar with the firefly and most of us have observed the phosphorescence of the sea or the glowing of damp wood in forests, but few realize the great number and diversity of ani-

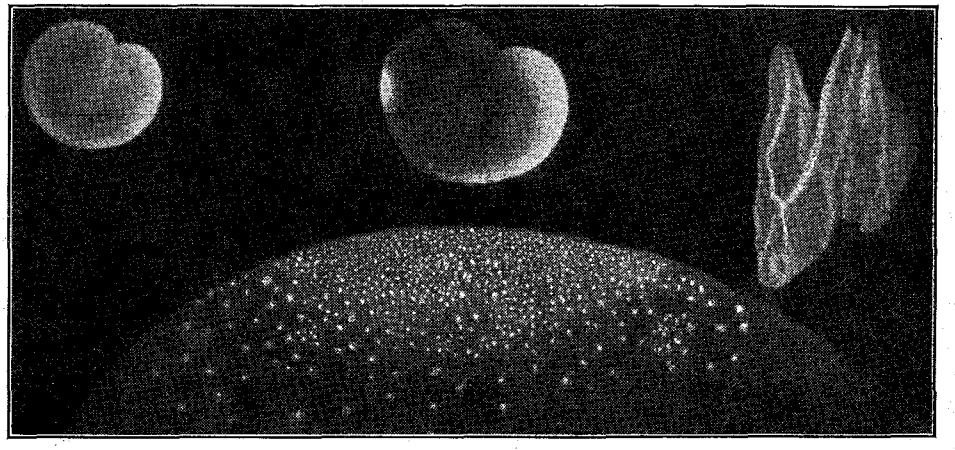

Figure 1. *Noctiluca*, one of the small organisms responsible for the phosphorescence of the sea. Upper left and middle figures show the animal, magnified, as it appears while luminescent at night; the upper right figure is a fragment of the animal, and lower figure a very highly magnified portion to show how the light appears as minute points or dots. Sometimes the sea is so filled with these forms that it appears pink or red by day and shines like a sheet of fire by night. (After Quatrefages, from "The Nature of Animal Light," courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co.)

of the most fundamental discoveries as well as the most far-reaching generalizations of physics and chemistry have developed from experiments on animals and plants. Our knowledge of current electricity goes back to Galvani's observations (1786) on the muscles and nerves of frogs, while our present theory of electrolytic dissociation started from the experiments of Pfeffer and deVries on plant cells.

On the chemical side, animals and plants have been our laboratories for centuries. Bacteria are known which take nitrogen from the air and convert it into useful compounds. We have just recently employed this process on a commercial scale. Bacteria are also known which convert ammonia to nitrites and nitrates. We can now copy this reaction

mals which emit light. Nearly forty different great groups or orders of animals are known to be luminescent, with thousands of different luminous species. These are scattered in a most haphazard manner throughout the animal kingdom. They are found among the very lowest forms, the bacteria and protozoa, as well as among the fishes of the highest group, the vertebrates. The microscopic and simplest forms, the unicellular organisms, glow in minute points of light scattered over the surface of the cell, as illustrated in Figure 1. It is to these that we owe much of the phosphorescence of the sea. Phosphorescent wood is due to the minute strands or mycelium of a luminous fungus (Figure 2) growing in the wood, and phosphorescent meat or dead fish to glowing bacterial colonies (Figure 3)

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which use the flesh as culture medium. These phenomena have nothing whatever to do with phosphorus, as is very commonly believed.

Many animals produce a diffuse glow from irregular areas (Figure 4) or from the whole surface of the body, and some pour out a luminous substance leaving a trail of light behind them as they swim, while others have the light-producing cells concentrated into a definite organ (Figure 5). In some cases this light organ is provided with reflectors for directing and a lens for concentrating the beam, as well as opaque screens to protect the tissues of the animal from its own light and a mechanism for turning the light off and on (Figure 6). In a few forms are color screens for regulating the quality of the light. A veritable lantern is formed which we may suppose to be of some important use to its possessor. This whole field of structure and use of luminous organs forms an interesting chapter of animal light which has been ably described in this country by Dahlgren. As I wish to discuss the physical nature of the light and the chemical processes underlying its production, an inquiry into the structure and uses of luminous organs must be omitted.

It should be clearly understood at the start that animal light—cold light—is no different in its physical make-up from any other kind of light. Animal light can be reflected and refracted and polarized, will affect a photographic plate, and is stopped by materials capable of stopping similar wave-lengths from any other source. As every one knows, ordinary light is merely a wave propagation of a particular set of wave-lengths which are capable of affecting our retina. These wave-lengths, which may be seen in the visible spectrum, vary in length from 0.76 micron,* appearing red, to 0.40 micron, appearing violet. The other colors, orange, yellow, green, blue, come between these two extremes.

Most of the types of artificial illuminants, a candle or an incandescent bulb, emit not only waves affecting our retina, but also longer and shorter waves. The longer waves, the infra-red, cannot be seen, and the shorter waves, the ultra-violet, are also invisible, but all may be detected in some way—by the photographic plate, by heating effect, or by other means. All these waves, of widely different wave-length, constitute radiant energy and any substance whatsoever will give off more radiant energy the higher the temperature; also, and this is the important law for the illuminating engineer, more in proportion of the visible waves as compared with the total radiant energy, the higher the temperature.

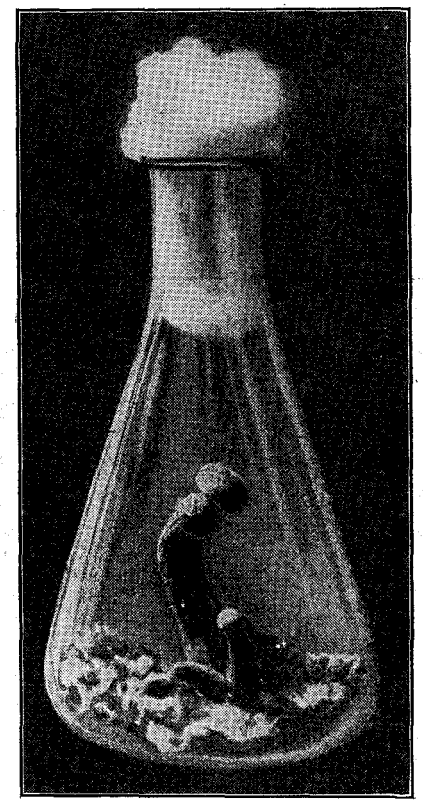

Figure 2. A luminous mushroom, growing in a flask. Fine strands from this fungus penetrate damp decaying wood in forests, making the wood glow with a greenish light. (After Molish, courtesy of Gustav Fischer, Jena.)

In a candle flame at a comparatively low temperature only a small proportion of the total radiant energy is visible light, for most of it is in the infra-red. In an electric bulb more of the waves, proportionately, are of wave-length to be called radiant light, and in the sun, at a much higher temperature, even more, as indicated in Figure 7. This kind of light pro-

* One micron = one twenty-five thousandth inch.

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duction, hot light, we call incandescence, and advance in perfection of the electric lamp has consisted in finding more and

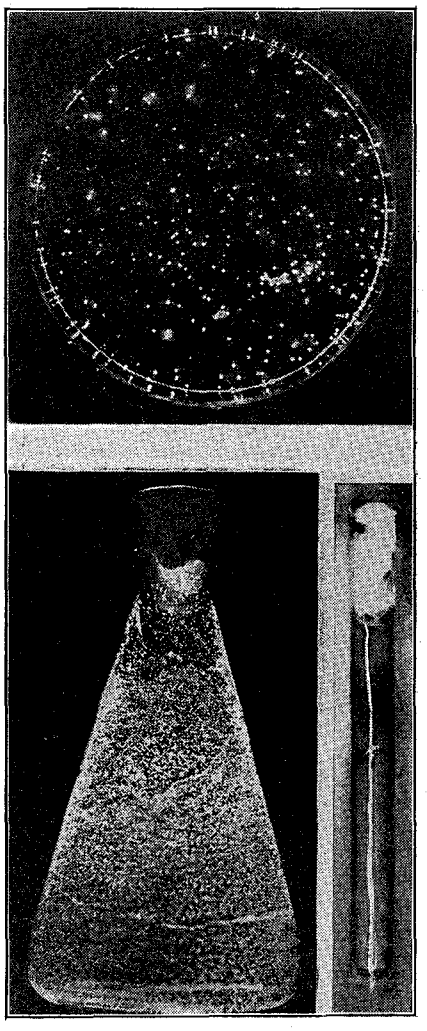

Figure 3. Cultures of luminous bacteria, photographed with their own light. The white dots represent many millions of bacteria as the light from a single one would be invisible. They are growing on a layer of gelatin coating the flask, test-tube, and dish. Luminous bacteria are responsible for the luminescence of dead meat or fish when kept on ice for any length of time. Their light was observed and recorded by Aristotle. (After Molish, courtesy of Gustav Fischer, Jena.)

more refractory material for the filament. Obviously this may then be raised to a higher temperature by the current without volatilization of filament material and resultant darkening of the glass bulb. At the higher temperature more visible radiation is produced proportionally in accordance with the previous statements, and consequently the higher is the radiant efficiency. It is never possible, however, to get rid of these long and short wave "intruders" which represent so large an amount of the radiant energy gone to waste. That is the reason lighting by incandescence is a wasteful process.

In the incandescent lamp electrical energy is converted into radiant energy through the heating effect of the current. There is no combustion involved in the electric lamp. In the candle combustion is involved. This generates heat which makes the particles of carbon in the candle flame incandescent. The carbon particles then emit light which we can see, but, as the temperature is lower, a much smaller proportion of light than in the electric lamp. In the candle chemical energy of combustion of the tallow is converted into radiant energy, but the candle is a most inefficient source of light. In either case it is really heat which produces the light.

On the other hand, light which is produced without much rise in temperature is spoken of as luminescence to distinguish it from incandescence. Light of this sort, cold light, may be generated in a number of different ways: by an electric current, as in a vacuum tube; by the conversion of invisible radiation into visible radiation, as in luminous paints; by mechanical means, as when lumps of sugar are rubbed together; or during crystallization of various substances. Luminescence also accompanies slow chemical reactions, as in the faint glowing of phosphorus. We call these luminescences by different names to indicate the kind, as electro-, radio-, tribo-, crystallo-, or chemi-luminescence. The method used by luminous animals has been called bioluminescence.

Luminescence is light without heat only in the sense that very little heat appears as compared with the great amount from incandescence. "Cold light," therefore, is somewhat of a misnomer. Light it surely is, and hot it surely is not, but after all our temperature sense is not very delicate, and our light sense is extremely

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delicate. For this reason we can see what we cannot feel, but if our temperature sense were as delicate as our retina we should probably have no difficulty in recognizing the warmth of cold light. It seems almost imperative that some small rise in temperature must accompany the appearance of light. The reason is that some kind of energy is converted into light energy and in the transformation of energy some energy always appears as heat.

In 1890 Langley and Very in this country published a paper entitled, "On the Cheapest Form of Light." This was a study of the physical nature of the firefly light and demonstrated that in the firefly only visible radiation was produced and nothing else. What the title means is simply the cheapest form of light so far as the radiant energy produced is concerned. This energy lies wholly within the visible region, with no waste invisible wave-lengths, and is thus practically one hundred per cent efficient. A photograph of the firefly spectrum is shown in Figure 8. As Langley's study gives us no insight into the economy of the chemical processes involved in producing the light, we must turn to them for a fuller understanding of animal light.

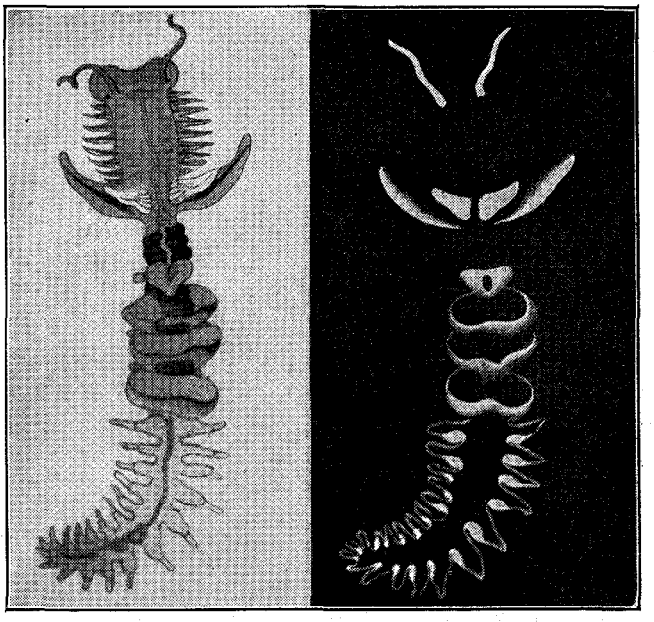

Figure 4. *Chætopterus*, a luminescent worm about natural size; on the left, viewed by daylight; on the right, as seen by night. The animal lives in a parchment tube in the mud and gives off a luminescent slime, whenever disturbed.

Experimental investigation of luminous animals is not all of recent origin. Although Aristotle mentions the light of dead fish and flesh, and both Aristotle and Pliny that of damp wood, Robert Boyle is really the pioneer.

Knowledge of the chemistry of the process has advanced in four important steps and Boyle's discovery was the first of these. Boyle, using the air-pump which he had just invented, showed the dependence of luminescence on a supply of air. Writing in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of London of October 29, 1667, he says:

"Exp. I: Having procured a Piece of *Shining Wood*, about the bigness of a groat or less, that gave a vivid Light, (for rotten wood) we put it into a middle sized *Receiver*, so as it was kept from touching the Cement; and the Pump being set a-work, we observed not during the 5 or 6 first Exsuctions of the Air, that the splendor of the included Wood was manifestly lessened (though it was never at all increased;) but about the 7th Suck, it seemed to glow a little more dim, and afterwards answered our Expectation, by losing of its Light more and more, as the Air was still farther pumped out; till at length about the 10th Exsuction, (though by removal of the Candles out of the Room, and by black Cloaths and Hats we made the place as dark as we could, yet) we could not perceive any light at all to proceed from the *Wood*.

"Exp. II: Wherefore we let in the outward air by Degrees and had the pleasure to see the seemingly extinguished Light revive so fast and perfectly that it looked

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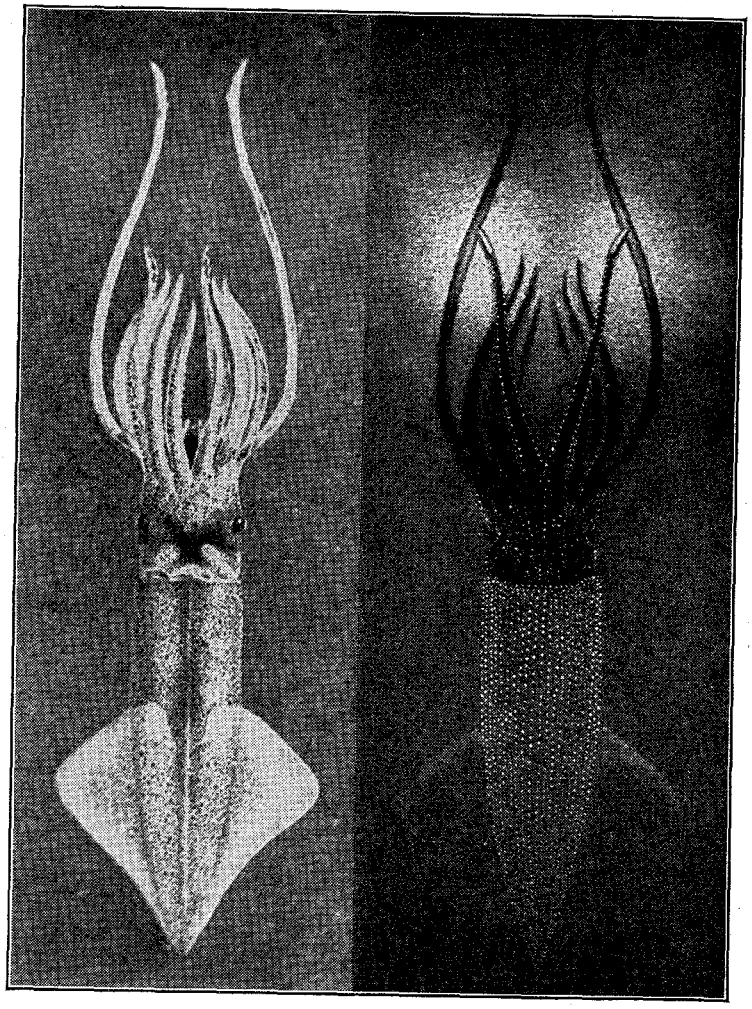

Figure 5. *Watasenia*, a luminous squid from Japan, about natural size; on the left, viewed by daylight; on the right, as seen at night. The white dots over the surface of the body are luminous organs. There are five more on the eyeball which are not well shown, and two very brilliant ones on the end of one pair of tentacles. (After Sasaki.)

to us almost like a little flash of Lightning, and the Splendor of the Wood seemed rather greater than at all less than before it was put into the Receiver."

Of course, Boyle did not know it was the oxygen of the air which was responsible for the light, and the ideas of combustion of his time were vague and fantastic. Nevertheless Boyle drew a comparison between phosphorescent or "shining" wood, and a glowing coal, pointing out their similarity, and we may justly credit him with the discovery that oxygen is necessary for luminescence.

The second step in our knowledge of animal luminescence is due to an Italian, Spallanzani, in 1794. He demonstrated that one could take almost any luminous animal and by drying it quickly could preserve the power to luminesce, so that if at some future time the material is moistened light will again appear. This simple experiment shows two things. First, that water is necessary for luminescence, as the dry material is perfectly dark, and, second, that light production depends upon no such unstable substances or delicate structures as many vital proc-

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esses do. A nerve will no longer conduct an impulse if it be dried and again wet, nor is a dried muscle capable of contraction when again moistened, but many luminous animals retain their power to luminesce although preserved for years in the dry state. This gives us a very convenient means of preserving luminous animals for future use, and greatly simplifies the chemical problem. If a fairly stable compound in the animal is oxidized with production of light, it should not be so difficult to isolate this substance and finally to make it artificially.

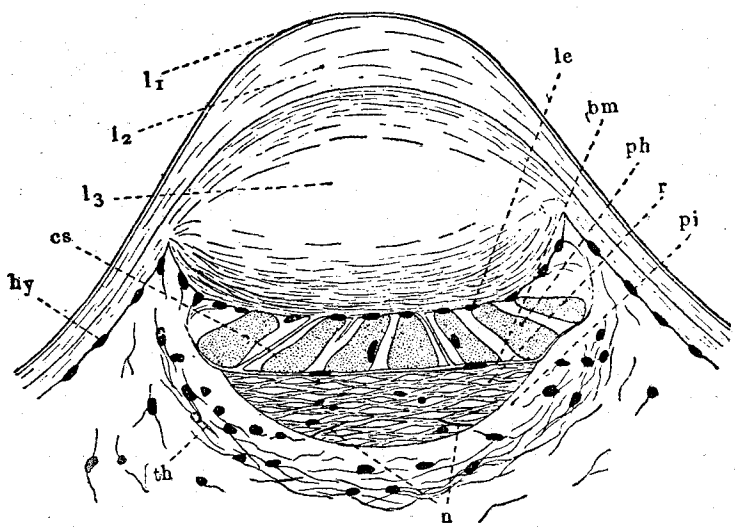

Figure 6. A section of a luminous organ of a shrimp, showing the lantern-like structure. l_1, l_2, l_3, layers forming the lens; *ph*, the photogenic cells which produce the light; *r*, the reflector layer; *pi*, a pigment layer to protect the tissues of the body from the animal's light. (After Terao, from "The Nature of Animal Light," courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co.)

In reality, we find two bodies concerned in this oxidation. This discovery marks the third step in our knowledge of bioluminescence and the credit belongs to a Frenchman, Dubois. In 1887 he found that the light of a kind of clam, *Pholas* (Figure 9), which bores in rocks, comes from the interaction of two substances. One, called *luciferin*, is an oxidizable body which burns; the second, called *luciferase*, is an enzyme * which accelerates the oxidation. Enzymes at one time were regarded as rather mysterious substances which only accompanied the actions of living cells. In yeast they produced fermentation of sugar, in bacteria they caused souring of milk, and in our own stomach and intestines, as pepsin and trypsin, caused the digestion of food. Even as late as 1897 it was supposed that the fermentation principle of yeast could not be separated from the living yeast cell and it was called for this reason an "organized ferment." Others, the unorganized ferments, or enzymes, were obtained free from living cells or cell fragments. We now know that the difference between organized and unorganized ferments is merely one of ease of extraction from the cell, and, further, that these enzymes or ferments are nothing more than organic catalysts. Now a catalyst is a substance which takes no permanent part in a chemical reaction, but by its mere presence causes the reaction to proceed. It has been called a "good mixer" or a "chemical parson," because it causes substances to become acquainted and unite. Its effect has been compared to that of oil on a rusty machine, and cata-

* Luciferase presents certain unusual enzyme characteristics which cannot be entered into here.

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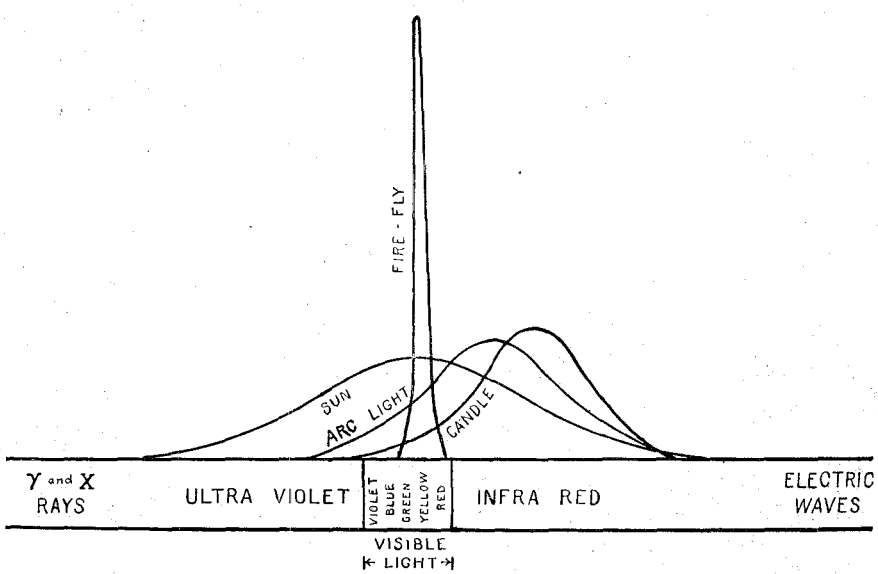

Figure 7. A schematic drawing to show the various kinds of radiant energy and the relative amount of the various kinds in the sun, arc, candle, and firefly light. The horizontal parallel lines represent the radiant energy of various wave-lengths broken up into a great spectrum; of which the visible wave-lengths occupy the middle region. The curves show the proportion of various wave-lengths present in the same amount of radiant energy from the four types of illuminants. Note that only visible wave-lengths are present in the firefly. X-rays, γ-rays of radium, and electric waves are of the same nature as visible light, but the wave-length is different, very short in the case of X-rays and γ-rays and very long in wireless electric waves.

lysts are becoming of more and more importance in the chemical industries. It is by means of inorganic catalysts that we now fix the nitrogen of the air, thus copying the process carried out by the nitrogen-fixing bacteria.

Some animals produce luciferin and luciferase within a single cell, and the light shines through the cell itself. Then we speak of intracellular luminescence. Other forms eject the two substances outside of the cell. They are secreted over the surface of the body or into the sea-water in which the animals live, and oxidation there proceeds. This is extracellular luminescence, and such animals produce luciferin much more abundantly than forms with intracellular luminescence.

Success in biological work often, and sometimes only, depends upon the happy discovery of an especially favorable animal for the research. For the isolation of luciferin the animal producing the greatest quantity must be secured. Much time was spent in the examination of many luminous forms before I tested by chance a small crustacean, known as *Cypridina*, about one-eighth inch long, or smaller, a shrimplike animal enclosed in a transparent hinged shell, with just enough room for the swimming legs to protrude and propel the creature through the sea-water (Figure 10). A supply of these animals has been made available by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, through its Director of Marine Biology, the late Doctor A. G. Mayor. Too much credit cannot be given to the splendid work this institution has done in advancing the borders of science.

If disturbed, *Cypridina* secretes the luciferin and luciferase into the sea-water from a gland near the mouth, probably from different regions of the gland. When the two come in contact a beautiful bluish luminescence results.

It is possible to work with luciferin and luciferase chemically, just as with any other material. They can be precipitated by various reagents and the precipitate filtered off, dissolved in various solvents, and so separated from contaminating materials. Many of their chemical properties

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are known, and they can be prepared in a fairly pure state by the ordinary methods of chemical procedure.

Of course the aim of the biochemist is to produce these substances artificially, and the history of biochemistry is filled with conquests of synthetic production. One need mention only rubber, camphor, various perfumes and drugs. Even sugars yield to the chemist's magic touch and appear in flask or test-tube, although we still find it cheaper to allow the cane and corn to manufacture our foodstuffs in their own tiny laboratories. Fifteen years ago adrenalin was the constituent principle of a ductless gland; to-day it is a drug made from tar. Not only is it made as animals make it, but also produced in slightly different forms, each one of which has a definite and special action on our tissues.

The romance of aniline colors is known to all. A new shade is no longer a chance discovery; it is very nearly a prediction. I think this fact has a special significance for the student of animal light. The color of a substance is due to the fact that the substance either reflects or transmits light of a particular wave length. Red paper is red because it reflects, and red glass is red because it transmits, red light of a wave length about .75 micron, and absorbs all the other wave-lengths. We commonly make a red signal lamp by enclosing a white light (emitting all visible wave-lengths) in red glass. There is a beetle in South America which has not only white lights but also red ones, and these red lights, so it is said, are very conveniently situated upon the tail of the insect and the white lights on the head, so that it is known in South America as the "automobile bug." But these red lights, mind you, are not red because they are covered with a red glass or a red material of any kind. They emit a red light directly, and animals are known which emit green or yellow or blue lights directly. They must manufacture luciferin or luciferases of slightly different chemical composition, which might be comparable to adrenalins of slightly different composition, or to the aniline dyes, which may be essentially alike and yet whose hue may be changed by the introduction of one new insignificant atom. Perhaps the light of the future may be manufactured to meet the particular whim of the house-owner, as a lady's dress is ordered of the particular color which fashion demands.

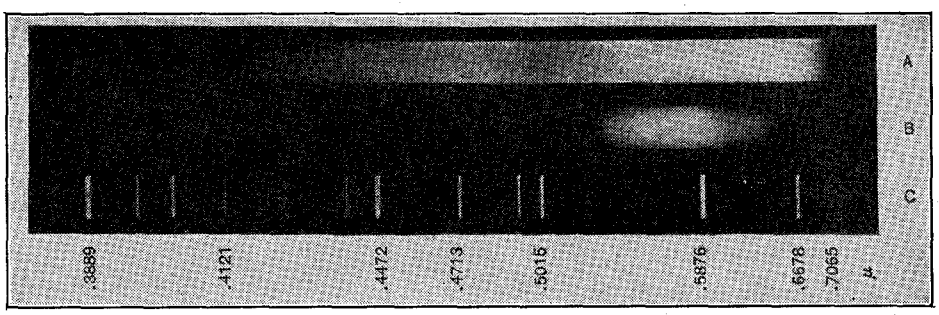

Figure 8. Photograph of the spectrum of an electric lamp (*A*) and a firefly (*B*) as compared with that of helium vacuum tube (*C*), which is used to provide a scale for measuring the length of the spectra. (After Ives and Coblentz, from "The Nature of Animal Light," courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co.)

There still remains the question of what happens to the luciferin after it has been oxidized or burned. For many years those who thought at all about luminous animals supposed that the luciferin oxidized with formation of carbon dioxide and water, the same products as appear when a candle burns. This is not the case, and in this fact lies the secret of the small energy change occurring during its oxidation. Luciferin does not oxidize to CO_2 and H_2O, but to a substance I have called oxyluciferin. The heat of oxidation (from a very rough calculation) is less than one calorie per gram of luciferin, while the heat of combustion of a tallow candle is about nine thousand three hundred calories per gram, enough heat to

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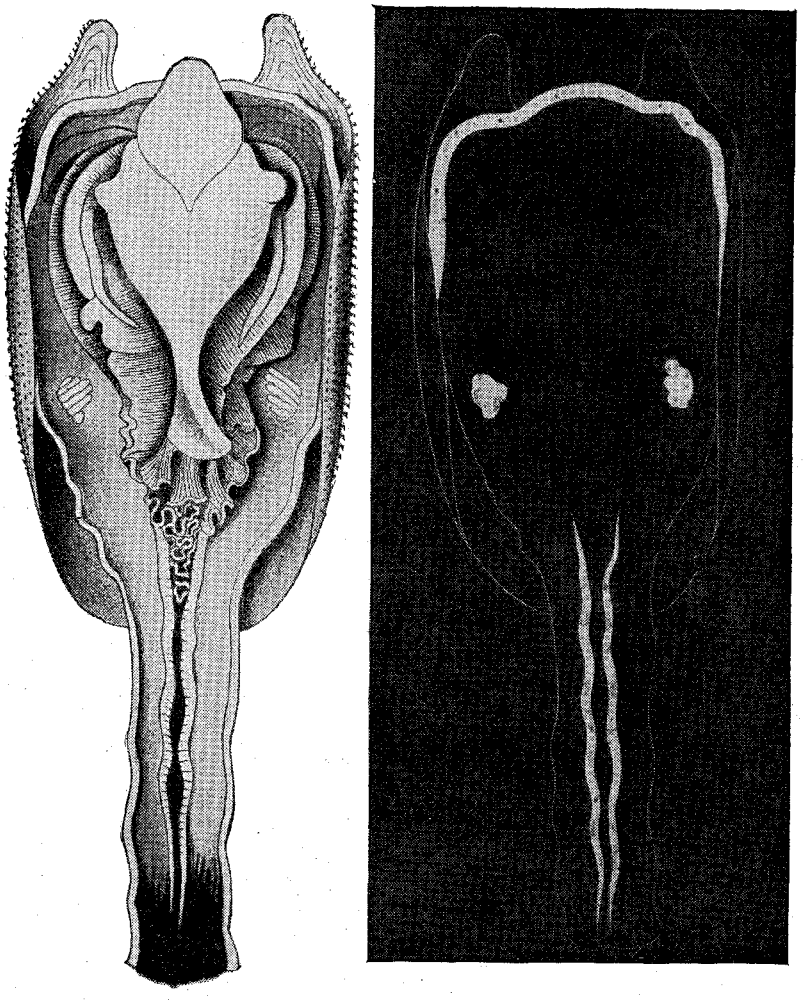

Figure 9. *Pholas*, the boring clam, used by Dubois to demonstrate the existence of luciferin and luciferase. On the left, viewed by daylight; on the right, as seen at night. (After Panceri.)

raise over nine kilograms (twenty pounds) of water one degree Centigrade.

We might represent what happens as:

Luciferin + oxygen ⇆ oxyluciferin.*

Such a reaction as this, involving a small energy change, should be reversed easily; *i. e.*, we should be able to remove the oxygen (*i. e.*, reduce the oxyluciferin) and obtain the luciferin again, as indicated by the double arrows.

The fact that this can be accomplished is now certain, and constitutes the fourth step in our knowledge of the luminescence. I first observed the reduction which had been brought about by bacteria growing accidentally in my extracts of luminous animals. All bacteriologists know the reducing power of many bacteria. Biologists are told to "study nature, not books." I think chemists might be told to "study bacteria, not test-tubes." Bacteria often give us a clew to what is possible, and were no other luminous organisms known except the lumi-

* This representation of the equation, while not quite correct, is more simple than that indicated by the actual facts.

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nous bacteria, this fact alone would be immensely significant. They are not only our deadliest enemies but our closest friends. They are friends that tell what can be done, but it is not so often that we actually use the bacteria themselves to accomplish the result. We merely copy their process.

There are other methods of reducing oxyluciferin besides the use of bacteria, and the one which presents most interest is that involving a reducing catalyst. Again we rely on the activities of a catalyst, but this time an inorganic one. Certain finely divided metals have very strong reducing action, without themselves being changed in the process. They are capable of converting oxyluciferin to luciferin. The luciferin can then be oxidized to oxyluciferin with further production of light.

We have then an oxidizing catalyst which causes the luciferin reaction to proceed in one direction, with production of light, and a reducing catalyst which reforms the luciferin again from its oxidation product. Why not allow the two reactions to proceed side by side in the same vessel and obtain a continuous light? Reduce the luciferin as fast as it is oxidized, and use it over and over again.

This would be comparable to burning a candle, and then by some means recombining the oxidation products of the candle, the water and carbon dioxide, to tallow again. Our present way to reform a tallow candle is to let sunlight fall upon the leaves of the green plants, when CO_2 and H_2O will be recombined with absorption of the energy of sunlight, and starch, a compound rich in energy, will be built up. Then some animal must eat the starchy food and convert it into tallow, which is again in a position to be burned with liberation of energy, some of which goes into the light of the candle. The reaction, fat + oxygen ⇀ water + carbon dioxide, is a reaction which can be reversed only with the greatest difficulty. This is because just as much energy must be supplied to make it go to the left as is given off when it goes to the right.

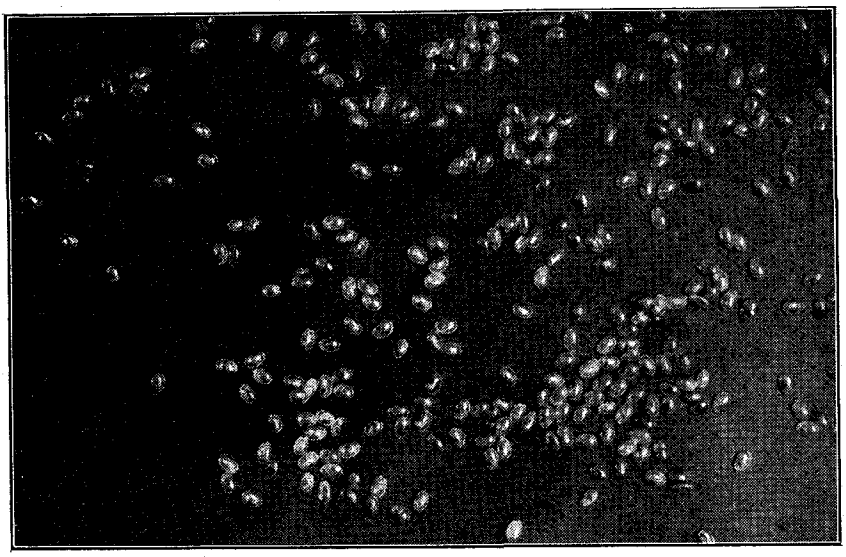

Figure 10. *Cypridina*, slightly larger than natural size, a minute shrimp-like crustacean enclosed in a shell, which squirts out a luminous secretion into the sea-water as it swims.

What is impossible in the case of the tallow is quite possible in the case of luciferin. By simultaneous reduction of oxyluciferin and oxidation of luciferin, a continuous light can be produced—not a very bright light, to be sure, but one which demonstrates the principle, and the principle is the important thing.

It must be very decidedly emphasized that this is not a case of perpetual motion.

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With the aid of some equations I could very easily show by analogy what happens, and, also, that the light would not go on forever if we sealed the containing vessel, but would come to an equilibrium and the light would cease. If perpetual motion were involved, the light would go on forever in what the physicist calls a "closed system." The reason perpetual motion is impossible is because of a very unfortunate and troublesome (from our point of view) law, the second law of thermo-dynamics. This says that in every transformation of energy some is converted into an unavailable form. It is not lost, but it cannot be used. As Doctor Slosson has so aptly pointed out in his "Fall of Energy and the Rise of Man," this law is essentially stated by the old nursery rhyme:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Could not put Humpty Dumpty together again."

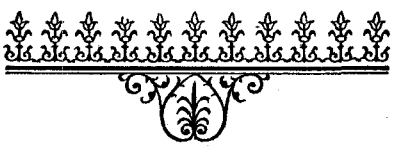
Practical science is largely concerned with easing the fall of Humpty Dumpty, with preventing to as great an extent as possible the increase of unavailable energy. Experience always teaches that the transformation of energy is never perfect, and, consequently, there is no perpetual motion. We have yet to discover in nature the production of something for nothing, although most of us are familiar with man-made schemes for accomplishing this object.

I think it is now possible to revise our ideas regarding luminous animals themselves, especially as regards those forms with intracellular luminescence. I have always myself tacitly assumed that the firefly manufactured luciferin continuously and burnt it up during flashes to some waste product that was continuously removed. It would seem, rather, that the firefly has a store of luciferin on hand, which it burns during the flash and "unburns," if we may use the expression, between the flashes. It functions by successive oxidation and reduction.

Some forms, like bacteria, produce a steady, continuous glow day and night. It is customary to suppose that the bacteria are continuously burning up their luciferin and forming new supplies of luciferin from some simpler products. In the light of what I have said above it would be quite possible for bacteria to burn luciferin in one part of their cell and "unburn" it in another. They function by simultaneous oxidation and reduction.

And what an economical process this is! Here you have an animal that makes its fuel and burns it and produces light, practically pure light, for it is not contaminated with those unbidden rays we cannot see; and then it takes the combustion product and reconverts it into fuel again, and the fuel is ready to be burned a second time. It seems as if living things had almost solved the old riddle of unscrambling eggs. At least they have been able to unburn their candle. And all this by a process which is in no sense a mystery. The chemist calls it a reversible reaction, and if you should ask him whether this is not a rather rare thing, he would probably reply: "All chemical reactions are reversible."

The application of an old principle in a new way has solved many a problem. It is perhaps too soon to predict what may be the commercial future of cold light, but it is worthy of emphasis that such a development would be a very decided step in the right direction, a step toward the conservation of that energy which physicists tell us is continually being converted into an unavailable form.



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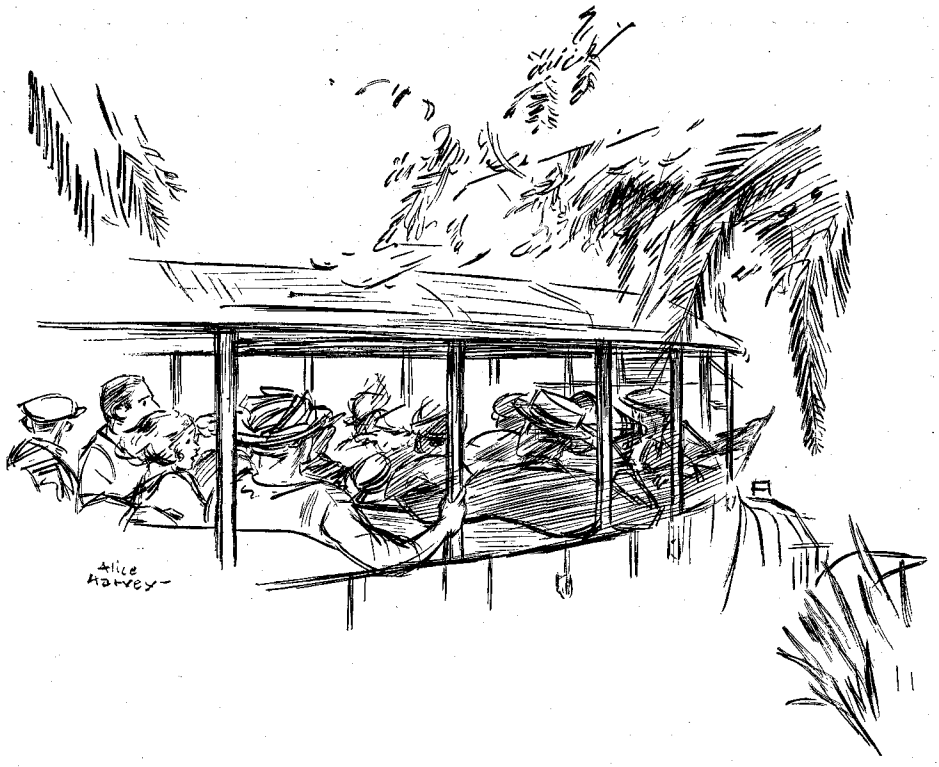

A man on the front seat told all about the city's marvellous growth.—Page 469.

Lot 101

A BALLYHOO BUS STORY

BY BENJAMIN BROOKS

Author of "The Moulders," "The Power Planters," etc.

Illustrations by Alice Harvey

WALLIE HART HITT was, in terms of theosophy, a very young soul, a very young soul indeed. Embodying the usual inconsistencies of the half-baked, he excited some discussion at the South Shore Hotel in Chicago, where he lived. The rich old duffers who pre-empted the chairs in the smoking-room (still wearing the cattle-yard boots under their trouser-legs) voted him a clever pup perhaps, but useless. On the other hand, the head of the advertising firm of E—— & W—— paid him one hundred dollars a week just to write things. It was Wallie who invented the "thousand-and-oneth" way of telling how a certain automobile ate up distance by simply suggesting to the art department to picture the car in the foreground with twenty miles of kinky, ribbon-like road meandering over the mountains behind it. It was he also that hit upon advertising table-salt without telling a thing about it by simply picturing a can of it in a snow-drift—emblem of purity.

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There was an equal disparity of estimates of him among the ladies. To the wise, old-blasé eighteen-year-old flappers he was a cold potato, too absent-minded, too diffident, too awed by taxi-drivers and cloak-room despots to amount to anything as a cavalier; but to the merry young widow—aged forty-something—he was a delight, a *scandalous* delight in the opinion of some less-vivid residents of the hostelry. She surprised him considerably the first time he saw her after her vacation by kissing him right soundly and sincerely.

"They were wonderful letters, Wallie," she explained. "I long to leave town again so I can receive more of them."

"That's it, darn it," said Wallie to himself, "it isn't my looks, it's my copy that gets 'em!"

But there came a time in those first sad days of 1921 when copy no longer "got 'em," when the inconsiderate public just naturally wouldn't read advertisements, nor buy what the world's champion copy-writers admonished them to buy; when hard-headed manufacturers decided "*It* wasn't in the woods, and no use gunning for it." So Wallie Hart Hitt lost his job. This of itself was nothing. It was his inability to get another good job in Chicago that annoyed him. Well, then, he might as well call it a vacation and go to California.

In Los Angeles he lunched with the great men who so methodically and thoroughly put the prune and the walnut all over this broad land of ours. He even met the wonderful, picturesque person with the incomparable whiskers who made Los Angeles the most vociferous city in the world; but he found, as in Chicago, that the good jobs were all more than occupied.

Then he turned to the classified want ads. A number of these described how a real live man, full of punch, pep, persimmons, and other explosives, could make twenty-five thousand dollars a year by hard work. Following these to their sources he discovered the usual opportunities to peddle furniture-polish or Christmas calendars from door to door. From these he turned in disgust. It seemed he would rather starve than pull a strange woman's door-bell and bring her furiously from her wash-tub, or her looking-glass, as the case might be.

But the time finally came when it became a matter not of what he wanted to do, or would do, or could do, but of what he *must* do. His slowly deepening despondency focussed down to a real fear one day. It rained; his shoes leaked; it would have strained his resources to the limit to purchase a new pair. The benches in the little Plaza, usually so warm and crowded with the advisory committee on politics and religion, were empty. The erstwhile dusty palms dripped sadly down on them. Even in Los Angeles the nights *could* be too cold and damp for outdoor sleeping. His fear became rage—anger at himself for being afraid. What if real life was sterner than the copy-writer's version of it? Was he afraid to live it? D— it, *no!!* not he! Wallie Hart Hitt was nobody's baby. From now on he was not looking for a good job, a copy-writer's job, he was looking for *a job*. This was the turning-point. Before his resolution had time to cool he walked rapidly away from the Plaza down Hill Street, and turned in at the first imposing office he came to. Its heavy columns of ornately carved redwood, its barbaric blue-and-gold chandeliers indicated money to spend. The gold letters on the windows indicated that the firm was selling agent for Halcyon Half Acres. The doorman handed him an illustrated pamphlet locating and describing the tract. Stepping to the girl at the information-desk, he inquired: "Is this outfit advertising for salesmen?"

"No, indeed," said the young lady quite promptly. "We are not putting on any."

"Good!" exclaimed Wallie. "In that case I want to see the sales-manager a minute."

The sales-manager appeared—a ruddy, round, Santa Claus sort of man, minus the whiskers, who used his arms and his legs with equal energy in walking.

"My name is Hitt," said Wallie to the brisk individual. "I hear you are not advertising for salesmen, and that's a good sign. The people who advertise for salesmen usually want a peddler. Those who have opportunities for real salesmen don't have to advertise. Now I'm used

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to selling things by the car-load and the acre. My experience with the Chitterden Organization of Chicago ought to make me valuable to you."

He stopped. His audacity in capitalizing his limited, his *very* limited, experience with the great Chitterden Organization quite appalled him; but his desperate desire for the job kept his usually roving eye focussed intently on the manager's own optics. So much depended on what the manager would say that he absorbed him like a page of good copy. The manager on his side was forming his own estimates.

"Boy understands the value of a silence after making his point," he thought. "Most of my men talk too much. Old shoes, old clothes neatly kept; needs the money, probably work like Hercules with a pitchfork."

"All right," said he. "Straight five per cent commission. Put you to work right now. Are you ready?"

"Ready!" answered Wallie with a beaming smile.

"Come and I'll introduce you to our Sixth Street man," and he led the way back to the little park where Wallie had taken his resolution. Meanwhile the sun had peeped out, the palms ceased dripping, the warm earth steamed, the committee on politics and religion had foregathered. Los Angeles was itself again. As they passed along the sidewalk bordering the park a horde of loud-voiced individuals extended free excursion tickets to them with invitations to go on sight-seeing trips. Behind them at the curb stood a continuous line of enormous motor-busses, decorated like a side-show with barbaric banners picturing spouting oil-wells, diving Venuses, wiggly mountains of an outrageous blue, and orange-groves with yellow pumpkins growing on the trees. Yesterday Wallie might have envied these pestiferous persons. They at least had a job; but to-day he passed them by with scornful oblivion. Mere barkers they were. *He* was a real-estate salesman, going, no doubt, to take charge of the Sixth Street office. What a difference a job made! His feet were still wet from the early shower, but his heart was warm again. He had a job!!

About midway in the block the Santa Claus manager stopped. Two of the vociferous ticket-givers stopped their solicitations and nodded respectfully.

"Ed," said the manager, "and Bill, this is Mr. Hitt; new man. Show him how we fill up the bus," and with that he turned on his heel and was gone.

"Pleased to meet you," said Ed.

"Watch us, you'll soon learn," said Bill, and without more ceremony the two turned again toward the passing crowd.

Fortunately neither one observed the expressions of astonishment, chagrin, indignation, and dismay that chased one another across the sensitive countenance of Wallie Hart Hitt. So! It had come to this. He, most promising young copy-writer in Chicago on corsets, autos, and table-salt, was down and out, ballyhooing on the sidewalks of Los Angeles for a free boob's boss! For a long time he crouched behind Ed and Bill lest any acquaintance should see him, but only strangers passed. After a while his humor came to his rescue. After all, it was a kind of salesmanship. If he could address a million people at once through a popular magazine, why not singly, on the street? They were the same people. They wouldn't bite him. Finally, in a sheepish sort of way, he took his place in line with Ed and Bill. He opened his mouth to say, "Forty-mile sightseeing tour," but no sound came. He had scarcely begun to thaw out when the busses all along the block began a mighty and simultaneous sputtering of motors, the barbaric banners were furled, Ed and Bill motioned him to climb aboard, and away they went. A man on the front seat told all about the city's marvellous growth, through a megaphone. After a long run past thinning habitations and vegetable-gardens the bus turned into a newly harrowed tract, with new gravelly streets, and new cement walks, and infantile shade-trees, and here and there a crisp new bungalow. A gigantic sign announced "Halcyon Half Acres." The bus stopped at a big tent and the people piled out.

"A free hot ranch dinner will be served in the big tent," announced the megaphone man, and the crowd forthwith surged into the tent.

"Come on," said Ed, "get your tray. Cook-house over here."

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A glance at the cook-house told Wallie the awful truth. The salesmen for one of the oldest and most dignified real-estate establishments in Los Angeles were acting as waiters for its patrons. Furthermore, the "high-powered closers," who had ridden out in their own cars, were actually in the kitchen with aprons on over their store clothes, dealing out potatoes and stew! This ridiculously incongruous appearance saved the day for Wallie. He had to laugh. Well, if this was salesmanship, salesman would he be.

The crowd was fed silently and expeditiously. Never was food served with more brains. The dishes were whisked away and everybody was invited to sit up front and hear a lecture. It was a good lecture, beginning with the wonderful natural resources of an undeveloped region contiguous to the city which held the world's record for hilarious enthusiasm for its own lusty self, and ended with a quotation from the inimitable Riley about garden-gates and hollyhocks.

As the applause ceased the salesmen, having discarded their aprons and drawn numbers out of the manager's hat, circulated among the audience, picked out their victims whose bus-number badges corresponded with the numbers they had drawn, and began to establish cordial relations. They were marvels. In five minutes twenty little groups were laughing and talking with twenty erstwhile waiters, looking over the wonderful maps they opened, moving unconsciously toward the row of waiting motor-cars, and as unconsciously preparing to buy Halcyon Half Acres.

Having got nobody on the bus, and having no right, therefore to draw from the hat, Wallie had time to stand near the little tent where the deals were finally closed and listen. The old trick of taking rabbits out of a hat was nothing to this magic. Like every other copy-man, Wallie knew that a sale consisted of at least four things: getting the buyer's attention, arousing his curiosity, creating a desire, and finally getting him to act upon it; but never had he imagined such an elaborate system to accomplish this greatly desired result. He saw it now. He and Ed and Bill on the sidewalk—they were the attention-getters; and the bus with its banners—that was the curiosity stimulator; and the lecture—who could hear it without desire in his heart for Halcyon Half Acres! And now these salesmen, so suave yet so alert, so polite yet so determined—people were acting and deciding under their magic influence who never had had courage or minds of their own before to act on anything. In one tent there came a sudden and ominous pause. Wallie could feel the electricity. Then a woman said, "Well, I really didn't intend to buy, but if you will excuse me"—Wallie heard her rise from her chair and put her foot on it. He heard her garter snap. The "high-power" man said: "Thank you; that will do for a deposit until you can communicate with your bank; and here is your receipt, madam, and my congratulations."

In the next tent there was a noise as of some one hopping about on one foot. The gentleman from Iowa was evidently removing his boot. From each tent a man presently appeared, made a megaphone of his hands, and shouted the number of a lot. The sales-manager marked it up on a blackboard. A score of them were sold that afternoon in two hours.

Next morning Wallie said "Good morning" to Ed and Bill with genuine enthusiasm. He found his voice. He also said good morning to an active, blackbird sort of person, a girl who was helping to fill up the next bus with the spouting oil-derricks. Very like a little bird she was—the saucy tilt of her head, the quickness of her movements, the alertness of her round, smiling face, the penetration of her black eyes. Incidentally she was the means of getting Wallie's first "prospects" on the bus. Bill had virtually held up two somewhat bewildered and undecided women when the little blackbird hopped into the group.

"Here," she chirped smiling, "these are my friends. I met them this morning early; they are going out to 'Plungers Paradise.'"

"Git out o' here," roared Bill. "Go work your own bus!" He followed his invitation to "git out" with a shove that nearly upset the little bird. The masculine representatives of "Plungers Paradise" bus trooped to her rescue. At the same moment a large plain-clothes cop

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It had come to this. He was down and out, ballyhooing on the sidewalks of Los Angeles for a free boob's boss!—Page 469.

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stepped across the walk and arrested the ungallant Bill forthwith. A little knot of people gathered. Wallie addressed them earnestly: "Lovely home sites in Halcyon Half Acres; free trip, free hot ranch dinner, no obligations; step right in." Five of them did.

Elated by this, Wallie approached the little bird.

"Hurt you any?" he inquired.

"No, not he," she said. "I'll say you Hicks Half Acres fellows are rough, though! But listen, Mr. New Boy, don't take it so seriously. Only the first twenty-five years in the real-estate game are hard. Smile at 'em; look 'em in the eye. Pick on those russet-brown looking hicks with the sun wrinkles; they're your game."

"Thanks for the tip, but I haven't your lovely smile."

"Thanks for the compliment, and I'll lend it to you. They say it's catching."

"Most contagious smile on Ballyhoo Boulevard," said he, resuming his station.

Five minutes afterward a brown, sun-wrinkled man paused at the bus. Wallie eagerly pinned a Halcyon Half Acres badge on him, but the man protested he didn't need it. He then climbed into the driver's seat. If Wallie didn't know his own bus-driver yet by sight, everybody else on Barkers' Boulevard did, and the general laugh that followed proved that laughs were as catching as smiles. He had to laugh himself. Writing phrases to a million people at once was one thing, but learning to pick your prospective buyers singly out of the million was "something else again."

In about three days of close-up work with the great American public as it appeared in Pershing Square, Wallie Hart Hitt learned more about his audience than some copy-men ever will know. It was on the third day also that he schemed a scheme to turn the tables on Barkers' Boulevard. It was a slow day. He had drawn a blank—that is, one of those garrulous old women who ride all the busses and eat all the free lunches, but never buy anything. The big yellow bus was parked drowsily under the eucalyptus-trees. The driver was half asleep. Wallie climbed into the bus and woke him.

"Say," he began, "I don't want you to think I was being theatrical with you the other morning. Honest, I didn't know you drove the bus. I'm a new man."

"Sure, that's all right."

"I suppose you know more about this tract than I ever will. Where is your lot?" Here he opened a map.

"Ain't got no lot," answered the driver scornfully. "I just drive the bus."

"Too bad! I was broke too when I joined this outfit. How long have you been broke?"

"Broke? I ain't broke. I got a thousand dollars in the Security Savings!"

"Oh, pardon me," said Wallie, quietly producing a blank check and writing "Security Savings Bank" on it.

"I supposed you must be up against it; otherwise, with all the opportunities you have for first-hand information and inside dope, I presumed, of course, you'd done yourself the justice to profit by it. These 'hicks,' as you call them, have to take a good deal the lecturer tells 'em on faith. You *know* it's true. You know from your experience as a driver that this dirt road the old bus is standing on has got to be a paved boulevard within a year. They only think so, but you've seen things happen so fast here that you *know* it. You also have the good sense to know that this lot here pegged out beside us will be twice as valuable when that occurs —don't you?"

"You may be right at that, but——"

"But still you haven't used as much consideration for yourself as these people you call 'hicks.'"

"Perhaps some day——"

"No, you don't! You can't kid me the way you do yourself. This 'perhaps some day' business lands people on the park benches in their old age. I know that if you don't do it now with me to boost you you'll never do it—never give yourself a square deal. Now, if you will just come out of your trance and use the common sense of the average hick, and take this pen and this check which is made out on your own bank, and use my back for a writing-desk, I'll break into one of these high-powered closers for you, and get you the lot before the price goes up."

The driver had the check and the pen before he was thoroughly awake to the

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He had drawn a blank—one of those garrulous women who ride all the busses and eat all the free lunches, but never buy anything.—Page 472.

situation. The smooth back of Wallie Hart Hitt stooped invitingly before him.

"Well," he repeated, "you may be right at that."

Wallie took the signed check and ran with it to the blackboard. No, the lot was not yet marked up. The signed check on a local bank gave him the right to announce it without recourse to the closers. Picking up the manager's megaphone and controlling his voice as best he could, he shouted: "Lot 507 *sold!*"

"To whom, for Pete's sake?" exclaimed the manager. "Not that old bus-riding pelican, I hope. Her check's no good."

"No," said Wallie calmly, "to a personal prospect of my own. Found him asleep in the bus."

Now a sale is a very solemn and ticklish thing, as long as the buyer is looking. The manager showed wonderful control until Wallie and the bus-driver were safely out of sight in the closing tent. Then he began to heave and weep with laughter. The salesmen, for most part idle now, gathered around him, thinking he was strangling. He managed to motion them to silence and led the way over behind the cook-house. Here he exploded: "Oh, my Gawd! you fellers—boo ho ho!—you fellers are so far in the forest you can't see the trees. This new man Hitt—oh, Lord—what a horse on all of you! While you have been running the county over for prospects he sold Lot 507 to our *own bus-driver!* Boo hoo hoo! —my handkerchief—my glasses! Oh, Lord."

The mirthful roar that rose from behind the cook-tent, together with the merry guffaws of the returning salesmen, made a certain prim lady from Nebraska very suspicious. You never could tell where these blind pigs might be. Personally, she was glad she had decided not to buy until further investigation.

Next morning there was a general commotion on Barkers' Boulevard when Wallie and the bus-driver shook hands. The little blackbird girl fairly beamed. "Listen, Mr. New Boy," she said, "if it is true you actually sold a ballyhoo bus-driver on his own tract, I've got to know you better. Come out with me Sunday and get better acquainted. What'll it be, seashore, mountains, or boarding-house parlor?"

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"Mountains," said Wallie.

At an incredibly early hour Sunday they descended from the Hollywood car at the old Spanish Road that still runs to the Presidio, and after following its pepper-tree-shaded walks for a short distance, they branched off through a flock of little bungalows and thus into a narrow crooked canyon in the dry desert hills.

"This is the last place to drink," she cautioned, leading to a little spring under a clump of eucalyptus. "Fifteen years ago there wasn't a house for a mile. I lived here ever so long in a beautiful camp and splashed in the shower-bath my daddy made me out of a tin can. This same water they sell now for four bits a bottle. And he sat under an awning like Robert Louis Stevenson in the Islands, writing scenarios about wild men and Indians; but finally the public got fed up on Indians and took to vamps. Poor dad knew even less about vamps than about Indians, so I went in for real estate. But gee! it was tough to put on regular clothes and come and live indoors and miss the wonderful stars at night."

"Wish I'd known you then," admitted Wallie. "I bet you were a cutey."

"I was a bare-legged, dirty little brat. I'm glad our acquaintance started at a more becoming age."

She led on up the canyon. The sun grew hot, the perfume of the sage-brush floated heavily in the air. The bees got busy. The two hikers peeled their coats. In her short flaring skirt, high boots, and crisp sombrero she looked more animated and bird-like than ever. His old army shirt and breeches and puttees became him very well.

"Here are the poor old ruined vineyards," she said. "Such lovely dago red they used to bring to us; but everything is prohibited now. It will soon be prohibited for a perfect-lady ballyhoo to invite a young, soft-voiced gentleman ballyhoo for a walk on Sunday."

"And if that prohibition works as well as the other we'll never lack exercise."

"Nor company."

"I'll say so."

The road, growing less and less distinct among the steep hot hills, died out altogether in a wide amphitheatre, and, climbing out of this, they finally arrived, very moist and flushed, on the apex of a mountain some eighteen hundred feet high above the floor of the broad San Fernando Valley. They sat down. The sound of their hard breathing finally ceased. The strange dead silence of mountain-tops descended on them. The breaking of tiny twigs, the noise of insects sounded like pistol-shots in it. The beautifully sculptured desert mountains rose opposite them, range on range, like monstrous sepulchres under crinkled draperies of purple and old rose and olive-green, as though they had never budged nor made a sound, nor stirred in their ancient sleep for ten million years. For a long time neither Wallie nor the girl spoke to break the spell. They were hugely content and wonderfully well acquainted by now. Who would not feel content with the world with such a beautifully sculptured and colored and variegated panorama of it stretched below him?

"I wonder where that dog can be," the girl finally said. "I heard him barking plainly, but I can't find him."

Wallie turned his field-glasses to the floor of the valley. A crazy-quilt of miniature farms and orchards, with toy houses on them, appeared in the circle of vision. Finally he spied a tiny white speck bouncing on a green sward, a fluffy insect pursued it—probably a child. A more rotund insect crept very slowly across the green patch, leaving a streak of white behind it—presumably the mother of insect number one hanging out washing. Insect number three, a slim one, stood on end and apparently raked leaves. A thin blue column of smoke indicated he was burning them.

"Well, there's your dog," he said, and, kneeling close behind her, he held the glasses to her eyes and aimed them at the bouncing white speck.

"Mercy! I didn't know you could hear a bark so far," she exclaimed.

"It's the surface of the earth that reflects the sound up to us. If I should bark down to him he'd never hear me," he explained laughingly.

"And such a grand little barytone barker as you are, too!" she exclaimed as mischievously, as tauntingly, as smilingly over her shoulder as though she had

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known Wallie and all his diffidence for years.

Perhaps she was counting a little too much on his diffidence, or perhaps trying to break through it. She was virtually in his arms to start with, on account of the glasses, and if she wanted simply to prove that even a diffident worm will turn, she straightway got the proof of it square on her laughing mouth. He felt her strong young muscles spring like a steel trap as she jumped to her feet, a blazing little fury.

"Gosh!" she said, "you do work fast!"

"Please forgive me," he pleaded. "Most provoking circumstances. Never had a little bright-eyed bird hop so close to me before. Besides, it's not working fast, it's just working to catch up to the place where I wished I was the first morning you chirped at me and cheered me with the thought that only the first twenty-five years were hard."

She sat down again.

"You know," he said to change the subject, "these 'Hicks Half Acres,' as you call them, are not so worse. Look at that hick raking his leaves, and his buxom hickess, and the wee hicklet with the dog. I'll bet they are as happy as clams. Why don't you quit this Plungers Paradise stuff and sell something real?"

"Forget it," she answered, "I'm for the plunge. I'm for the oil. The mountain villa for me with the pergola, the balustrade, the Italian garden, and everything. Look way to the west there. See that big half-timbered house with the steep roof! Take the glasses. That is where Doug and Mary live."

"Betcher they aren't at home," he asserted, peering. "Betcher they never have time to know their own cook and their own gardener by sight. Betcher the place is for sale. You promise these hicks a villa, and you sell them a dry hole in the ground. How the deuce can you smile so brightly and look so pretty in the morning when you're kept awake all night thinking of the poor folks you've sold lots to in Plungers Paradise?"

"Pshaw! I don't sell them lots, and they don't want 'em. What they want is a thousand-to-one gambler's chance to get rich quick, and that's what I sell them —a chance. Everybody's a gambler."

"Not me," argued Wallie; "me for the happy Hicks on Half Acres. Weren't you happy in your old camp under the eucalyptus? Wouldn't you be just as happy in a nice white little bungalow, with a trellis and a lawn, and a big log fire and a dining-room with things built in it that you pull out, and a kitchen that you push in——"

"Say, boy," she interrupted, "what are you doing, practising on me or trying to sell me a lot?"

"Well, not a lot exactly. I'm taking a spoke out of your own wheel. You sell a combination terra firma and a hazard infirma, and maybe I can interest you to-day, lady, in a combination half-acre sure thing and a long chance on me."

"Why, boy, dear, what do you mean! I hardly know you!"

"Tut, tut, birdlet. Your keen eyes tell you more about folks at a glance than I would learn in a year. You've had practice on all humanity. You're a wise little bird. You know right now whether I am any good or not. All I know about you is that one beautiful broad smile of yours will load a whole bus, and when you turn it on me I don't know anything. And your naughty black eyes are just about as fathomable as your alleged unfathomable oil-pools, and maybe just as safe. If a terra-firma bug like me will take such a chance merely on the hunch that he'd never be happy without you, why surely a desperate little Monte Carlo queen like you——"

"Well, I'll tell the world one thing: you've got the makings of a good, fast-working salesman, anyhow, and another thing I like about you, you make love very prettily. Nobody ever thought of comparing my black eyes with unfathomable depths of oil. I'll—I'll try not to jump so next time you kiss me."

That evening Wallie's landlady noted a wonderful elation instead of his hitherto downcast manner. She felt hopeful again about room-rent. As for Wallie, he slept as little as though he had been selling lots in Plungers Paradise.

"Pretty good copy," he mused, "black eyes and oil-wells. After all, copy is king, no matter what the art department tells you. I think she's sold on the combination. I suppose I ought to have got a

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cash deposit on the lot, instead of a mere sentimental one on me, but to-morrow——"

On the morrow Wallie was the most animated ballyhoo on the Halcyon Half Acres bus. He tried to make his voice a real barytone, but he was too happy to keep his mind on it. Although he began to discriminate with more care between hurrying business folks and loitering tourists, between deadheads and speculators, his real attention was on the little lady of Plungers Paradise. There must have been some prearrangement between them, for at the moment when the grand motor-sputtering began and the busses began to move, the little bird girl made as if to climb on the wrong bus.

"Here, you!" shouted Bill. "Didn't I tell you once before——"

"And didn't you get pinched and fined fifty bucks for it, too!" she chirped saucily back at him.

"All right, lady," said Wallie, speaking quite professionally but with an interpolation of undertones. "This way to Halcyon Half Acres (specially a certain one). Bus starts right away (and I'll never go without you). Forty-mile sight-seeing trip (and you got to hold my hand all the way); no obligation (but, oh, bird-let, if you don't!); free ranch dinner (and dessert same as yesterday, if you'll let me)."

"But listen here," protested the irate Bill as the bus moved off, "if you're gonna load the bus with deadheads and spies from Piker's Paradise, you got no right to draw with us. You keep 'em for your own prospect."

"That's agreed," snapped Wallie. "Lady from Plungers Paradise is my personal prospect."

So it was that when the lecturer had concluded his quotation about hollyhocks, Wallie had no difficulty in locating his "prospect." They did not wait for a motor-car but strolled off under the eucalyptus-trees, past the little white pegs.

"Well, there she is," said Wallie, consulting the pegs and the map. "The teeny weeny gravel path begins here where you are standing, bordered by the teeny weeny box hedge. On the left the white trellis separates the lawn from the lettuce and celery beds. Two broad low steps lead to the broad porch at ten paces. Pausing to kiss the happy groom as a good omen before entering the prim white door, in the prim white casing, you find yourself in a cosy living-room in natural redwood. Beamed ceiling, broad fireplace with fragrant eucalyptus logs blazing. Through the open door opposite you catch a glimpse of ye modern, in-a-cupboard kitchenette, as neat as wax, with a lovely view of snow-capped mountains framed in the window, so. Stepping into the back garden with its miniature lake and dwarf shrubs, you have the great pleasure of seeing your own smoke rising from your own chimney, 'surrounded by the three eucalyptus-trees, there, there, and there.'"

"'The beautiful bubbling spring' of your imagination, Wallie, would sell clothes-pins to a nude marble nymph."

Brushing aside his maps she nestled in under his arm.

"Yes, wrap it up," she said softly, speaking into his vest pocket, "I'll take it."

Field-glasses are not comprised in the usual real-estate selling equipment. Still, the manager, judging as well might be from a distance, opinioned Wallie might be doing some rather close-up salesmanship. As the two young people walked eagerly toward the closing tent he was half determined to interfere. Perhaps he ought to warn the new boy about these Piker's Paradise spies. On the other hand, he had been warned that his last prospect was a bus-driver. Still he sold him a lot. Perhaps it was best to watch developments. When they had entered the tent he drew silently up to it and listened. A few moments later he motioned some of the unoccupied salesmen to join him.

Inside the tent Wallie could see their shadows on it, but he was exultant rather than embarrassed by this professional eavesdropping.

"Has Mr. Hitt explained the terms to you?" the closer inquired blandly.

"Oh, I understand them perfectly. I am to be absolute mistress in the house, but he may supervise the vegetable-garden and saw the eucalyptus."

A very poorly suppressed snicker sounded from the outside, and Wallie

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could see the shadow of the manager's clinched fist threatening the man who made it.

"Beg pardon?" said the closer, evidently less sure of the situation than usual. "I was speaking of the terms of payment."

"Oh," said the girl, "of course. Here is my check for half of the first payment."

"And here's mine for the other half," said Wallie, "only it isn't a check. I got it from the Western Union this morning in response to a wire to the old folks. Treat it with respect. It represents some salesmanship itself."

"Perfectly satisfactory," said the closer, once more bland and unruffled, "and now if both of you please sign here, and here on the duplicate, I may perhaps venture to congratulate you on more than the mere joint purchase of a lot."

"You've guessed it," admitted Wallie. "Had to throw myself in as a premium to make the sale."

Outside the tent the manager waited a suitable interval for the signatures to be affixed; then:

"All right, boys; give 'em a cheer!"

They did. It nearly blew the tent down. All the composure gained as a lady ballyhoo did not prevent the little birdlet from blushing prettily as the bunch crowded into the tent to offer congratulations.

"And what's more," said the beaming manager, "I want you to understand that every load of lumber that comes on the tract makes it easier to sell lots. So, if you can't start your house, start your garage. If anybody wants to know how you are going to pay for the bungalow or the car, send 'em to me! Understand? And on top o' that I want you to forget the bus and take a desk in the main office. But you gotta promise not to sell the president of the company any lots in his own tract."

"Won't promise you any such darn thing," answered Wallie, laughing.

"No, and you wouldn't keep it if you did, so never mind the promise. Oh, but I almost forgot something," and placing the megaphone to his mouth the manager announced: "*Lot* 101 *sold!*"

As the young people walked slowly down the future "Grand Boulevard" of Halcyon Half Acres, arm in arm, with their maps and new contracts before them—to say nothing of the happy visions of the future—the plain good folks from Texas, Iowa, and Indiana, wearing the characteristic russet colors of those who uproot themselves from one soil only to take root in another, began to doubt if the flowery lecturer had exaggerated things much after all. Certainly people who bought Halcyon Half Acres did look very happy and apt to live longer to enjoy their prosperity and their hollyhocks. Some who had not purchased felt inclined to reconsider. The psychic sales-manager seemed to get the hunch. Sales were unusually heavy that day.

"Nobody ever thought of comparing my black eyes with unfathomable depths of oil."—Page 475.

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A Ranchwoman's Guests

BY L. M. WESTON
Author of "A Day with a Ranchwoman"

IN town, when expecting dinner-guests, I took the opportunity to display my finest linen and best chinaware, polished up the silver, and lay awake nights trying to think of rare delicacies likely to tempt their jaded appetites.

At the ranch, if any one happened to be on the premises at meal-time, neighbor, stranger, prince, or pauper, he was invited to sit down at an oilcloth-covered table in the kitchen and eat what was before him; it might be fried chicken and ice-cream, or boiled meat and cabbage.

In town, my guests appeared in their company clothes and manners, and my hired help waited on them.

At the ranch, hired help and guests sat down at the table together in their every-day garments, that might be clean or dirty, whole, ragged, or ornamented with patches.

We had real heart-to-heart talks, though, around that kitchen-table; and I thoroughly enjoyed them.

At first, I was rather overwhelmed by so many impromptu dinner-parties, and decided a woman must be hired to assist me.

Thinking to kill two birds with one stone, we engaged a married couple who agreed to sleep in the bunk-house and help with the work, the man in the field, the woman in the house.

The day after their advent, my husband confided to me that he dared not drive a team the man hitched up without carefully examining the harness, as he was sure to find a buckle too tight or too loose, or unfastened, which was likely to mean disaster with our spirited young horses. "However," he added, in a self-sacrificing tone, "if the woman's help is satisfactory, I'll try to get along with him. Every one says if you hire a married couple one of them is sure to be no good."

"I have heard that, too," I said, "and supposed, in this case, it was the woman who wasn't worth her salt."

Then I proceeded to unfold my tale of woe. My lady help had a mania for house-cleaning—scrubbed everything, even to the coal-scuttle; but her cooking was atrocious. She had a positive genius for spoiling good food by putting it on the range. I had to stay in the kitchen all the time she was preparing a meal or there would be nothing fit to eat. That very noon I had told her to make potato-cakes from the mashed potatoes left over from last night's supper, and she had evolved something as hard as rocks. I was sure Babe Ruth could have batted one of them over the diamond, and found it intact after a home run. I also informed my amused spouse that, if I had to do the cooking, it would be easier to feed four than five, so he could hire a bachelor, with my blessing, and let the married couple go.

They went—and I cooked for a succession of bachelors before we found one that suited us. Some were lazy, some knew nothing of ranch work, some knew too much, or thought they did, and some were mean to the horses. Amongst these last was one who made quite an impression on me, his ideas were so pronounced and peculiar from a religious standpoint. He was firmly convinced he bore a striking resemblance to the pictures he had seen of the Saviour, so wore his hair and beard in accordance with this belief. He thought it was wicked to go to the theatre or play cards, so his sole diversion was playing a mouth-organ from which he drew forth sounds calculated to make one long to be afflicted with deafness.

One morning he and my son were ploughing in the same field, when the words, "Mad dog you, mad dog you," broke the soft spring quietness.

My son left his plough to investigate the trouble, when the man burst forth

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with a tirade about the stupidity of that "mad dog" horse, and finished by striking the animal brutally over the head, saying, "he would learn him, by dog."

He got his time then and there. On our ranch, we do not approve of striking our four-footed servitors over the head. Before the man left, however, we learned that he thought it was wicked to swear, so reversed curse words and spelling to quiet his conscience.

Well, he isn't the only one who has called wrong right, and tried to fool the Almighty by ingenious subterfuges!

We hired another man that I took to be a Russian at first glance. He rarely spoke for the first few meals, then I purposely made some allusion to the Bolsheviki, and his tongue was untied. He was really quite eloquent on the subject of Russia's liberation from the tyranny of capitalistic czars. At that time Lenine and Trotsky were riding the crest of their wave of popularity, and wanting to learn the secret of their influence I listened attentively to the laboring man's ideas. I found that, like most of the so-called common people, he resented being looked down upon by persons of wealth and education. His ideas, as far as I could see, were really about the same as those of the average self-respecting poor man in the United States. He did not object to working for a living, if other people were also laboring along the lines for which they were best fitted; he did not object to going without luxuries and comforts if other people only took what they earned honestly; but he did object to being snubbed, ignored, and exploited by money-eyed parasites.

He did not stay long with us, as he had a homestead on which he was obliged to do some work, so I had no chance to ask his explanation of the disastrous results of the Lenine-Trotsky régime.

At harvest-time and other rush seasons we hired any men we could find; so sometimes we would have three or four total strangers at the table. Many of them had evidently been well brought up, were familiar with a butter-knife and a sugar-spoon, and not astonished when pie or dessert was served on extra dishes.

Often they would not give their real names, and betrayed themselves by not answering when addressed. They could all tell strange tales of many lands, but usually reserved them for the bunk-house. Few of them seemed accustomed to the presence of a lady.

Still there were exceptions, amongst whom was Pat the Irrepressible—a blue-eyed, well-meaning boy, who was much too good to be wandering around the country doing day's work and drinking moonshine. Sometimes he would linger a moment, after the others went out, to pet the cat, or pat the dog, and tell me some little incident about animals he had liked particularly. I could not help but think something had sent him forth from a good home and that he hid an awful heartache under his joyous, care-free manner. He was reckless, too, and wouldn't take a dare, as I learned when he swung up behind my son, who was mounted on his worst-tempered saddle-horse.

The animal was astonished at first, but in a minute things began to happen. Pat clasped his arms around my son's waist, and, a second later, his voice rang out with: "Wait a bit, me hat's off."

The bystanders were convulsed with laughter, especially when, a little later, Pat cried again: "Wait a bit, I'm off."

My son was having all he could do to stay on the spirited creature himself, consequently could not fully enjoy Pat's contortions and desperate efforts to ride double; but the horse quieted down immediately after throwing his extra burden.

Pat understood table etiquette if he did stuff newspapers in his shoes in lieu of stockings, and when alone with the family amused us considerably by imitating one of the shockers who could eat so dexterously with his knife that we all gazed at him in wonder.

"Sure, I was expecting he'd take both hands to that macaroni," he commented gaily; "but any one would admire the way he managed to wrap it round his knife, and get the whole helping in his mouth at once."

Pea season was over, but my son and Pat begged me to serve canned peas, as they wanted to see how the knife expert would handle them. I laughed, while rebuking the thoughtless boys for ridiculing a man who merely lacked social advantages. He was the best shocker we had,

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and earned every mouthful he ate, and he ought to have had the privilege of eating as he chose.

"Hewers of wood and drawers of water" have been despised for ages, but why? Isn't the work needful? Can we boast of our culture and civilization until we realize that it is not the kind of work that counts but the way that work is done? "Can the eye say unto the hand, I have no need of thee?"

We may be thankful we are not obliged to do the disagreeable tasks and bear the heaviest burdens; but there is no reason why we should be proud of the exemption. I used to be an intellectual snob myself, but close intercourse with brave, patient, good-hearted working men and women cured me.

A Montana rancher must be "all man" to hold down his job, and his wife must be a real helpmate; I lost my pride in intellect and culture when I saw what my neighbors could do, dare, and suffer, without a murmur, and realized that I was inferior, measured by their standards of courage and endurance.

But I did know how to cook; I tried my best to gratify the appetites of those laboring men, and experienced quite a thrill when the dexterous wielder of knives, after eating a generous helping of soft molasses cake piled high with whipped cream, leaned back in his tipped chair and said it was the nicest stuff he had ever tasted.

We were so far from any other habitation that sometimes I would get a dreadful scare, although we always kept loaded guns in the house.

I remember one stormy March morning we were all surprised, on looking out of the window, to see a strange man walking up from the barn. He seemed to have some difficulty in making his way against the wind and snow, but he circled the house and went back to the barn.

It was before breakfast, and my husband and son slipped into their outer garments, took the milk-pails, and followed the stranger.

I watched, saw them speak to him, then all disappeared into the barn.

Shortly afterward I looked out and there was the newcomer walking toward the house again. He circled it as before. I concluded he was an escaped lunatic, to be wandering around in a storm like that, and hovered near the corner where I kept my twenty-two rifle.

However, the queer-acting individual went back to the barn, and pretty soon I saw the three men making their way up to the house. My husband entered first, and whispered to me that it was some poor fellow half-crazed with moonshine who would probably perish if we did not shelter him from the storm.

So I politely welcomed my unexpected guest and invited him to sit down at the breakfast-table.

But he was still suffering from the effects of his liquid refreshments, and could not eat, although his vigorous exercise had sobered him enough to enable him to tell that he had left the moonshiner's place some time in the night and struck out for his auto, as he supposed; in reality, he took exactly the opposite direction from the place he had left it.

He finally found a straw-stack, lay down, and went to sleep. He was wakened by the storm that had come up, suddenly, during the night. He had sense enough left to fear he would freeze to death if he did not find some ranch, so kept on walking through the rapidly deepening snow until he reached our barn.

His face was pitifully white as he talked, and he was trembling from head to foot, and looked about ready to succumb to the consequences of his foolishness, which he bewailed in every other sentence.

We gave him some medicine, built a fire in the bunk-house, and told him to go to bed.

At noon he reappeared, sat down at the dinner-table, ate a good, hearty meal, and, as the storm was over, he soon departed. He did not ask our name, and was evidently trying to keep his own identity a secret.

We were somewhat amused when, some months later, my son met and recognized him in a wealthy rancher who lived thirty or forty miles away.

There were pretty poor roads in our vicinity, and sometimes we would have as guests people who had lost their way. I remember one warm, still night, in the latter part of May, I was startled about ten o'clock to hear a wagon stop in front of the house.

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My son was away, my husband had retired, but I had not yet commenced to undress, so went to the door and looked out.

A boyish-looking figure appeared in the light of the open door, as an undeveloped voice squeaked out that he was trying to find the way to Hadley's.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, thinking of the bridgeless, swiftly running creek, not to mention quick mud, steep benches, and deep coolies between him and his destination. "You can't get there with a team to-night. It's a hard road to travel in the daytime."

"I know," he assented; "but I expected to make it before dark. I came from town to-day, but missed the trail some way and have been hunting for it two hours; so I thought perhaps you would let me sleep in your barn to-night and put up my horses. I have feed for them," he added, as though aware that in that year of drought most ranchers were very short of grain.

"All right," I said. "I'll ask my husband to get a lantern and show you where to go."

I went into the bedroom to find my better half already dressed. He had been listening to the conversation, and shared my compassion for the tired boy and his weary team. After the horses had been fed and watered my husband offered the youth something to eat, then made him comfortable in the bunk-house.

Evidently thinking he had trespassed enough on a stranger's hospitality, the young man was up very early the next morning, making ready to depart before breakfast; but we would not allow man and beasts to continue their trip on an empty stomach, and insisted on feeding both before they started.

We learned later that the boy was the son of a well-to-do sheepman who had moved into our neighborhood. We had expected trouble about the pasture, as their land adjoined ours and sheep and cattle do not mix well; but we heard, incidentally, that after "we took in the stranger" his herder had peremptory orders to keep off our grass.

On another occasion, however, I was not so hospitable. One evening, our collie barked long and persistently, and I was sure evil-doers were in the neighborhood. My son was the only one up and I insisted that he should make an investigation. He was reading an interesting story, and did not want to leave it to prowl around the premises.

But I had been hearing so much about lawless I. W. W.'s and other discontented idle men that I was like the persistent widow in the Bible.

At last, like the judge (in the same story), to get rid of my solicitations, he yielded to them and went outdoors.

He was gone some time, then returned very stealthily.

"Did you see any one?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered in a hushed voice and mysterious manner, "three men, going up the lane."

"Afoot or horseback?" asked my husband.

"Afoot," was the answer.

My heart sank; no honest man in Montana would be travelling on foot at that time of night. Evidently we were about to be robbed and murdered. In the face of such peril, I forgot all my non-combatant, non-resistance theories.

"You get the guns," I said shortly; "I'll take the twenty-two, you the thirty-thirty, and Dad the shotgun. I guess we can give them a warm welcome, anyway."

A subdued chuckle told me I had been fooled, but my indignation was lost in my sense of relief.

As time went on, however, Buster's bark at night did not put me in such a panic of fear, although I usually rose and looked out of the window. Sometimes I would hear a coyote's cry, although I never saw a sign of one but once; then it was early in the morning, and a shot from my son's thirty-thirty put an immediate end to the predatory creature's existence.

As the population of Montana averages less than two inhabitants to a square mile, the country is anything but thickly settled; but, though the ranch-houses are rarely locked and often miles apart, they are seldom robbed. Perhaps because there is usually little of value in them; but I like best to think that knaves and crooks do not thrive in the open spaces and crystal-clear atmosphere of the "Land of the Shining Mountains."

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Catherine de Medicis and St. Bartholomew

WHAT THE MASSACRE WAS AND WHAT IT WAS NOT

BY PAUL VAN DYKE
Author of "Catherine de Medicis, Queen of France," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD PRINTS

ON Monday, the 18th of August, 1572, the people of Paris were offered a spectacle more magnificent than usual even for the court of the Valois; the most splendor-loving of all the monarchs of Europe. Along an elevated passage leading past the side of Notre Dame to a high scaffolding erected in front of the great door, the King led his youngest sister, Margaret, clad in violet velvet, with the royal mantle broidered with lilies trailing from her shoulders, her head crowned with a coronet of costly pearls set off by rubies and diamonds. On the scaffolding stood the Cardinal of Bourbon in his red robes, uncle of the bridegroom, the young King Henry of Navarre, who was supported by his cousin, the Prince of Condé. These two were dressed, like the King of France, in pale yellow satin covered with silver embroidery in high relief, enriched with precious stones. Behind the bride walked the Queen and the court ladies clad in cloth of silver and gold, surrounded and followed by a swarm of gorgeously dressed pages and guards and musicians and gentlemen-in-waiting, which must have made a living stream of color poured along the base of those solemn buttresses. One single sombre note there was in the whole flashing train. Directly behind the bride walked her mother, Catherine de Medicis, clad, as always since the death of her husband, thirteen years before, in black velvet.

But no one saw in that single reminder of past grief any omen of coming horror. Rather, in every heart where patriotism and religion were strong enough to stifle party hate and cruel fanaticism there was a new hope—the hope of an end of fratricidal strife which for ten years had filled France with fire and blood. The fathers of the groom and his best man had both fallen on the field of battle, and now the chief of the Huguenots was marrying the sister of the King.

The young son of the chief justice of the King's Supreme Court had made his way within the cathedral to where stood the brains of the Huguenots, Admiral Coligny. He was a stern soldier, trained from boyhood in the hard school of his uncle, the Duke of Montmorency, acknowledged head of the ancient French nobility and Constable of France. A man of intense religious conviction, Coligny was no ascetic or even puritan, but always the great French noble of the Renascence; for he had enlarged his château on the Loing with a terraced garden, an orangery, and a stately gallery adorned by Primaticcio and filled with tapestries and works of art. In the last war a huge price had been set on his head and he was now hated by the extreme orthodox, adored by the heretics, the most distinguished uncrowned personage in Europe and the man whom the King delighted to honor. When the curious lad from whom we have this story drew near, Coligny was talking to his cousin and opponent, Marshal Damville; for it was typical of many a man on either side that Coligny had faced his uncle and his cousins on the field of battle. From the arches of the cathedral still hung the banners taken two years before at Moncontour, when the Huguenot army was all but annihilated. The grizzled Huguenot leader,

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whose Fabian policy had turned that disaster into final victory and won for his co-religionists the right to worship according to their conscience, pointed to them, saying: "In a little while we shall take down those banners and put others in their place more pleasant to look at."

Catherine de Medicis in 1570.
In the collection of the School of Clouet at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

For he was urging the King to throw all the force of France into the Low Countries to support the insurgents against the tyranny of Spain. This would enable him to bring thirty thousand loyal Huguenot swords to the fleur de lis, and France might push her boundaries to the mouth of the Rhine, because the grateful Netherlanders would willingly return to their ancient allegiance. It was a bold plan, perhaps too bold for impoverished France, but at least it was the plan of a man who could forget hate in patriotism and rise from a party leader to a statesman. The young King, up till very recently as wax in his mother's hands, was now tremendously impressed by the personality of the great Huguenot, and he spent hours in secret conference with him. He hated and feared Spain more than he hated or feared heresy. Like all Catherine's sons, he was neurotic, but his thoughts were martial, and he was wont to point out to his valets a birthmark by which they could recognize his body if he fell in battle. It was quite possible that the King might be carried away by this imposing councillor.

And just here, in this relation between the King and Coligny, was the thing that was to spoil the hopes of the motto of the medal given as a wedding souvenir: "I announce to you Peace."

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Since Catherine de Medicis assumed the regency when Charles IX became king, at ten years of age, she had pursued on the whole a conciliatory policy, and the favorite method of her statecraft was to balance one party against the other, and so maintain her power. But one thing had always roused her indignation—the smallest attempt to step between her and her children, whose dependence upon her authority was so great as to make her eldest daughter say, even after she became Queen of Spain, that she never opened a letter from her mother without trembling. This fiercely jealous affection for her children and the love of power, which all who knew her called her strongest passion, drove her now into the one great crime of her life. She had indeed forced the last Huguenot war by a plot to trapan Coligny and the elder Condé, and if it had succeeded she would perhaps have sent them both to the scaffold, as any Tudor would certainly have done. But, for the many murders before and after August, 1572, of which she was later accused, there is no evidence that any jury would even seriously consider as the basis of an indictment, though I have a strong personal suspicion that six months before, when she had planned a marriage for her second son, Anjou, with Elizabeth of England, and he had refused because her character was too bad, Catherine had ordered the assassination of Lignerolles, a gentleman of his suite who had urged him to make that refusal.

Henry IV—(Young).

Painted by François Quesnel (?) about 1582.
In the collection of the School of Clouet at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

The way to put Coligny out of the way

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was easy to find. The first Huguenot war had ended nine years before with the murder of Duke Francis of Guise, the leader of the orthodox party, the best soldier of France, shot in the back on his way from the lines to his quarters by Guise, though compelled by the King to go through formal scenes of reconciliation, never accepted the idea of his innocence, and members of it had vainly begged to be allowed to fight a duel with the Admiral. Duke Henry of Guise was

Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre, about 1573.
In the collection of the School of Clouet at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Poltrot de Merey, a supposed deserter from the Huguenot camp. Coligny had used him as a spy and given him a hundred crowns to buy a horse. Under torture he alternately accused and acquitted Coligny of having sent him out to murder. Coligny denied the charge with indignation, but absolutely refused to express any regret for the death of so great an enemy of God, and some Huguenots wrote of the executed assassin as a martyr. The very frankness of Coligny's utterance has convinced most impartial historians of its truth. But the family of now twenty-one and felt oppressed by the burden of dishonor of the broken vendetta; for the code of the time imposed on him the duty of avenging his father's blood. We know from the Papal Nuncio that he had even urged his mother to shoot Coligny some day while he was talking to Catherine, and showed her how easy it was to fire an arquebus. But he dared not, without some backing, touch the King's favorite, surrounded by a body of the Huguenot nobles who had come up to Paris on the King's invitation to the wedding of his sister to their chief.

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A hint from Catherine, his mother's close friend, was enough to remove his hesitation. In the midst of the long-drawn-out wedding festivities the fourth day after the marriage, Coligny, returning from a meeting of the royal Council, was shot from the window of a vacant house and wounded in the forearm. The King was furious at the attempted murder, which violated his protection, and asked the Admiral whom he should appoint on a commission of inquiry. It did its work quickly and well. The circumstantial evidence was strong. The gates were closed and either one of two arrests would trace the shot to the palace of the Guise. They would not bear the blame alone, and ruin for Catherine was in sight. She called a council, not in any sense the royal council, but a little knot of people whom she could trust. The King had an abnormal tendency to kill animals, and he would not drink wine because it increased a passion he feared. Catherine, who was seldom separated from him, knew how to play on his unwholesome temperament, and with the help of her friends she persuaded him to have all the Huguenot leaders killed by his guards, and to loose the mob, through orders of the municipality, on all the heretics in Paris.

It is impossible to draw an ordered picture of those hours when murder spread with the dawn from the palace through the slums of the city, until the corpses of the King's wedding guests lay piled naked in front of his door and, in the phrase of an eye-witness, "blood ran down the gutters like water after a heavy rain." When the leaders were dead by the safe hands of soldiers, the populace was called to action by sounding the tocsin. There had been many periods during the last ten years when it was enough for a street urchin to cry out "There goes a Huguenot!" to bring about the death of any strange passer-by. But to make sure that ignorant fanaticism did its work now, the Duke of Nevers and Marshal Tavannes ran through the streets, sword in hand, calling on the people to make an end of the King's enemies. For the details of the cruel work they found other leaders, like Cruce, a watchmaker, whom the young De Thou always looked on with horror, "because of his true gallows face and his habit of holding up his bare arms and boasting that he had killed four hundred that day." Under the lead of men like these, bands of murderers ranged the streets unchecked, killing and plundering. Many piteous scenes can be reconstructed in detail. A gang of killers met a noble lady disguised in a nun's robe. Her slippers of crimson velvet betrayed her, and she was stabbed several times and thrown into the river. Her clothes, buoyed with air, floated her down the current, and some men, putting off in a boat, followed her like a drowning rat, striking at her again and again until she sank. A bookbinder was roasted to death on a heap of his own books before his house. There was a certain street called the "Valley of Misery," which ended on the bank of the river, where it was closed by a door painted red. That door, as the four leading plebeian murderers whose names have come down to us boasted, became the gate of death for over six hundred Huguenots. Two miserable women clung for a long time to piles, but were finally beaten down by stones thrown from the arch above.

Age was spared no more than sex. Anne de Terrières, one of the leading lawyers of Paris, a man over eighty, perished. Brion, the tutor of the Prince of Conti, a man with hair as white as snow, was poignarded with the little prince clinging round his neck and trying to ward off the blows with his tiny hands. Huguenot survivors tell of infants who, when the murderers took them up, laughed and played with their beards, and of boys of ten dragging a baby through the streets at the end of a string, to throw it into the river. It was believed that private hate and greed worked under cover of the carnival of blood. Certainly some Roman Catholics perished. Several heirs-at-law came prematurely into their inheritance, not without suspicion of secret aid to fate, and several lawsuits were settled by death in favor of the less scrupulous of the two parties. It was no wonder that a Swiss Roman Catholic priest wrote a friend from Paris: "I trembled at the sight of the river full of corpses, naked and horribly disfigured."

The massacre spread slowly to a number of the cities of France, in obedience to verbal orders from Paris; but the pro-

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vincial killings were neither simultaneous nor general. Usually a mob was the agent and the connivance of the authorities must be assumed. For instance, no attempt was made at Orléans to prevent such a slaughter that people would not eat fish, for fear they had fed on the bodies flung into the river. Some of these subsidiary massacres occurred three or four weeks after St. Bartholomew's Day, and in violation of the royal proclamation that peaceable Protestants would not be molested. In eleven out of sixteen political divisions of France, including three provinces under strongly orthodox governors, there were no disorders. For instance, in spite of a plain hint from the governor sent from Paris that the King wanted the Huguenots killed, the city council of Nantes voted to suppress all violence and the other cities of Brittany followed their example.

It is difficult to estimate how many perished in the massacres of St. Bartholomew. The estimates of twenty-seven contemporary reporters and modern historians range from three thousand to a hundred and ten thousand. Probably between three and four thousand were killed at Paris, and about as many more in the rest of France.

The news was an astonishment to the entire world. The attitude of those who heard it varied from bitter indignation to intense joy, and the place of any given auditor in the scale of emotion was, on the whole, though not universally or entirely, determined by his sympathies in the great conflict of which the massacre was a bloody episode. The Senate of Venice voted a congratulatory message by a majority of a hundred and sixty-one to one, one man not voting. The Duke of Tuscany wrote congratulatory letters, to which Catherine replied, expressing the great pleasure which her son had in seeing himself praised by good and virtuous people for so holy a resolution as the execution of the Admiral and his adherents; from which "he hopes to draw by the grace of God the fruit necessary for the restoration of his church and the repose of all Christendom." Philip of Spain wrote to Catherine that the punishment "given to the admiral and his sect was indeed of such service, glory, and honor to God and universal benefit to all Christendom that to hear of it was for me the best and most cheerful news which at present could come to me." When the Pope received from his Nuncio a despatch describing the massacre, he assembled all the cardinals in the palace and read it to them, after which they went to the neighboring church to chant the Te Deum, and the city was illuminated for three nights in succession. Later the Pope had a medal struck in honor of the event, and ordered one of the distinguished painters of the day to decorate the walls of the Vatican with pictures recording it. The traces of these pictures still remain upon the walls, where, in the words of the great Roman Catholic historian, Lord Acton, "for three centuries they insulted every Pope who went into the Sistine Chapel."

In the Protestant world the condemnation was instant and overwhelming, with the exception of some of the Lutheran theologians, who thought that this punishment had fallen upon the Calvinists because of their errors in regard to the sacrament.

To the man of our day, whether he be Catholic or Protestant, an attitude of complaisance toward such a deed is so abhorrent that when it is taken by dead people whom he respects, he instinctively and half unconsciously falls back upon denying or obscuring or overlooking the facts. When this refuge is finally taken away from him by the hard work of people to whom history means just judgment and not apology, he is inclined to believe that the religion of those who approved such manifest evil was either insincere or altogether perverted. But in this conclusion he fails to take account of the pressure in the direction of perverting the moral judgment exerted by long-standing error, expressed in law and custom inherited from many generations. The degree of moral turpitude of an ancient Spartan who thrust his sickly new-born infant out into the winter's storm to die, or of the Hindu noble who burned his brother's widows on the funeral pile, is not so easy a matter to estimate as it may seem at first sight. The man of the sixteenth century had inherited an old and very pernicious doctrine, plainly taught by all the moral authorities he regarded with reverence

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and definitely expressed in laws. At the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew the code of practically all European countries punished heresy with death. The only difference between them was in the definition of heresy and a greater or less willingness to apply the laws strictly. These laws rested upon the conviction, true enough in itself, that the teaching of false doctrine was a great danger to society, and the false conclusion that, therefore, for the sake of society and for the honor of God, the offender ought to be put to death. This heresy of the duty of persecution, the most dangerous heresy that ever attached itself to the teaching of Christ, still held sway over the minds of most men, although its power was beginning to be slightly weakened—more by the pressure of facts than by the abstract arguments of the few who had yet questioned it. Pope Pius IV, for instance, had declared a few years before that he would rather pardon a criminal who had committed a hundred murders than an obstinate heretic, and Beza, Calvin's right-hand man, had written that heretics were worse criminals than parricides, and the good of society required a more severe punishment for heresy than for any other crime. The best starting-point for an attack upon this false doctrine is the effect which it has produced upon the history of generations of men who have held it to be true. But no just judgment can be passed upon any single instance of those effects without taking into account the whole series.

Gaspard, Admiral Coligny, 1570. By François Clouet.
In the collection of the School of Clouet at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

The outcome of the doctrine of persecution in eulogies of St. Bartholomew was, however, so terribly exaggerated that, all over the world, it enabled men,

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even in spite of their prejudices, to see the truth. This attempt by the use of inexorable logic to push the falsehood they believed roughshod over all the sentiments of humanity and the feelings of honor, seemed to thousands a ghastly re-

Charles IX, from a portrait in the Louvre.

ductio ad absurdum. Even in Italy it was questioned. A correspondent wrote to the Duke of Savoy from Rome: "The deed has been praised, but it would have been praised very much more if it could have been done under the forms of justice." The Spanish Ambassador at Rome wrote to his master that the Frenchmen there were bragging about things in connection with St. Bartholomew which were not allowable even against rebels and heretics, and the Venetian senators privately repudiated their official congratulation. The Emperor Maximilian of Germany, who had been urged by the Pope to imitate the glorious action of the King of France, told a French envoy six months later that "the King and his mother had done the most ill-advised and evil thing in the world." And he wrote to one of his friends: "The King of France has committed an act which will stamp upon him a shame which cannot be easily wiped off. God forgive those who are responsible."

So much for what the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was. Let us now consider what it was not. It was inevitable that a series of deeds like the Massacres of St. Bartholomew, which were at once the climax of ten years' hate and vengeance on the part of those who committed them and the source of a yet deeper hate on the part of the friends of their victims, should have been misinterpreted by the generation which saw it. One can hardly expect judicial opinions out of an atmosphere which some years after St. Bar-

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tholomew produced from the strict orthodox party this epigram to Henry III, who was inclined to compromise again with the Huguenots: "Your fleur de lis is putrid and stinks to heaven—that he may not smell it any more God has put his foot on it," or this from the Huguenots: "The dogs ate Jezebel, but when Catherine dies, not even the dogs will touch her carrion."

A short discussion of three propositions will dissipate the chief popular errors about St. Bartholomew inherited from past generations.

(1) It was not long premeditated but determined upon and planned in a few hours.

(2) It did not have its origin in religious fanaticism.

(3) It was not essentially a French crime.

(1) Seven years before the massacre, Catherine had met her daughter, the Queen of Spain, at Bayonne, on the Spanish border, and held with her and the Duke of Alva a conference. The Huguenots, who were then temporarily at peace with the Crown under one of the edicts of pacification and toleration, suspected some plot had there been formed for their treacherous suppression. There is documentary evidence, too long to be here cited, that the massacre was not planned at Bayonne. But this belief was an element in that general suspicion which led the Huguenot leaders three years after the interview of Bayonne to rise suddenly in an attempt to seize sixty cities and the King and his mother, then at Meaux—an unsuccessful plot, which began the second civil war and earned for them what they had never had before, the intense dislike of the young King. The four years since left this suspicion still vivid in many minds. Coligny had received warnings against going to Paris; to which he had replied he would rather have his dead body dragged through the streets than reopen the civil war. These false suspicions seemed to be proved true by the event.

In addition Catherine, who wove around St. Bartholomew the most astounding contradictory falsehoods to be found in the long annals of diplomatic duplicity, allowed it to be circulated in Spain and Italy as one of her semi-private lies, that she had arranged the marriage to trap the Huguenots into the massacre. But, on the other hand, she told the Tuscan ambassador that "the whole thing had been resolved on suddenly." And the ambassador to England was ordered to tell Elizabeth that it had been the "least premeditated thing that had ever happened," for "his master had acted like one who holds the wolf by the ears." Both of these things cannot be false, and the deliberate and agreeing judgments of the Papal Nuncio, the Spanish ambassador, the Tuscan ambassador, and the Venetian ambassador that the deed was improvised establish the balance on the truth.

(2) The leaders of the Huguenots at Paris were deliberately and carefully picked off, under the orders of the King's illegitimate brother, by the royal guards, but everywhere the mob did the bulk of the killing. The French cities of the time usually contained a debased stratum of population created by economic causes. While the artisans and the higher burghers often furnished recruits to heresy, this urban mass remained, because of its very ignorance, impervious to new ideas, and, therefore, solidly orthodox in a religion which came to the most acute emotion in a desperate hatred of heretics, about whom they believed the same reports of detestable orgies in their secret worship which were circulated against the early Christians in the Roman Empire and in China before the Boxer rebellion tried to exterminate the new religion. This dangerous part of the city population had, during the past ten years, committed in many places revolting acts of cruelty against the Huguenots, whom it regarded, not as poor Christians, but as anti-Christian criminals. In 1561 Calvin wrote to Beza: "In twenty cities the godly have been slaughtered by raging mobs." Not infrequently in these bloody riots, some Huguenots were hidden and saved by orthodox neighbors more humane because more intelligent. These mob atrocities angered the Huguenots more than anything else, and they met them with savage reprisals, for, to quote their stout captain, de la Noue, "we fought the first war like angels, the second like men, and the third like devils." Before the first war was over their sol-

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The Massacre of St. Bartholomew at Paris.

Reproduced from a lithograph by A. Duruy, 1878. After a painting by Francis Dubois, who died at Geneva in 1584.

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diers were killing without mercy every priest and monk on whom they could lay hands, on the mistaken assumption that they were all guilty of inciting to these crimes.

Catherine knew perfectly well by experience the terrible nature of this fanaticism, and she used it as coolly and as scientifically as the military engineer handles his masses of high explosive. No heart in the sixteenth century was more free from anything remotely resembling religious fanaticism than that of Catherine de Medicis. Her letters contain many pious phrases of trust in God and submission to God's will, and he will never understand the typical man or woman of the Renascence who thinks them hypocritical. But there is not a single one among these pious phrases from which it would be possible to determine whether she was a Protestant or a Catholic. Perhaps the most sincere thing in the whole tissue of falsehood she wove over St. Bartholomew is that passage in one of her letters to Elizabeth where she says the Queen of England ought not to mind her execution of Huguenots who endangered the state, any more than she would if the Queen of England did execution against those who troubled her; "even if they should be all the Catholics of England."

But even this passage contains a characteristic allusion to a falsehood. The night before the massacre, which began at daybreak, the King asked the assistance of the municipal authorities of Paris to defend him against a Huguenot plot. Finally, after some shifting, he adopted this as the explanation of his action in his public assumption of responsibility for the deed, and executed for treason two Huguenots who escaped the massacre. No proof was ever alleged; the charge is against all the facts of the situation, and all well-informed people soon came to agree with the opinion of the papal legate, who wrote to Rome: "The charge that the Admiral had conspired against the King and his brothers is absolutely false, and it is shameful that any man who has sense enough to know anything should believe it."

(3) The colossal crime of St. Bartholomew was mainly carried out by the ignorant fanaticism of the lowest class of the French people, but it was not planned by the mind nor approved by the conscience of France.

The council Catherine called to help her persuade the King to order the massacre was very limited. She dared not tell her youngest daughter or her youngest son, for they would surely warn the Huguenots. She dared not summon to such a council any of the family or vassals or friends of the Duke of Montmorency, the first baron of France, for he was the head of the Politiques or Moderate Catholics, and more friendly to his cousin the Admiral than to the House of Guise and the straightout orthodox party. His party included four of the six marshals of France. The Cardinal of Lorraine was at Rome, and she dared not summon the Cardinal of Bourbon, the uncle of the Prince of Condé and Henry of Navarre. Nor could she trust in such a plot any prince of the blood royal, unless it were the Duke of Montpensier, brother-in-law of the young Duke of Guise, and it was not certain that she asked him.

The deed was scarcely done before dismayed letters came from the sort of men who, had they been present in the dark councils of that night, would surely have spoken words of warning. The French ambassador at Venice wrote as follows:

"Madam:

"The plain and undoubtable truth is, that the massacres through all France have so strongly stirred the hearts of those here who are well disposed towards your crown, that, although they are all Catholics, they will not listen to any excuse for it, laying the blame for everything that has been done on you."

The Duke of Anjou had just declared his candidacy for the vacant elective throne of Poland. The French ambassador in charge of the negotiation writes to the secretary of state that the news from France has sunk their ship just as they were bringing it into port. "The devil take the cause," he burst out in vexation, "which has brought about so many evils and has led a good and humane King, if there ever was one on the earth, to dip his hand in blood."

One of these men had been employed by Catherine in important missions ever since she gained the leading authority in

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the state, and the other, Valence, had been influential ever since the days of Francis I. There is overwhelming evidence that their attitude was typical of the feeling of the great mass of the French nobility, whether of the sword or of the robe. They abhorred St. Bartholomew in their hearts, and as soon as they dared they repudiated it. It is possible, of course, to find a number of French voices which praised and approved the deed. One of the Parisian clergy, for instance, has recorded in his journal his joy at seeing that those who destroyed the Cross of Gastines now could not make white crosses big enough to put into their hats as a sign that they had become good Catholics. The belated massacre at Bordeaux was brought about, in spite of the stand taken by the governor and the public prosecutor, by the preaching of a Jesuit who told the people repeatedly that the massacre at Paris had been done by the special help of an angel of the Lord. The Cardinal of Lorraine, as official spokesman for the French clergy, declared that Charles IX was like the good King Josiah of the ancient Jews, who had purged his kingdom of idolaters and brought his people back to believe in God. But these three voices from the clergy of Paris, the Jesuits, and the cardinals (the Cardinal of Bourbon excepted) came from what had been from the beginning the three strongest centres of the demand for the extermination of the Huguenots.

There was another class of public defenders of the massacre whose utterances must be discounted by one who wishes to estimate the true attitude of France. De Thou writes it was deplorable to see persons highly respected for their piety, wisdom, and integrity, holding the leading positions in the kingdom, like Morvillier, de Thou, Pibrac, and Bellièvre, praise an action which they detested in their hearts, under the false idea that the good of the state demanded that they should stand by what had been done and could not be undone. This testimony is the more remarkable because one of the men de Thou blames by name is his most intimate friend, and another his own father. Of him de Thou relates that he was accustomed in private to apply to St. Bartholomew this verse of Statius: "May the memory of the crimes of that day perish; may future generations refuse to believe them; let us certainly keep silent and let the crimes of our own nation be covered by thick darkness."

While many of the French nobility of the robe thus suppressed their own moral judgment out of weakness or statecraft, the nobility of the sword found a way to express their feeling of disgust. Very few of them had taken part in it, and when Cosseins, the colonel of the Royal Guard, who had directed under the King's orders the massacre of the Admiral and most of the other killings around the palace, joined the royal camp at La Rochelle, he was sent to Coventry almost as completely as the hired assassin, Maurevert, whom no colonel in the army would receive in his regiment. Cosseins often said to Brantôme, who afterward played tennis with him: "Cursed be the day of St. Bartholomew." This incident seems to prove better than could be done by a whole volume of citation that Brantôme, a passionate hero-worshipper of the Duke of Guise, whose murder his friends had avenged on the Admiral, expressed the opinion of the fighting Catholic nobles of France when he called St. Bartholomew "a very dirty massacre."

No Politique could support St. Bartholomew, not only because it was against their policy, but also because their leaders had been in danger of perishing with the Huguenots. On the other hand, the ultra-orthodox Catholic nobility had a perfect right to feel that this great movement had been made without their knowledge and consent. The council which advised with the King on this very grave matter contained no fair representation of the marshals of France, the princes of the blood, the ancient nobility, or the clergy. The presence of a single prince of the blood, the Duke of Montpensier, is mentioned by two reporters only, Cavriana and Corbinelli, one of whom may have gotten it from the other. The same two mention the presence of a single clergyman, Jean de Morvillier, who had resigned the bishopric of Orléans to devote himself to the labors of the royal council. According to the report of these Florentines of Catherine's household, he rose from bed to answer the summons and arrived late. Informed of what had been determined, he burst into tears. Of the

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remaining eight who were surely present, four—Catherine, the Duke of Nevers, the Count de Retz, and Birague were Italian—the three young men, the King (twenty-two), his brother, the Duke of Anjou (twenty-one), and the Duke of Guise (twenty-two), had spent the most impressionable part of their lives under the influence of Italian mothers. Marshal Tavannes was the only pure-blooded Frenchman we know certainly was present.

There was therefore a great deal of truth in the opinion which the ambassador extraordinary of Venice reported as prevalent immediately after St. Bartholomew; and surely he cannot be suspected of having any particular prejudice against Italians. He writes: "The Catholics are disgusted beyond measure as much as the Huguenots—not, as they say, at the deed itself so much as at the manner of doing it. . . . They call this way of proceeding by absolute power without legal process a tyrant's way, attributing it to the Queen-mother as an Italian, a Florentine, and of the House of Medicis, whose blood is impregnated with tyranny. For this reason she is detested to the highest degree, and, on her account, so is the whole Italian nation . . . from which may come her death. Because if she should die, and if that supreme authority she has over the King were gone, he would come into the hands of certain ministers of state of whom they are not afraid—on the contrary, freed from fear, they would hope to return entirely to liberty."

The thing that shocked the French nobles was not the cruelty of St. Bartholomew—they were used to that—but its treachery, because "in the middle of the marriage festivals of a daughter of France, those who had come to Paris on the solemn public word of the King were treated in that fashion." It was repeated everywhere that the Huguenot captain, Pilles, led out for slaughter from the house of the King, where he had come as an invited guest, cried out as the halberds pierced him: "Oh, what a peace! Oh, what a word of honor!"

This true story comes down from that time: In the province of Quercy there were two gentlemen, both very brave. One, named Vezins, lieutenant of the governor of the province, mingled with his bravery a ferocity which made him odious to many people. The other, Regnier, was of a more gentle and courteous spirit. These two gentlemen hated each other with a mortal hatred, and their neighbors had tried in vain to reconcile them. Regnier, who was a Protestant, came up to Paris for the marriage, and when the massacre began he remained in his room, with the fear of death before his eyes. Suddenly the door was broken in and Vezins entered, sword in hand, followed by two soldiers. Regnier, thinking that his end had come, kneeled upon the ground and implored the mercy of God. Vezins, in a terrible voice, bade him rise and mount a horse which was ready in the street. Regnier, obeying, left the city with his enemy, who exacted from him an oath to follow, and led him all the way to Guyenne, without saying a word the entire road. He simply ordered his attendants to take care of him and to see to it that he had everything that was necessary at the inns. At last they arrived at the Château of Regnier; then Vezins addressed him as follows: "It was in my hands, as you see, to take the chance which I have sought for a long time, but I should be ashamed to avenge myself in that way on a man as brave as you are. When we settle our quarrel I want the danger to be equal. You can be sure that you will always find me ready to settle our differences as gentlemen ought." Regnier answered him: "I have not, my dear Vezins, either resolution or force or courage against you. Henceforth I will follow you with all my heart wherever you want, ready to employ in your service the life which I owe to you and the little courage which you say I possess." After these words he fell on his neck. Vezins, keeping still in his attitude some of his usual ferocity, answered: "It's for you to choose whether you want me for your enemy or your friend." Without waiting for an answer he stuck spurs into his horse and rode off.

The once vivid feeling embalmed in this story, like a fly in amber, is that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was a piece of cowardly treachery a gentleman would not show to his bitterest enemy. It is the repudiation by French gentlemen of the act of a neurotic King, persuaded by an alien mother to kill the guests at his sister's wedding in his own house.

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Shelving Systems

BY ODELL SHEPARD
Author of "Lord Dunsany—Myth-Maker," etc.

I CAN remember a time when the arrangement of my books gave me no trouble. There was a corner, rather remote and dusty, for volumes of metaphysics; another corner, still more dusty and farther away, for certain inherited theological tomes. Near at hand under the evening lamp were my shelves of contemporary novelists, poets, and writers of essays. All this I found quite simple and convenient. Any clever person could have made a fairly accurate guess at my interests and character by observing the geographical distribution of the various "classifications" and by measuring their respective distances from my study chair.

For several years I lived at ease in this age of innocence . . . and then I got married. Things have never since been the same. Almost immediately I was brought for the first time to consider books as furniture. It was pointed out to me that some of my best bindings were hidden away in obscure corners while certain broken-backed favorites usurped their rightful places on just those shelves to which a visitor's eye would most certainly stray. The well-dressed parvenus were, therefore, advanced to places of honor and my old companions were banished into outer darkness.

Since that day my library has not had a year of peace. I have tried a dozen different schemes of classification, striving to find a compromise between my own notions of literary merit and my wife's excellent taste in bindings. None of these has really worked. A main defect in each and all has been the difficulty of remembering where æsthetics leaves off and where system begins. I realize, however, that I have had to work under peculiar disadvantages, and so I set down here a few of my unrealized ideals for the benefit of those who may have a freer hand.

It is fundamental, I suppose, that shelving systems are devised for the convenience of readers rather than to display the ingenuity of professional cataloguers. Their primary purpose is to bring the right reader and book together with the least possible loss of time. But here, as in so many other human concerns, one is confronted by the troublesome fact that there are many different sorts of readers. Any good arrangement of books, therefore, must conform to one or more of the chief lines of variation among human beings. Before one can make an intelligent choice of a principle of classification, at least for a large public library, he must ask himself what these chief lines of variation may be.

Well, among others, there is the chronological. Most of us are astray in time . . . and considering how the centuries have been stirred and beaten together to make that hasty pudding which we call modernity, it is no wonder. Think of the procrastinating Greeks and belated Elizabethans who go up and down Fifth Avenue, trying to look at home in the twentieth century but in reality about as happy as the menagerie polar bear on a torrid August day. If we could declare a universal "home week," think of the jostle and press there would be on all the raying roads of time. Much of our modern unrest is simply nostalgia, and many of our unhappiest moderns have merely got lost among the years. Only the library stands between them and utter misery. To find one's home in space, one may travel; but if one is looking for his real temporal habitat he must have books. What chance is there for him, however, while our libraries remain mere disorderly chronological heaps, ancients and moderns promiscuously piled? Things would be simpler for the home-seeker, he would feel less like an idle vagrant, if our shelves were so arranged as to constitute legible maps of time.

I once found a book-shop in which this

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principle had been followed. The long and narrow room was lighted by a large window in front and by another much smaller one at the far end, in which a potted geranium held up its transparent leaves. Midway between the two windows was a place of deep shadow. The walls were tapestried with books from top to bottom—phlegmatic folios squatting along the floor and nimble twelvemos crouched against the ceiling. Nearest the front window were the books of recent date, the age of the volumes increasing with the shadows so that as one went down the room he advanced almost literally into the Dark Ages. Contented inhabitants of the twentieth century needed to take only a step or two from the door in order to find the books that were for them, but all others were invited to explore the shadows, which would seem their native element. I saw that the real bibliophile would stride swiftly out of the glare of front-window modernity into the cool twilight of the eighteenth century, and from there I could imagine him sinking down and down through the ages . . . until he brought up against the geranium. By the assistance of such a chronological Baedeker he could go at once to his own century, even to his particular decade, without fumbling or hesitation. He could find his temporal home.

This was a beautifully simple solution of the shelving problem, but it would not accommodate all readers. You cannot divide all human beings cleanly—that is, without leaving awkward remainders—into ancient, mediæval, and modern. Another of the important lines of variation is what we may perhaps call the climatic. By this I mean that readers may be separated, roughly, into three classes: torrid, temperate, and polar. Notoriously, many of the infelicities of literary intercourse are due to mismatings, as of a polar person with a torrid book, or *vice versa*. The attempts of librarians to solve this difficulty by eliminating the torrid book altogether, or by keeping it under lock and key for their own private edification, are doomed to failure as long as there remain torrid persons in quest of their literary ilk. And this is likely to be a very long time.

I suggest, then, that our libraries might well be arranged on the plan of a mountain in the Andes or Himalayas, one of those systematic piles of climates upon which one passes swiftly from equatorial to arctic conditions. For such a vertical arrangement it might be well to house our larger libraries in skyscrapers. Then one could go up and down in an elevator in search of the shelf corresponding to his exact temperature. Once he had found this, he might be denied the use of any books outside of his degree of latitude. This method would be at least as simple and convenient as the chronological. It would solve at one stroke the whole problem of book-censorship by mere segregation. It would bring Sappho and Elinor Glyn, for example, very close together—perhaps on the same shelf.

In this last suggestion there is a hint for a totally different method of arrangement. Why should we regard only the convenience of readers and never the welfare, not to say the happiness, of the books themselves? No imaginative person who spends much time among his books can think of them as only so many masses of dead and inert matter. They become for him, rather, as time goes by, faint personifications of the men and women who wrote them. The copy of Doctor Johnson in strong brown calf, for example, that has been dozing on one's shelf these two decades, has grown year by year—or so one fancies—more ponderous-bellied, more blear-eyed, more dogmatic, and more addicted to the use of tea. One treats that book with a certain deference, as though it could resent any indignity put upon it with a right Johnsonian vigor. One places it beside Edmund Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, where it will be at ease. Well, and what prevents our showing a similar delicacy even to this Christina Rossetti in pale-blue cloth? Shall we do justice only to the strong? Is it fair to her, is it even decent, to leave her in a corner with this great hulking Rabelais?

I know a man who arranges his books solely according to size. This blundering excuse for a method has produced upon his shelves a heart-breaking state of affairs which could not have been much worse if inspired by active and intelligent malice. His set of Thoreau is lodged beside Lord

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Chesterfield. His copy of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" is wedged between two volumes of John Wesley's "Journal!" I need not harrow the reader's sympathies with further gruesome details. Suffice it that the man who owns this torture-chamber is really a kind man at heart, but a little dull. He has never imagined the talk that would—or would *not*—have gone on between Wesley and Sterne if those two eminent clergymen had been seated for their sins side by side at some London dinner-table. He has never in any moment of agonized fancy seen Lord Chesterfield stepping into the hut at Walden Pond and suffered for both parties to that strange colloquy. Perhaps, therefore, we should not blame him. Most cruelty is due to lack of imagination.

Consider also the heartless tyranny of the alphabet. A library arranged according to the initial letters of its author's names is, to any right-minded person, a chamber of horrors. Nothing in the present chaos of book-shelving methods prevents Sappho from standing beside Savonarola and Miss Elinor Glyn beside William Ewart Gladstone. What can Keats find to say to Immanuel Kant? Do Gertrude Atherton and St. Augustine represent our notion of a congenial couple? Shakespeare and Shelley, Bacon and Bagehot, are not so bad, but in general the alphabet makes strange shelf-fellows. It is, one fears, a fact that in hundreds of libraries throughout our land Felicia Hemans, that precise blue-stocking-ed lady, is lodged beside Heinrich Heine, the irreverent Jew. And when one thinks of Miss Amy Lowell standing cheek by jowl with Longfellow he feels like rushing out to found a society for the prevention of cruelty to books.

We should have a system both convenient and humane if our libraries were arranged according to the principle of consanguinity. It should be possible to place books on the shelf with the same delicate attention to obscure likenesses and hidden antipathies that a skilful hostess shows in seating her guests at table. Gathering one's literary guests from all the dark backward and abysm of time, one has them, to be sure, at his mercy, but there is a certain lack of finesse, not to say of courtesy, in setting down the pagans among the Puritans and Plato by Ezra Pound.

Many tentative groupings leap to mind as one considers the possibilities of this method. The "Lamentations of Jeremiah" should be separately bound and placed beside the Spoon River Anthology. (Or should the poems of George Crabbe go there?) Mr. Dooley should be given a chance to bring Socrates down to date. There would be solid satisfaction in placing side by side the works of Lucian, Rabelais, Cervantes, and Mark Twain—four kindred souls whom the centuries have unjustly kept apart. The suggestion is so exciting to the fancy that one can almost hear the peals of laughter that would ring from cover to cover of the group, and see the volumes rock and reel upon the shelf.

As one sits planning all this there steals over him a thrilling sense of power. The congenial spirits of the great past, he sees, have been too widely sundered from one another. Carlyle would have been a happier man with Dean Swift always just round the corner. In thinking of the talk there might have been between Horace and Max Beerbohm, between Montaigne and Charles Lamb, between Dr. Johnson and G. K. Chesterton, one begins to realize the golden opportunities that have been missed. Given such materials—the wise and witty, the pleasant and the profound of all the world—he feels that he should be able to arrange them more economically than history has done. Reason reminds him, to be sure, that nothing can be done now for those lonely ones who are far beyond the reach and need of any social mediation . . . but reason has had its turn at shelving systems and should have learned humility. There is a real delight, however fanciful, and a kindness, at least to one's self, in these corrections of the more obvious absurdities of chronology, in these shadowy introductions of natural friends who had the misfortune to live, it may be, three thousand miles or three thousand years apart.

And so, if I am ever again given free swing in a library, I shall pull literary history to pieces and build it nearer to the heart's desire, striving to raise the shelv-

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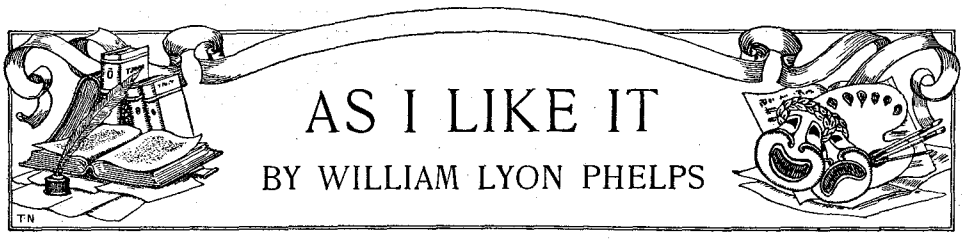
ing of books from the level of a blundering science to that of a delicate art. I shall ignore the alphabet, telescope the centuries, and juggle the meridians. The result will look like chaos come again to most observers, but to me at least it will be beautifully intelligible, a map of my mental travels, my contribution to criticism and learning. I shall try to bring together at last those who were born to be friends but who could never meet. By the arrangement of that library I shall do all I can to atone for the more flagrant injustices of time.



AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

BECAUSE I am enthusiastic about good things, and make no attempt to conceal it, I am frequently accused, much to my amusement, of saluting every new book with indiscriminate praise. There could hardly be a more inaccurate indictment. The majority of recent novels, some of which are seriously recommended by respectable reviewers, are in my own mind fairly divisible into two classes—sawdust and poison. It is bad enough to have to inhale these during the brief time they afflict us; why call public attention to them? I have no wish to advertise rubbish by attacking it.

By this restraint I know that I deprive many readers of real pleasure. For unless you are a family relation of the victim, you heartily enjoy the resounding thwack of the bludgeon—the slapstick in reviews is as popular as the same implement in the motion-pictures. It is downright funny to see somebody else hit, and the harder the blow the funnier it is. But I am not sure that by catering to this instinct, one performs any valuable service to the art of criticism, or helps to elevate public taste.

And I dislike controversy because it usually leads nowhither. If a wordy quarrel about religion or politics or literature becomes violent, those who listen are generally more interested in the combative skill of the antagonists than in the question discussed—the appeal fundamentally is not to the love of truth, but to the sporting instinct. Being both a lover of sport and a man of peace, I enjoy the violence of strife in games, and the calm of study and contemplation. I do not like to see one usurp the other's place.

Nor is it the best province of criticism to analyze morbidity. Some of our modern novels might better be examined by alienists than by literary critics—some of their readers too. Those who enjoy slime will wallow in it, whether they pretend to be artists or moralists, or profound "students of life." It may be the element itself or the shock of it that pleases these gentry. At all events, they are welcome to it. You pay a book a compliment when you say that it is worth criticising; and the finest criticism, when based on knowledge, springs from admiration and sympathy. I wish that all those who believe that criticism means fault-finding would read a few pages of Mr. Spingarn's excellent arrangement in English of Goethe's Literary Essays. Goethe seemed to think that the truest criticism came out of enthusiasm.

Any reader of a book-review has a right to know whether the book is worth buying and why.

The best target for adverse comment is an author whose reputation is higher than the merit of his work. He may be an admirable citizen, hold political views pleasing to the critic, may even be a public benefactor; but if he be commonly called a great writer when he is at his highest only a literary expert, then a candid examination of his productions may be worth while. Standards should be maintained. From this point of view, attacks on

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Cowley, Pope, Warburton, and Southey were justifiable. Pope was undoubtedly a man of genius and a great satirist; but Joseph Warton was right in pointing out his limitations as an imaginative poet. He made his readers ask themselves what the word poetry meant. Some one ought to examine in similar fashion the works of the present poet laureate of England. Practically all British critics speak of him with awe, as though he were somehow sacrosanct. He is an excellent man, a fine scholar, and an ingenious prosodist; but an inspired poet, whose poetry transports us? Not only is he outside the company of the immortals, he is inferior to Masefield, Hodgson, De La Mare, and Yeats... In the London *Mercury* for July, there is an appreciative article on the late Sir Walter Raleigh, Professor of English Literature at Oxford. In the last paragraph he is called "this very great man." He was unquestionably an admirable critic and a charming personality; but a very great man? If so, two hundred years from now he will be *the* Walter Raleigh. In the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* for June 22, D. H. Lawrence is described as "greater than Strindberg—greater in imagination, in perception, in power of thought, and in sensitiveness." It would seem to be almost as easy to become a great man in England nowadays as it was to be "one of the most remarkable men in America" when Dickens visited us.

It will depend somewhat on the quality of a man's temperament, whether he prefers to puncture swollen reputations or to increase the circulation of books that deserve it. Works of genius will eventually find their rightful place; but there are many excellent productions that ought to be more widely known. During the last twenty-five years there have appeared a dozen novels that for some reason had no sale commensurate with their merit. As I am always filling prescriptions for eager book-lovers, I am now going to recommend some of these stories. They may be out of print; I hope not; but if they cannot be obtained at bookshops—the last place many look for any book—it is probable that the public libraries have them, and I suspect they are right now on the shelves and in better condition than they ought to be.

"Pierre Vinton: The Adventures of a Superfluous Husband" was published in 1914, when everybody was thinking about the war. The author, Edward C. Venable, had recently been graduated from Princeton, and to me was unknown. I read the book with exceeding great joy, and liked it even better the second time. It is an original story, and the conversations therein can truly be called brilliant. It is almost as good as W. J. Locke used to be, the wonderful Locke of "The Beloved Vagabond," "Septimus," and "Simon." I wrote the publishers for information; they were so certain of the manuscript, that they had spent a considerable sum in preliminary advertising, and were both saddened and perplexed by the small sale. It is not too late to read "Pierre Vinton."

The death of Herman Knickerbocker Vielé was a loss to American literature. He was a versatile man. An engineer by profession, he was a student of the arts, had lived in France, and seemed to have by nature a fineness of touch that lent distinction to everything he undertook. His novel of New York life, "The Last of the Knickerbockers," displayed so much wit, humor, and charm, and such a keen eye for detail, that it seems incredible it should not be better known. Equally good is his brief novel of a love adventure in France, called "The Inn of the Silver Moon." When you meet any one who has read it, the conversation brightens. Another of his tales, "Myra of the Pines," shows the author's unmistakable talent. I have no hesitation in recommending all three.

Mary Patricia Willcocks is an English woman living in Devonshire, who learned some things about human nature by teaching school. Her novel, "The Wingless Victory," which appeared in 1907, impressed me so deeply that I asked the veteran publisher, John Lane, what he thought of it. He said it was the best manuscript that had ever been submitted to him. She followed this with a story equally well done, "A Man of Genius." Both books are packed with cerebration; there are frequently passages, where, no matter how much you wish to turn the page, you are simply forced to stop and think, her reflections are so full of challenge. She became an ardent feminist, a

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radical, and a pamphleteer. I have no quarrel with any one who finds it necessary to uphold strong convictions in public, but I think her zeal is not favorable to her art. Her early novels are better than her later ones.

All Americans, and some Englishmen, are familiar with Alfred Ollivant's masterpiece, "Bob, Son of Battle," the best dog story I ever read. Although written by an Englishman and for Englishmen, it attracted little attention in the land of its birth, while selling by the hundred thousand in America. I have never met an American book-lover who had not read it, but the average Briton looks blank when you mention it, even if you remember to call it by its English title, "Owd Bob." Mr. Ollivant has written many books since 1898, but the one that comes the nearest to "Bob" is not nearly so well known here as it deserves to be. This is "Boy Woodburn," the story of a race-horse. Is it possible that John Masefield took a hint from this for "Right Royal"? He follows Mr. Ollivant in printing a map of the course. Alfred Ollivant is certainly more interested in men and women than in animals, and, unlike some novelists, knows the distinction; but his best two books are canine and equine.

Many novels have been written in our country to illustrate the process of Americanization, but the best one I have seen is "Our Natupski Neighbors," by Edith Miniter, published in 1916. This is the real thing, and came from direct observation. Mrs. Miniter is a New England journalist, and for a time was the only woman city editor of a daily paper in New England. The history of this Polish family ought to be read by every American. When I say that I regard it as superior even to "My Antonia," you will see how much I admire it.

The thousands who share my pleasure in "Shavings" ought to read "Fondie," by Edward C. Booth. I know nothing about Mr. Booth, except that he is a British novelist; I have seldom met any one who ever heard of him. One difference between "Shavings" and "Fondie" is the difference between comedy and tragedy. The Cape Cod story is amusing, entertaining, charming; the other is so painful that perhaps only a minority can truly enjoy its extraordinary beauty. The hero in both is very much the same kind of man—aggressively harmless. The British story is written with such dignity, such restraint, such purity of style, and such uncompromising devotion to art, that it should not be allowed to pass into the limbo of forgotten books.

"Greylake of Mallerby" is another English novel that has apparently made no impression whatever on any one except me and those whom I have persuaded to read it. The author is W. L. Cribb, who lives in Louth, in Lincolnshire, and I can discover nothing else that he has written. This is the tale of a town by the sea, where every person is so sharply delineated that when you come to the last page, you feel that you have been living for years in the village and know the people intimately. A vein of irony that never reaches burlesque illuminates the whole book, and gives an agreeable tang to the style. Those who read only "snappy" stories will not care for this one.

Harold Begbie, who likes to publish anonymously, produced a novel in 1914 called in England "Tributaries," and in America, "The House of Deceit." It is a story of degeneration. I wrote to the publishers for information about the author, and was informed that he preferred to withhold his name. He did not reveal it until August, 1917, when apparently every one had forgotten the existence of the book. It is, however, as well worth reading as his subsequent anonymous publications, which have had a sensational success.

I can see why some of the above-mentioned novels failed to score; but I am puzzled by the continued neglect of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," by Charles D. Stewart. The publishers were so enthusiastic over this manuscript that they issued in 1905 a preliminary edition, in special binding, which was sent out to a few critics. It is my belief that all who read it shared the opinion of the publishers, a most unusual state of affairs; but unfortunately it never had a wide sale, and one hears it only occasionally mentioned. Mr. Stewart was born in Ohio, and has spent most of his life in Wisconsin. He is a creative artist and an independent scholar. His little book, "Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare," threw light on many dark passages, and he has the

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honor of being the first to explain lines that have eluded the diligence, scholarship, and insight of professional investigators for three hundred years. It is precisely the kind of book that one would never have expected from our novelist. I am certain of the excellence of "The Fugitive Blacksmith." It is an original novel of American life, filled with adventure, humor, and poignant tragedy. I shall remember the man under the cow so long as I live. Two years later Mr. Stewart published "Partners of Providence," a story of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, which is fully as good as "The Fugitive Blacksmith," so good indeed as to make its author the only legitimate successor to Mark Twain. It is a book successful every way except commercially.

I should like especially to recommend three Russian novels by Serge Aksakoff. Although they were written about seventy-five years ago, they did not appear in a complete translation until 1917. They are autobiographical, and give vivid pictures of farm, school, and college life at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. The first, "A Russian Gentleman," is unique in autobiography, since it ends with the day of the author's birth; as a matter of fact, it is chiefly about his grandfather, and he obtained most of the facts from his mother's lips. It is a magnificent portrait of a *Man*, and the country customs are described with extraordinary charm. The second, "Years of Childhood," was written when the author had become almost totally blind, and was confined to his room with an incurable and painful illness, which he never mentions, and which his calm style never betrays; the third, "A Russian Schoolboy," written before the second, but dealing with a later period, gives the history of his life at school and at the University of Kazan. The accomplished translator, J. D. Duff, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, gives some interesting details of the author in his three prefaces, quoting from a letter written by Aksakoff in 1856, after the first part of this narrative had appeared: "The success of my life has surprised me. You know that my vanity was never excessive, and it remains what it was, in spite of all the praise, sometimes extravagant to folly, which has reached me in print or in letters or by word of mouth. . . . To the end of a long life I have preserved warmth and liveliness of imagination; and that is why talents that are not extraordinary have produced an extraordinary effect." The case of Aksakoff is somewhat similar to that of De Morgan; he had scarcely any reputation until he published this family history at the age of sixty-five, and immediately became famous. I suppose one reason why these three books, classics in Russia, have never before been translated, is because they are free from abnormality and sensationalism. But they are just as captivating as Jane Austen; and I wish this passing tribute might send its readers to the books themselves.

This year a miracle happened in Great Britain. Barrie made a speech, and before its echoes had died, he made another, lest you should think he never could recapture the first rapture; which was fine, but not careless. Barrie is the genius of the unexpected; but no sentence from his pen ever surprised me so much as the news of his appearance on the platform. Public speaking, Bernard Shaw's favorite recreation, has been so abhorrent to Barrie's temperament that I should have been willing to guess anything rather than the rôle of orator. Wild horses could not have dragged him to the rostrum, for wild horses cannot drag anything. (The proverb is poor; it is only after they have been broken and tamed that horses drag efficiently.) It was college loyalty that induced Barrie to make what must have been for him the supreme sacrifice. On May 3 he delivered the rectorial address at St. Andrews University, on the theme "Courage"; his speech, as reported all over the world in the newspapers, made such an impression that the publishers have now wisely issued it in the permanent form of a tiny book. We all love to preach, we all love to give advice; I have never known a single exception to the rule. Even our rebels of to-day believe in preaching, so long as you do not preach morality. Perhaps no preachers are so dogmatically humorless as they. Barrie gave a baccalaureate sermon to young men, founded on the deep wisdom of human experience. He eschewed paradoxes, and confined himself to the things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of

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good report; for if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, we must think on these things. His citation from the letter of Captain Scott in the Antarctic thrilled his audience; it is impossible to read it without realizing the sublime courage of the man. Scott and his companions were awaiting death, as slow and painful as it was certain; he wrote: "It would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and our cheery conversation. . . . We did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally without." The quality of reverence innate in every one of Barrie's books appears explicitly in this sentence from the address: after quoting Henley's

"My head is bloody but unbowed,"

he says, "a fine mouthful, but perhaps 'My head is bloody and bowed' is better." Barrie himself has illustrated the quality of courage. He went to London, penniless and unknown, and conquered the city.

We know that his words on this occasion would survive; but those closest to him must have wondered if he would survive the occasion. After feeling of himself all over, and discovering to his amazement that he was perfectly sound, he exemplified anew the courage he had recommended, and this time made not only a speech, but an after-dinner speech. Now I am entirely of the opinion expressed by Heywood Broun in his delightful "Pieces of Hate" concerning the general run of after-dinner oratory. I regret that this institution survived the war. It will, I am afraid, survive everything except the treatment recommended by Mr. Broun. It has survived the second act of "To the Ladies," and having survived that burlesque, is assuredly ridicule-proof. Most speakers hate it, most audiences hate it; it has no real friends, and yet it goes on its devastating course. I remember having to speak at a public dinner in Chicago; I found my place at that pillory of torment, the speaker's table, and there, seeing a magnificent man in evening dress, I gave him my name and grasped his hand with what cordiality I could command. He replied: "I'm the head waiter, sir." "Shake hands again, old man," I cried; "you don't know how I envy you!"

In after-dinner speaking we put the cart before the horse, or rather before the horse's humble cousin. Instead of having a long, stupefying dinner, followed by long, stupefying speeches, how much better it would be, if we really wished to hear the senator, or the ambassador, or the captain of industry, if we could meet and hear him; and, at the conclusion of the oratory, sit down together and enjoy a good dinner. Then during the language, we should all be looking forward to something agreeable, which is the essence of happiness. Furthermore, the speaker would not dare to talk indefinitely. I remember being obliged on one occasion to preside at a "business man's banquet"; there were five speakers; the third spoke two hours and thirty minutes. I was sorry for the fourth and fifth, but still more sorry for myself, for my post of honor made escape impossible.

Since we have horseless carriages, and smokeless powder, and fireless ovens, and wireless telegraphy, and are exhorted to eatless meat, why may we not have speechless dinners? Friends do not have to talk. Intimacy annihilates formality. Carlyle and Tennyson once spent three hours together, and neither opened his mouth except to expel the friendly tobacco smoke. At the conclusion of the evening, one said, "This has been a most delightful time," and the other replied, "I never enjoyed your company so much."

Well, if we must have after-dinner speeches, I wish they could all be as good as Barrie's. It is oratory, not conversation, that is offensive. There are those whose table-talk sounds like a stump speech; and there are those whose stump speeches sound like intimate conversation. I know perfectly well which I prefer. Barrie's after-dinner speech was intimate, confidential, confessional; it sounds as if it must have had that best of all accompaniments, an open fire and a brier pipe. He had announced at St. Andrews that he was then making his first and last appearance; but in speaking, it is the first fifty minutes that are the hardest. How easy it is to sin after one has once fallen! In the very same month of May he was, very much like a martyr at the stake, the "guest of honor" at a dinner in the Savoy, given by the dramatic critics; the simile

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holds admirably, for many among those present had roasted him. His humor and honesty disarmed his adversaries. The speech has been printed in the newspapers, and I hope it will be preserved in another booklet. I counsel those who do not like Barrie—and many there be who are offended in him—to read his talk to the critics. He gave his reasons for never having replied to hostile criticism—the best of all rules for writers of books. For the most effective reply should be found in the next book.

Barrie's talk abounds in Shandisms, in the humor that cannot be imitated, for it is a part of his personality. He is tired of being called whimsical, and said so; nor does he enjoy the adjective fantastic. In speaking of the chairman's introduction, he said, "I felt he could not be so shabby as to say whimsical, and that he might forget to say elusive. If you knew how dejected those terms have often made me." Then they must have laughed, for he went on, "I am quite serious. I never believed I was any of those things until you dinned them into me. Few have tried harder to be simple and direct. I have also always thought that I was rather realistic." This illustrates the impossibility that even a writer of genius finds in producing exactly the impression on the public that was in his own mind. With what strange feelings he must read even favorable reviews, and how wide of the mark the best critics must seem to him!

And yet in this speech he displays the qualities that have given his works their unique position. "You may sometimes wonder why I write so much about islands, and indeed I have noticed a certain restiveness in some of you on the subject. There are more islands in my plays than any of you are aware of. I have the cunning to call them by other names. There is one thing I am really good at, and that is at slipping in an island."

He gave himself a new name. "None of your adjectives gets to the mark as much as one I have found for myself—'Inoffensive Barrie.' I see how much it at once strikes you all. A bitter pill; but it looks as if on one subject I were the best critic in the room." Well, no one would think of applying the word to Shaw.

Finally, as showing what bewildering statements creative artists will make when they indulge themselves in literary criticism, Barrie declared that the best play written in his time was—and how sharp must have been the general attention—Pinero's "Iris." I do not know which of two men shouted the loudest hallelujah when they read that statement; Sir Arthur Pinero or Clayton Hamilton. Barrie's remark must have driven hundreds to rereading "Iris." I advise all to read the play in Mr. Hamilton's valuable edition of "The Social Plays of Pinero," where the text and its history are accompanied with sympathetic comment. I wish our leading modern dramatists might be similarly presented to the public.

"Iris" is undoubtedly a stirring play. In Springfield, Massachusetts, a serious attempt was made to suppress its performance, which seems odd just now. Every well-informed American who rereads it must observe certain striking resemblances — perhaps accidental — between that drama and Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way." The divergences are as interesting as the similarities, and in a way indicate the difference between the British and the American manner.

When will Barrie resume the publication of his plays? Seven volumes have appeared, which I advise every one to buy. They were coming along regularly at decent intervals, when, about two years ago, the pause became a silence. He caught writer's cramp, or something, and had to learn to write with his left hand. Even his handwriting is paradoxical, for his right-hand penmanship was so illegible as to be positively sinister, whereas now his sinister penmanship is truly dexterous. We must have his complete plays in print. They belong to literature; and stage-plays are the twentieth century's most notable contribution to English letters. His directions are as good as the dialogue. I am hungry to read "The Legend of Leonora," to see if it will confirm my theory, and "Dear Brutus" for the same reason; and I must have in my hands and before my eyes that masterpiece, "Mary Rose," to discover more accurately the spiritual geography of the island.

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IN a recent issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE there appeared an article* upon the growing power of the alumni in shaping the policies of American universities. The article was written by one who apparently thought this to be a good thing. He was the general secretary of an alumni organization, the concrete expression of the sad fact that unless you keep prodding the alumni they forget. It is so easy to forget, especially since prohibition, for there was real truth in a remark I once overheard at an alumni dinner: "It takes about two drinks to make a man feel like an alumnus."

Another View of Alumni Control

The writer of the article has some conception of the danger of excessive alumni participation in university affairs, but it is the general attitude he reveals that calls for protest from an unorganized alumnus. Take only one instance: he is speaking of the list of the addresses of the graduates, which is kept by the alumni office. "It arrives," he remarks, "almost invariably at a certain place where, owing to the expense, the institution finds it desirable and necessary to assume this important work." When it begins to cost too much, dump it on the university! And the university may add the sum to its deficit. It is an open secret that in many of the "alumni drives" for endowment the university has had to "scrap" the organization of the alumni office and proceed on its own behalf in order to have matters properly conducted. But the same office will probably spend a good deal of money in support of a magazine in which appear editorials that reflect incorrect opinions concerning university policy. Such attacks usually centre on the boards of trustees, and a teacher in an Eastern university recently called to my attention a new service they had rendered. He explained that the criticism had been so ill founded that the members of the university faculty had actually rushed to the defense of the trustees, an occurrence probably unknown previously in the history of American education!

College students have been frequently subjected to classification, but the only significant one divides them into those who take their pipes out of their mouths when they speak to members of the faculty and those who do not. Alumni can be classified into just two groups: those who support the university and those who do not. "Support" has several meanings. It does not mean hurrahing at athletic meets or wearing hatbands once a year at reunions. It does not mean interfering, with snap judgment, in the management of university affairs which are usually being conducted by trained men who are on the job every day and all day (and night), and who will be the first to suffer if they make mistakes. Every courageous university officer knows that if he performs the necessary weekly or monthly housecleaning in athletics, he will be the subject for alumni attacks in the newspapers which are hospitable to alumni interviews apparently in direct ratio to their absurdity. It is this quality of *irresponsibility* that makes alumni *control* so impossible. An alumnus by one blast in a newspaper can upset or impede a constructive programme that university officers have labored upon for years, and then he can go blithely upon his business.

I saw recently a letter from an alumnus of my own college to the president. The writer stated that he had gone through college on a scholarship; that he had now reached a point when he could repay that debt, and he enclosed a check for one year's tuition, promising to send a similar amount periodically till he had paid all he owed in actual cash. He added: "I cannot pay what I owe the university, for I owe her everything." I met him some time afterward when a matter of university policy was being violently debated and asked him his opinion. "Oh," he said, "I should like so and so, but I'm for whatever the men on the ground want. They know what they're about." Do not his attitude and his actions sum up the whole function of an alumnus?

The university is the only American institution which tolerates the suggestion that valuable advice can be given as to its con-

* See "A New Power in University Affairs," by Wilfred Shaw, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1922.

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duct by those who have been out of touch with its workings for twenty years, and in many cases spent their time while within its walls in avoiding those workings, subjectively and objectively. Let them as individuals send in all the suggestions they wish; if they cannot send money, let them send encouragement to the men whose labors are making the degree they bear more and more of an asset every year. Let them remember that the university is judged publicly by the achievement and the character of the men it turns out, quite as much as by the publications or discoveries of its faculties. Of course a graduate will keep up his class organization for his own pleasure, for it gives him back for a few moments the precious sense of youth. As an individual he is usually charming, and his old teachers like to meet him and flatter themselves that they have done something for him. But when he becomes "an organized and aggressive element of our system of higher education," he becomes a nuisance. When he discusses a change of curriculum, or methods of teaching, he is delightful in his naïveté; when he attempts to introduce efficiency methods from the modern business into university organization, he simply proves again how inefficient the average business is when compared to the average college; and when he turns his hand to athletics, he is too often a sinister influence.

Have I been too harsh? I am an alumnus myself. I know that my college gave me something imperishable, and because of her influence the world can never be the same place to me that it was before I entered her doors. But that fact gives me no *rights* over her whatever; it places upon me only a deep obligation. Heaven forbid that I should ever become part of "an organized and aggressive element" to try to determine her conduct. That conduct I am perfectly willing to leave to the men who taught me and who will teach my sons.

Certain Vengeances upon Unction

UPON that overripe quality of complacency which we call unction the wild and living intelligence of man seems fond of venting a peculiar fury; for as nothing is quite so artificial as unction, nothing is more naturally opposed to it than the honest mind. And the vengeance of Candor upon Cant has indeed some diverting aspects.

Some of our ancestors were, I fear, unctuous; for certain of them did not seem to realize that to be companioned by conscience is not so much the one holy privilege as it is one of the solemn inconveniences of life. Puritanism, sitting bolt upright on a hard church-pew, looking toward the future with lamentable eyes, perished in the odor of unction. While it lived, vengeance upon it took shape in that exquisite urbanity, that delicious whimsicality which is the best proof that a human being is poignantly aware of the follies of a mad world and of the mysteries of an unsearchable life. Of course one must needs take his conscience seriously; nevertheless, this idea of living in order to save one's soul is surely losing ground. One must obey conscience, for it appears that by so doing one is insuring happiness. But this fabulous cringing, this awesome pomp of being good, insures one's being ignominious; it does, at least, if there is any candor among one's acquaintances.

Well do I remember the happy vengeance taken upon a certain sort of petty religious unction. A sententious elder in a village church, assuming that superficial omniscience which provincial authorities so readily take to themselves, was praising a new applicant for the vacant pulpit. He was speaking to a woman of considerable poise.

"We must have this young man," his champion was saying. "He pleases me. He seems a good talker and a good dresser. I like him. He seems a young man of great promise; and I'm a judge of young men."

"Indeed?" came the quiet rejoinder. "And what do you think he promises?"

Sometimes, as a class, practical people are unctuous; and perhaps their plight is due to the fact that their objective view of life leads them into those absurdities to which the literal mind is dismally liable. The practical mind feels that it has taken the stature of the universe; everything is measured, blue-printed, positively plotted and determined. It knows much about the outward aspects of things; oil-cans, monkey-wrenches, a business chance—these things it can see with rare distinctness of vision. But it sees little of life. It cannot, therefore, absorb the shock of a mortal surprise. Not realizing that human existence may be the most illogical thing imaginable, practical people persist in living by rote, by logic; and they are so fatuous as to expect logical things from life. I think the ancient quaint petition in the Prayer-Book must

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have been made for these unctuous folk: "Let them not be afraid of any amazement." But the prayer is probably vain; for the intensely practical are doomed by unction to many amazements; such, indeed, is the vengeance meted to them for the sin of imagining that they understand life.

For social unction the healthy soul has a haughty eye, and for every stolid compliment it has an imperishable rejoinder: perhaps a quiet smile; perhaps a simple and natural word; perhaps a withering silence.

Social unction, I take it, reached the epidemic stage in the Victorian Age. Browning escaped it; Thackeray mocked it; Carlyle howled dismally at it; George Eliot scornfully evaded its imposture; Tennyson became infected by it. Perhaps the only reason why strong men do not readily care for *The Idylls* is because a certain mellow unction, of the flavor of a pawpaw, pervades these great poems.

Of ministers of vengeance upon unction there are many. If all people had a live sense of humor, there could be no canting unction, no unctuous cant. Humor is a powerful minister; Poverty is another; Intelligence is a third; Travel is a fourth; Independence is a fifth. . . . And, of the really devastating sort there is always Mona Lisa.

Loco: A Study in Demonstrative Affection

AFFECTIONATE friends and relatives are not at all uncommon, but demonstrative friends and relatives are, alas! few, few and far between. The average American, and particularly the average American man, feels that to show his affection is an insult to your intelligence; you are clever enough to see that he is fond of you without his everlastingly telling you so. He has also a rooted conviction that affection which is visible to the naked eye is necessarily insincere. Now there is a certain pleasure in being the recipient of a strong, silent devotion, just as there is a certain pleasure in keeping a secret; but it is much more fun to tell a secret than to keep it. The housewife soon learns to interpret as a subtle compliment the fact that her most delicious dinner goes unpraised while tough steak or underdone potatoes never fail to call forth comment. She learns the interpretative art at first in self-defense, later she glories in it, but, given the chance, she would forget it swiftly and joyously.

For certain lessons we are sent to the ant; why not for certain others go to the dog? Surely he is well-fitted to point a moral and adorn a tale. I know a dog who demonstrates beautifully the value of demonstrative affection. His name is Loco, and it is perfectly appropriate because, except in that one matter of demonstration, he is quite unbalanced. We all revile him constantly, we threaten daily to sell or shoot him, but we never really mean it. And why? Simply because he loves us, and demonstrates his love in a fashion so obvious, open, and unashamed that we fall weak victims to his flattery. I am the chief beneficiary, and sufferer from Loco's devotion, for I happen to be his owner.

Strangers always admire Loco. He is a handsome black cocker and his manners are affable. Instead of barking, he runs up and places his forepaws on your knees in a friendly and caressing manner. If the stranger happens to be wearing a dark skirt she does not notice immediately that the paws are muddy, but toward members of the family Loco's fervor is such that the mark of his embrace is evident under any circumstances. His paws are always muddy because he has a most uncanine passion for baths. The big tin pan under the garden faucet is his favorite resting-place, and more than once I have ejected him violently from the bathroom just as he was in the act of crawling into my tub. He always manages, however, to convey to me that his motive in crawling was not just a desire for cleanliness but an ardent eagerness for my society.

That is another inconvenient form his affection takes; he cannot bear to leave me alone. He will dash over the whole house in search of me; then, for he has no concentration, dash off in pursuit of something which has just occurred to him; dash back to see that I am safe; off again; and so on *ad infinitum*.

Living with Loco is a thoroughly exhausting business, but avoiding him while we both occupy the same house is more exhausting still. And after all it is a pleasure to have any one so eternally eager to be with you; it is a pleasure to have affection expressed so plainly that it is not only visible but impossible to overlook. Demonstrative affection begets demonstrative affection, and we lavish on Loco attentions which he does not in the least deserve. Perhaps you think it is not a moral that Loco points but an immoral? I am not so sure.

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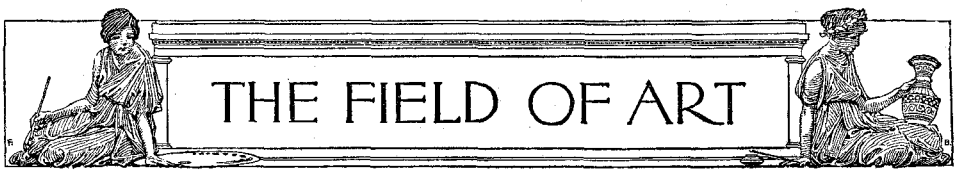

Public, Artist, and Critic

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS
Director of Fine Arts Carnegie Institute

IT is time that the public ceased to look upon art as a species of cloud off on the horizon. They did not use to do so. Years ago it was as much a part of life as a collar or a tie. But during the last century the world has grown to regard art as a thing apart; as a superimposed, high-brow form of entertainment, taken, in the words of the poet, "skin, bones, and hymn book, too," from other nations, or groups of artists, or bands of "ism" hunters.

Therefore, the art-lovers in the United States should come speedily to realize that, if they desire our art to retain that high position which the havoc played by the war in Europe has given it, they must bend every effort to make this art the finest expression of our nation's ideals, a composite photograph of the feelings of the individuals who form that nation, and who, though often unconsciously, in the main unite in a genuine search for something which can only be expressed in visual beauty.

To this end three conditions are necessary. The first condition is that the nation say what it wants expressed and say it loud and clear. The second condition is that our artists mingle intimately with our people in order thoroughly to comprehend, to sympathize with, and to express this national demand. The third condition is that the critics who are striving to spread the cause of art in the United States redouble their efforts to bring the artists and their public into close and sympathetic understanding.

For the first condition the public should lose no time in learning the danger of tip-toeing after art critics, of being afraid of their own feelings. Educated men or women these days never hesitate to remark on a play, or a novel, or a piece of music, and the frankness of their attitude inevitably leads to a healthy development in the long run. But put these same men or women in front of a picture which is open to discussion, such as Orpen's "Sowing the Seed of the Irish Free State," or Bellows' "Eleanor, Jean, and Anna," for example (both of which were hung last spring in our Annual International Exhibition at Pittsburgh), and, bound by the tradition that it is a social blunder for any one of them to express an opinion about a painting which has not been indorsed by the elect, they become speechless, lacking in the confidence to express their own ideas, floundering in a sea of mental bewilderment until some critic throws them a life-line.

Another obstacle which prevents the public from expressing an open opinion toward art is caused by a widespread miscomprehension on their part. They have a notion that the appreciation of art is analytical, not emotional. They have been taught to believe that a picture is good because it conforms to a set of rules. They hear, for example, from certain art preachers that nature is the true source of art, that the painter's great purpose in life is to set before us nature, seen perhaps in auspicious circumstances and filtered through the genius of the artist's eye and brain. Winslow Homer would be a good example of this school.

About the time the public has this digested, another clique draws their attention to the fact that art should be based on allegory. There are many painters of this faith in England to-day; take Robert Anning Bell as a random example. The peculiar thing about this group is that they would be shocked if some one said frankly: "Oh, then for you art is only illustration, as with Abbey." Because just at present the word "illustration" is frowned upon in art and they forget that allegory is but illustration and that even their pet Pre-Raphaelites did little but illustrate—illustrate Biblical tales.

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"June," by T. W. Dewing.

Reproduced through courtesy of the Milch Galleries, New York.

Then there comes a third aggregation who preach "art for art's sake," a discourse made up with references to the works of a painter like Dewing, though it must be admitted that Dewing himself is too whole-souled and honest a craftsman to be party to any such superrefined argument. Art in this division is devoted solely to the setting forth of abstract beauty; though how beauty can be abstract in paint is hard to decide.

It is small wonder that the poor, bewildered public, after watching these blind men quarrelling over their elephant, calling it everything from a tree to a wall or a rope, just climb into their "flivver" and motor down to the "movies."

For if the public really did view pictures in the manner so outlined they would be partaking of the only form of delight in which the onlooker is required to be amused by asking why the amusement is amusing. This does not obtain in literature. No one inquires how Hutchinson put "If Winter Comes" together. This does not obtain in music. Very few know how Beethoven constructed the Seventh Symphony. This does not obtain in the theatre. We are startlingly ignorant of the technique of what made "What Every Woman Knows" one of the finest of modern comedies.

The public, therefore, should know—and the sooner the better—that, as in the case of the other arts, they should not devote themselves to explaining the painter's outlook, but to enjoying their own. There is not the least need of their concerning themselves about how the artist gets his art, a lot of technique which is none of their business, but only with art itself. Tone, values, warm and cool colors, perspective, these are all vital to the artist but of as casual interest to the public as the insides of a locomotive. All the public has to understand is that the pleasure to be derived from art comes only from a pure delight in beauty, which they can get through their gills as they swim around in it and which is not something they are to acquire by swallowing the hook, line, and sinker of critical culture in order that they may be dragged gasping into an art gallery.

The public should be taught to approach a picture as might a Navajo Indian working a ouija-board; to bring to a painting a taste as uncramped by technical considerations as that of the red man when his friend makes him a new rug, and a mind as open and unstained by prejudice as when calling the spirits on a winter's night. They should come to regard it as the most natural thing in the world for them to take the feeling they wish expressed to the artist whom they feel can best express it. They should cast off any weak-kneed fear of ridicule and the clatter

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of many tongues; for if they refuse to have the courage of their own convictions they cannot expect their artists, who, after all, are only holding the mirror up to nature, to reflect any convictions for them. They should not be afraid to be genuine in their likes and dislikes.

"Sowing the Seed of the Irish Free State," by Sir William Orpen.
In the Twenty-first International Exhibition, Carnegie Institute, 1922.

I do not mean that our high-school undergraduates should be placed in a position of trying to force Sargent to design paintings of father and mother "listening in" on the radio, or that the pictures to be admitted to the National Academy, or the Salon des Independents, for that matter, be chosen by popular vote. But I do mean that the public should be left free and encouraged to develop their natural, normal urge, and to demand that their painters and sculptors take that urge and elevate it to a fine art, record it for them in permanent forms and colors.

This is the condition that obtained through the past great ages in art. When the people of Rheims had a tremendous religious passion they sought the expression of this desire so forcefully that their artists moulded it into the form of one of the most beautiful cathedrals in existence. When the inhabitants of Florence demanded the expression of the Madonna in its highest form

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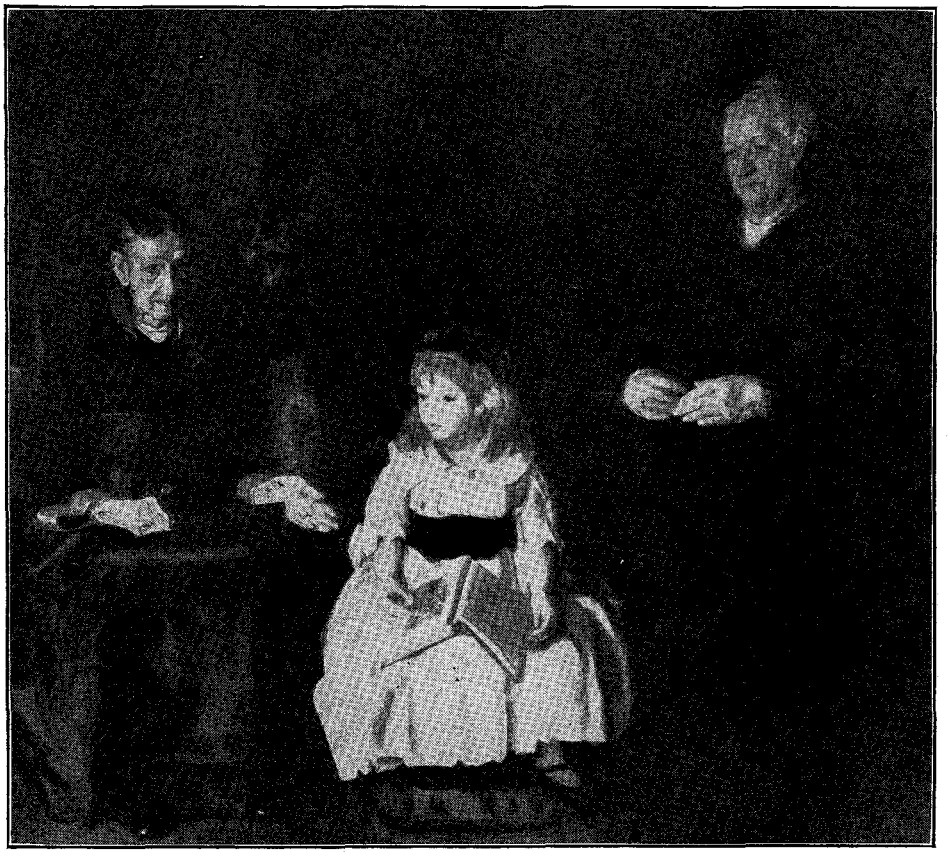
an artist like Raphael put that demand onto canvas and made it the finest art the world has known.

So, by the same token, if the people of the United States have different and utilitarian architectural desires for twenty-story buildings and railroad stations, our artists must

lustration our artists must betray no hesitancy at "going in for" illustration and making illustration into a fine art just as did Pyle and Abbey.

All of which brings me to my second point, that our artists must accept this call on the part of the public, must learn to be



"Eleanor, Jean, and Anna," by George W. Bellows.
Awarded medal of the first class, Twenty-first International Exhibition, Carnegie Institute, 1922.

make those twenty-story buildings art, must make those railroad stations art, as did Charles F. McKim in New York and Daniel Burnham in Washington. If our people feel the grandeur of our sea life, or our Maine coast, more of our artists like Winslow Homer must develop that feeling on canvas. If our people love to dwell on the beauty of New England villages with their elm-bordered streets and white colonial churches in the moonlight, others of our painters must make that art, as Metcalf has done in his "Benediction." If our people demand intimate with them and to express their wishes.

Our artists would be genuinely glad to do this, but they are suffering from two handicaps, the sins of their forebears and shyness.

The sins of their forebears are the sins of their immediate forebears, not their ancient ones. In the days of the Italian Renaissance when, say, Lorenzo de Medici, who after all was but the rallying point for the public desire for art in his country, decided to have a work of art created he called in the artist he liked best and laid down the law

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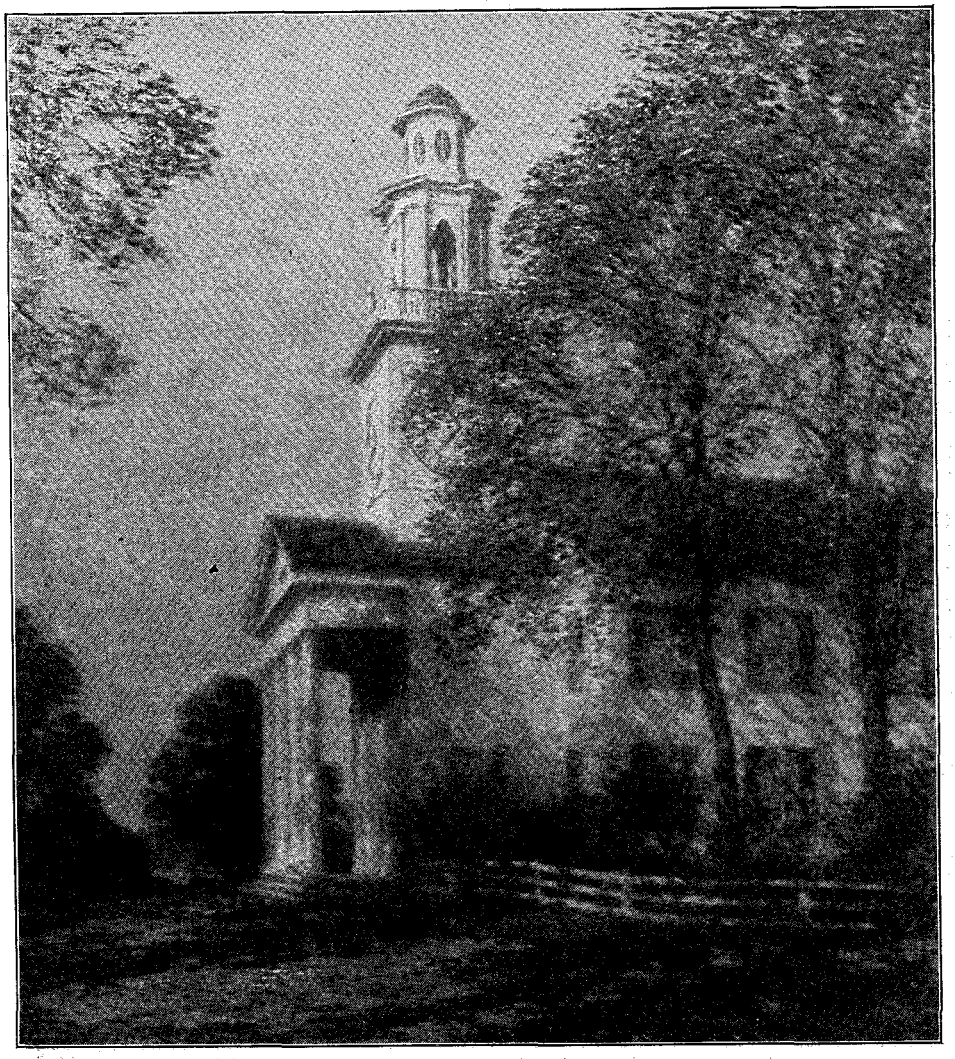

"Benediction," by Willard L. Metcalf.

to him. He said: "I want thus and so, and this and that, and how much will it cost?" The artist told him. "What colors will you use?" The artist told him. "All right, put it in the contract." The artist put it in. Then, when the result was brought around, if Lorenzo did not like it he remarked the fact and the artist, with visions of cyanide in his after-dinner coffee, went right out and did it all over again. There was no aloofness in that situation, either on the part of Lorenzo or on the part of his artist. The results, the answer obtained through his demand, as representative of his people, was the answer to a popular demand.

But as time went on from that day to this artists began to work themselves up onto what they regarded as the height of pure form from which they could look down on such homely matters as content and other qualities associated with public understanding and desires and life, until finally they reached the upper level of their uppishness between 1850 and 1880, when they all took to talking about "art for art's sake" and telling the public that it did not know anything about the higher forms of life and should not intrude. At first the public agreed to this and bowed in awestruck silence before the artists' Olympian atti-

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tudes. Then, as they did not really need art, they began to be bored with being awe-struck and so just naturally moved away, leaving the artists to float around in their clouds of high art, quite lonesome and chilly, with nothing in their pocketbooks, calling for public support and wondering why they did not get it.

Now, thank goodness, at last these artists have begun to recognize the drawbacks of this exclusiveness and want to return. But here they meet with their second difficulty, their shyness. For every good artist must be a man of sensitive nerves, and sensitive nerves make for shyness, and shyness is so often mistaken on the part of the public for pride and aloofness.

This leads me to my third point, which is that our critics should realize that art should unite men, not sever them; that when artists and laymen are facing one another in hostile camps, as they are to-day, there is something radically wrong with the situation; and that the critics can perform no higher function than to bring these shy, sensitive artist folk and our "tired business men" into that closer, greatly to be desired union.

The reason for this schism is not far to seek. Art has gone outside of public life. It appeals now to the intellect and not to the emotions. It has ceased to amuse, in the larger sense of the word, which for ages was its chief function. The critics are as much to blame as any one else; for they and their dilettante friends have fallen into the habit of applying arbitrary outside standards which ask both the artist and the onlooker to respect certain rules and regulations quite foreign to their fine natural impulses, thinking that thereby they are elevating the public to the sphere of high art. As a matter of fact they have not been doing anything of the sort. They have been barring the artist from taking a broad and human relationship with his public. They have been restricting art to the specialist.

The cure is simple, though it requires a little courage to take the first dose. Let artist, critic, and public all tell the truth to one another in homely language which they normally use when not on parade.

Let the critic stop teaching the public about the artist and start teaching the artist about the public. Cease elevating the artist as the leader of a group of super-cultivated æsthetics. Insist again and again that as art is founded on life so the great artist must have great human sympathy with life, must reflect the big emotions of his time, marking the feelings of the world, but not teaching it new feelings.

Reassure the public day in and day out, year in and year out, not to put on felt slippers when they approach a picture. Agree with the public that they are only expected, in viewing paintings, to seek enjoyment in the finest sense of the word. Make clear to them that the artist is but a guide, a friendly guide, who will lead them, perhaps by seemingly confused paths, but ones they need not recognize if they have not the time or inclination, to the goal they seek.

Once the public finds this to be the case the rest is easy. They will feel free to develop a genuine and healthy point of view, restrained and refined but not inspired by the critic. Then seeing their point of view beautified beyond their dreams through their artists, they will support an art that is fine and spontaneous and national, not an art set up in a despairing competition with a baseball field across the way by a band of what the public now regards as fanatics whose only satisfaction can be the self-righteousness that comes to all leaders of a forlorn hope.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Conflicting Economic Influences

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

SOMETIMES the drift of events is so strong in a single direction that the course of the markets seems, in retrospect, merely to have reflected a uniform and consistent economic movement with world-wide scope. The rising markets of 1919, the long decline of 1920 and the first half of 1921, the steady recovery during the early months of 1922, usually foreshadowed and always indicated a series of chapters in finance and industry each of which had a sharply distinctive character of its own. The situation with which this year's summer season ended was curiously different.

Drift of the Markets

In a very unusual degree it was a situation of conflicting tendencies, mutually offsetting influences, underlying causes which foreshadowed diametrically opposite results. This was not all; the events which shaped the period were themselves of the most perplexing nature, in that the most experienced mind could not be sure what they actually meant or just what condition of affairs they were creating. In many respects the general economic outlook, notably in the United States, was extremely favorable. Money was abundant; the "frozen credits" of 1920 had been released; industry was reawakening, after its long depression, to a market of stable prices and depleted supplies. At the very time when the embargo on coal supplies and the threat against adequate transportation facilities were reaching their critical stage, the signs which ordinarily indicate trade revival were impressively in evidence.

THEY were favorable in the field of railway traffic itself. The Association of Railway Executives makes public at regular intervals the number of cars loaded with freight each week on all the railroads of the United States. During one or two weeks before the movement of coal was crippled by the strike, more cars were loaded than in any corresponding week since the ending of the war. As the strike went on, loadings of coal necessarily decreased, and during midsummer the total traffic taken by the roads, although still some 10 per cent above that of a year ago, fell far below 1920 and 1919. But since this was an enforced and artificial decrease, it was not the true test of industrial activity.

The Favorable Economic Signs

When the car loadings of general merchandise, which fairly measure the state of general trade, were compared with the same week in preceding years, they showed not only a weekly increase of 100,000 cars over 1921, but of 50,000 over the active midsummer season of 1920. In one week of July, the total loadings aside from coal practically reached the highest weekly total in the history of American railroads. Checks drawn on American banks in July, another familiar measure of the scope of business, were greater by nearly 16 per cent than in July, 1921.

ONE doubtful problem of a summer season is always the outcome of the harvests. The results from the agricultural season 1922 have been singularly interesting. The August crop forecast of the Department of Agriculture indicated a wheat yield 10,000,000 bushels greater than in 1921; a corn crop only four times exceeded in our agricultural history, and a total harvest of the five great cereal crops which would exceed last year's by 300,000,000 bushels, or 6 per cent. In a curiously different way, the cotton crop outlook contributed to

Harvest Outcome of 1922

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the influences making for business recovery.

Nothing had given more emphasis to the depression of 1920 and 1921 than the inability of Southern planters to turn into cash the enormous surplus of unsold cotton from the previous harvests, or to pay the bank loans with which that surplus had been financed. There is normally carried over, at the end of a growing season in the cotton belt, a reserve of about 2,000,000 bales. In August, 1918, that "carry-over" in the South was estimated at 2,184,000 bales. At the same date in 1919, it had risen to 3,574,000. By the middle of 1921 it was 5,215,000, and meantime the price of cotton had fallen from 43¾ cents in July, 1920, to 10⅞ in June, 1921. With labor and materials at their present figure, the lower price would scarcely pay the average planter's cost of production; it would certainly not return him what he had spent to produce that cotton.

The Cotton Crop Situation

THE great reduction in acreage of the cotton crop of 1921, and the unfavorable season which has prevailed for the crop planted in 1922, may turn out to have brought unfortunate eventual consequences to the textile industry; for if the last season's requirements of 13,000,000 bales of American cotton were to be met, as the late summer estimates have indicated, by a 1922 crop of 10 to 11 million bales, actual scarcity might result for the spinning trade. But at the moment, the immediate consideration was that the "twenty-cent cotton market" had resulted, at a time when home and foreign demand for it was reviving, in the solution of the urgent problem of the South.

This summer, at the end of the old cotton season, there was carried over in the South only 1,906,000 bales, or less than the normal average, comparing with the 5,215,000 carry-over of a year before. The huge surplus which had seemed unsalable in 1921 had been disposed of, largely at prices nearly double the low values of a year ago, and the "frozen credits" were paid off. How greatly this had altered the situation, in regard to facilities of credit now available for trade, might be judged from the fact that at the ending of this past summer the New York Reserve Bank, which a year before had been rediscounting $318,000,000 notes for private banks, and nearly $42,000,000 for other reserve banks in the "frozen credit" districts, was now asked to lend only $47,000,000 in all, and that its cash reserve was now more than double the amount required by law to be held against its deposits and circulation. At the end of the summer season of 1921, the Atlanta Reserve Bank, serving the Eastern cotton belt, was rediscounting $100,000,000 loans for the private banks, and itself borrowing $8,000,000 from Northern reserve banks; this summer, its rediscounts were down to $30,000,000, and it was borrowing nothing from other reserve institutions.

Counterbalancing Influences

SUCH was the underlying economic position in the United States. The counterbalancing influences were formidable. They were embodied in actual news, which unfolded in a manner to cause, first entire perplexity as to what it actually meant, then a sense of confused uncertainty as to what the ultimate results would be. In Europe, the German Government had formally declared inability to continue payment of reparations. England had proposed a moratorium on payments. France, whose own indebtedness for reconstructing the devastated regions would have remained a charge on the public treasury while Germany's stipulated payments were remitted during two or three successive years, refused concurrence. The foreign correspondents and the markets discussed a possible "break in the Entente," a possible seizure of German territory by France. Meantime, with the gold value of the German paper currency shrinking more than one half within a fortnight from its already very low level of depreciation, the German Chancellor had publicly declared that to watch the movement of affairs was "like being at the deathbed of a nation."

In America, the five-months' coal strike had so far curtailed supplies that even the country's steel and iron manufacturing plant, with unfilled orders on its books 40

(Financial Situation, continued on page 59)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 514)

per cent greater than a few months before, had been forced for lack of fuel to reduce by one-fifth its daily production of steel, and to blow out more than one-fourth of its active iron foundries. At the moment when hope for a settlement of that industrial dispute was coming into sight, the strike of the railway shop mechanics against the wage reduction by the Railway Labor Board had so far excited the feelings of operating railway forces that trainmen began to quit their duty, sometimes leaving a trainload of transcontinental passengers half-way across the Western desert. The possibility of a general railway strike began to appeal to uneasy imaginations; occasionally, predictions would be heard of enforced closing down of productive industry, of five or ten million laborers out of work, of government seizure of the railways, or a "social revolution."

CONFRONTED by a nation-wide famine of fuel for manufacturing industries, whose reaction on labor in those industries must have been disastrous, the unions settled both coal strikes; but the five months' shortage of production remained, and the organizations of the shopmen whose office it is to keep in working condition the engines and cars of the railways, failed to come to terms with their employers, even on the intercession of the unions controlling the operating forces. The resultant situation was difficult to read, whether in its application to the general attitude of labor or in its application to the question of fuel supply and distribution. Beyond the fact that the upshot of the coal and railway controversies has shown that American labor is not, as a body, predisposed to anarchy and violence, it is a little difficult to see what we have learned from the past season's chapter of events. That labor was not only restless over wage reductions, but that it was able to accept a long period of unemployment (perhaps because of the very high wages earned in the past half dozen years), had been made evident already, and another shortage of labor seemed to be in sight. That there was a radical element in the union membership, which was ready to resort to disorder, and which might have wel-

Aspects of the Coal Strike

(Financial Situation, continued on page 61)

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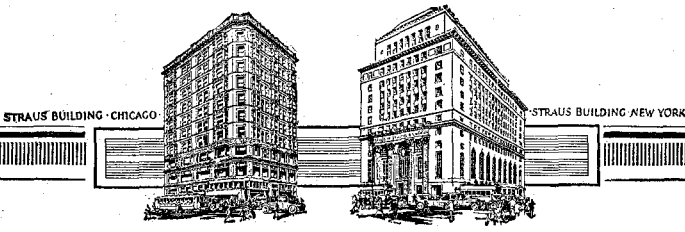

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 59)

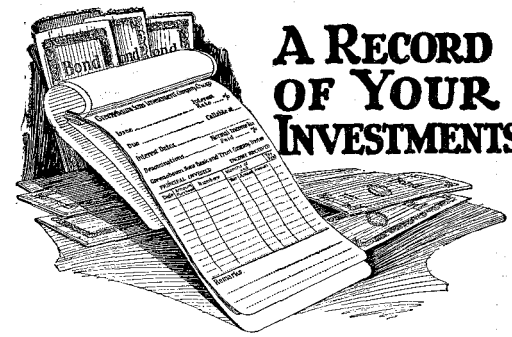
comed the complete upsetting of the industrial and social structure, has been manifest ever since 1918. This has made "labor union politics," the formal action on leaders and policies, a focus of contest and manœuvre quite as active as the conflict of political parties at Washington.

Nevertheless, conservatism has prevailed whenever the real test came. The bituminous coal strike was settled. The head of the railway trainmen's brotherhood ordered the men who had abandoned their trains in California and Arizona to return to work immediately, declaring in his order that the union would not "give instructions that mean that each individual member can do as he pleases." When the four brotherhoods of railway operating forces intervened to mediate the shopmen's strike, they stated positively that no idea of a general railway strike had at any time been entertained.

Problems of Railway Labor Board

ON the other hand, the work of the Railway Labor Board, created by the Transportation Act of 1920 to settle wage disputes between the companies and their employees, remains in a highly experimental stage. It still has no power for punishing refusal to acquiesce in its decisions, and it is doubtful whether its authority has been strengthened or impaired by the occurrences of the season. The Administration at Washington, in its efforts to bring about the settlement of the railway shopmen's strike, rightly upheld in principle the authority of the Labor Board; but at the critical stage of the negotiations in the matter, the Administration gave an unfortunate turn to this very part of the controversy. When the four brotherhoods of operating railway employees were threatening a strike last October against the Labor Board's reduction in their wages, the Board in an official decision warned the unions that if a strike were ordered and carried out, "the organization so acting has forfeited its rights and the rights of its members in and to the provisions and benefits of all contracts theretofore existing, and the employees so striking have voluntarily removed themselves from the classes entitled to appeal to this Board for relief and protection."

(Financial Situation, continued on page 63)



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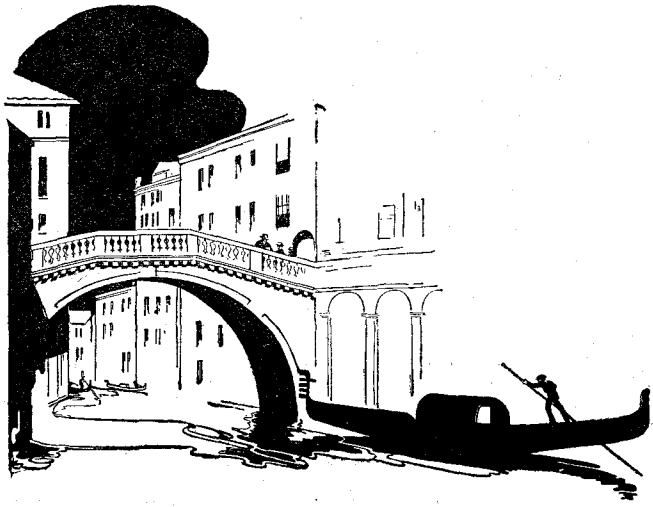

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 61)

Among the benefits referred to was the so-called "seniority privilege," whereby length of continuous service entitled an employee to preferential consideration, alike in promotion, in character of work (as between day and night shifts, for instance), and in retention on the pay-roll while men with a shorter term of continuous service were laid off in necessary reduction of working forces. The railways had, in the past, invariably upheld the principle that, since strikes were voluntary departure from the service, reinstatement at the ending of a strike involved return to seniority subordinate to that of the men who had kept their places. The Board's decision of 1921 had to do with a case precisely analogous to that presented this present season, except that last year's strike order was revoked and that this year's was not.

The President's proposal of August 1, submitted unexpectedly, was that "all employees now on strike" should be "returned to work and to their former positions with seniority and other rights unimpaired." It was out of the question for the railways to accept this proposal when the shopmen who had remained loyal and the new mechanical employees had been assured that the prior rights, deliberately relinquished by the striking workers, would accrue to them. The issue, indeed, was unusually clear, not only because of the Labor Board's official declaration, but because the strike had itself been directed against an arbitral decision of the Board itself in the matter of wages. In other words, the authority of the Board was doubly challenged, by refusal to accept its formal ruling on a wage dispute, as authorized by the Transportation Act, and by the demand, on which the striking unions now conditioned the return of their men to work, that another decision of the Board on working rules and privileges should be ignored. The public's immediate approval of the attitude of the managements showed that respect of the Federal Board's authority was the real question at stake. The Administration itself virtually receded from its position; President Harding stating to Congress that his "tentative proposal" had not been "what I would ordinarily ask to be conceded," but that "the government can now have no chart for its course except the law."

(Financial Situation, continued on page 65)

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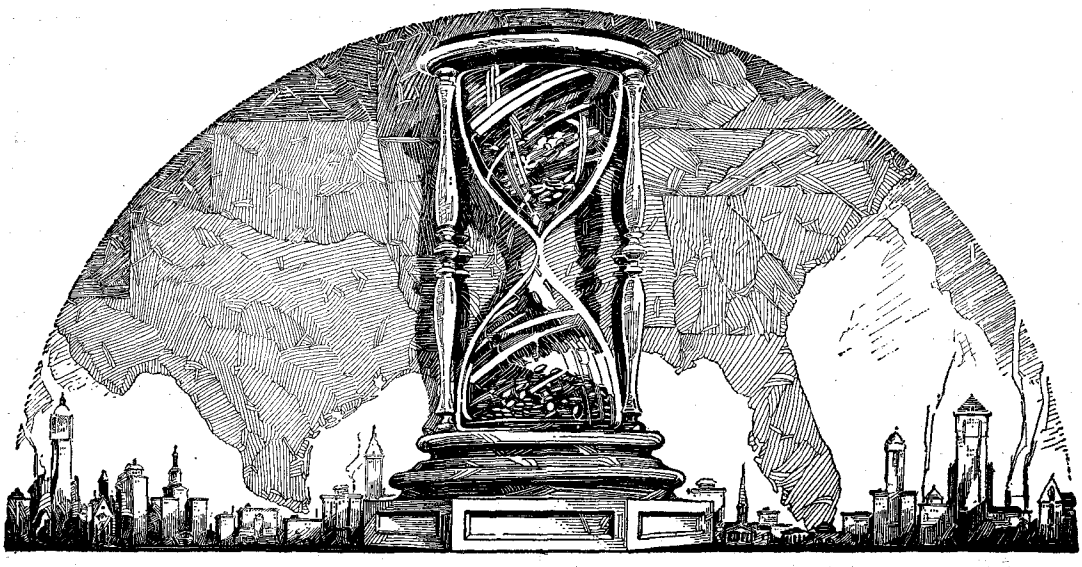

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 63)

WITH the shopmen's strike continuing, despite this attitude of government and public, the situation merely resolved itself into a question of time within which the striking mechanics could be replaced by new recruits, and the railway cars and locomotives brought again to their previous standard of efficiency. Meantime the larger problem remained for the approaching autumn and winter season: what would be the effect on industrial activity and individual comfort of the shortage of fuel which was inevitable after a five-months' interruption of output from the mines?

Industrial Situation at End of Summer

At the moment the most that can be said is that the hardships arising from a deficiency of this kind, when the existing condition had been long foreseen, and when preparation had been made with the utmost care to command supplies from foreign sources and to provide for the most efficient distribution, always turn out to be less formidable in the actual event than in the previous canvassing of unpleasant possibilities. Back even of these considerations rose the question, brought into strong relief by the incidents of the season, what machinery can be set up to prevent recurrence of a situation in which the welfare and safety of the whole community can be put in peril by the refusal of a single body of organized workers to submit their disputes and claims to arbitration.

IF the course of events was perplexing this summer in the American labor controversy, the drift of affairs in Europe's discussion of German reparations seemed at times to indicate complete confusion of purpose, absolute deadlock of policy, and financial consequences difficult to predict. Another in the long series of conferences of the allied premiers was called in August at London, on the formal declaration by Germany that the next instalments on her reparations would not be paid. The note from the government at Berlin to the Allies' Reparations Commission, dated July 12, had set forth that whereas foreign gold credits could be purchased by Germany in the spring of 1921 at 60 marks to the dollar, the cost per dollar under existing conditions had risen to 500 marks. Payment on reparations account, this year, of 720,000,000 gold marks, would equal $171,000,000, which would cost in German paper currency more than 80,000,000,000 marks. The German Government went on to say that "if under the circumstances Germany

Course of Events in Europe

(Financial Situation, continued on page 67)

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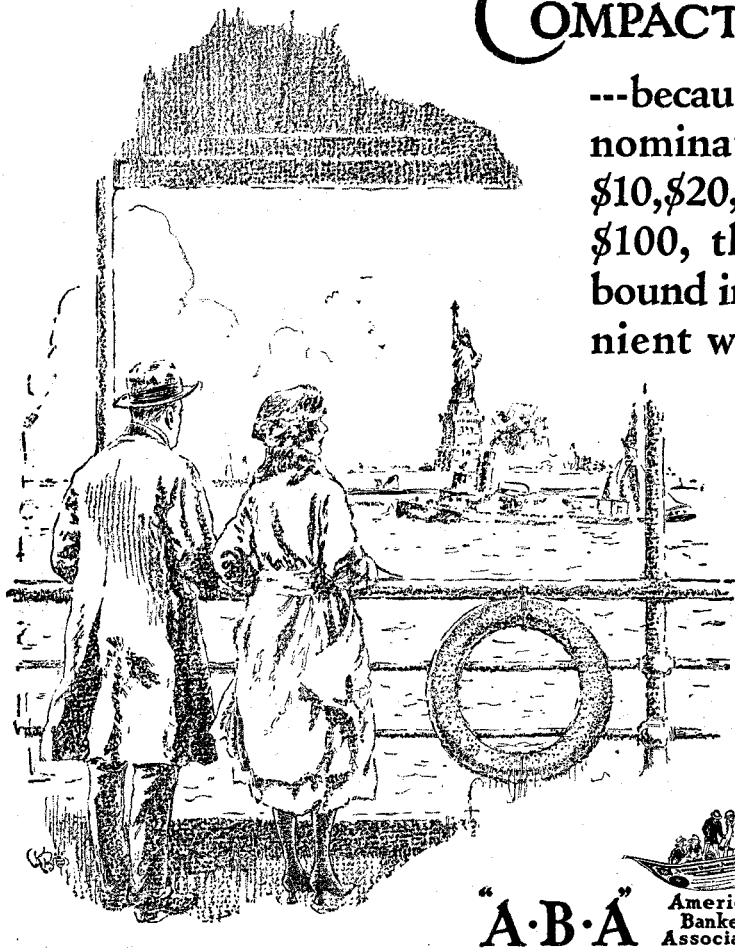

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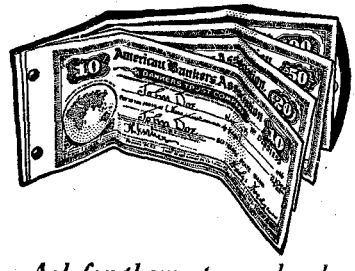

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 65)

should be further obliged to buy foreign currencies to an extent similar to the amount demanded at present, the depreciation in the value of the mark would progress rapidly and lead to the complete dissolution of the financial, economic, and social life of Germany." It therefore concluded that "for this reason Germany, under present conditions, is unable to continue cash payments."

The situation which then presented itself was by no means simple. It was regarded from four distinct and separate points of view. Germany protested that her government could not go on paying indemnities in gold while the gold value of the paper mark, in which her revenues were collected, was falling to infinitesimal proportions, and while, therefore, the actual cost of making such payments was doubling or trebling in a few weeks' time. France replied that her government had spent from its own resources, for reconstruction of the devastated regions alone, upwards of 60,000,000,000 francs; that the annual interest on the bonds issued to raise that prodigious sum must be procured from taxes; that if reparations payments were suspended, without tangible guarantee of ultimate resumption of them, for the benefit of the country which had done the damage, and whose own cities and industries had not been touched by the hand of war, then the whole burden would fall on the party who had already suffered most.

England, speaking through its premier, took the ground that the policy of pressing Germany too hard would itself invoke disaster. If it ruined German trade, it would put the payment of reparations out of her power. If it drove Germany into the hands of the Communists or reactionaries, "there would be no reparations from either; there would be lots of trouble but no cash." Finally, there was the Reparations Commission, holding the position that the German Government had itself, through its unsound methods of public finance, created the situation in which payment of reparations, even of an annual sum, had become impossible.

The New Collapse of the German Mark

IT is one of the paradoxical incidents of an episode full of paradox that the fall in the German mark—which had been ascribed, both in and out of Germany, to the forced sale of German paper money to raise foreign credits for the reparations payments—reached its extreme point of violence after those payments had been suspended. The government at Berlin had declared its inability

(Financial Situation, continued on page 69)

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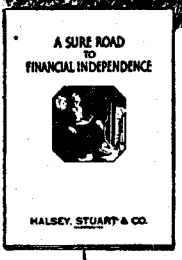

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 67)

) pay the next monthly instalment on reparaons, due August 15, it was therefore buying no reign credits through sale of paper marks for ie purpose of that payment, and hence was a ss important influence in the depression of ıark values than before. Nevertheless, the ew York valuation of the mark, which was ve-eighths of a cent at the end of May, oneurth of a cent when the notice of default was ıade on July 12, and one-sixth of a cent at the ıd of July, declined during August to less than ne-twentieth of a cent.

Speculation in Germany grew more furious ıan at any previous time in the paper-money elirium; simultaneously, signs of exhaustion of ie supply of capital and credit became inreasingly distinct in the German market. roposals were made, and in part adopted, for ie "rationing" of credit. The Reichsbank's fficial discount rate, which had stood unhanged at 5 per cent from December, 1914, hrough the war and the three and a half years fter war, was raised to 6 per cent on July 28 nd to 7 on August 28; the last-named rate aving never before been charged at that intitution except during three weeks of the Euopean "Boer War panic," at the end of 1899.

As if to make the anomaly of the picture comlete, the paper currency was increased during he month of rising bank rates 34,000,000,000 ıarks. It had been increased only 33,000,-)00,000 during the full year 1920, and 45,000,-)00,000 during 1921. It was reported from Berlin at the end of August that the Reichsıank was finding it impossible to keep up with he demands for paper currency pressed on it)y the business community through the private ıanks. At one time, serious embarrassment vas caused by a strike of printers at the gov-rnment's currency-issue bureau.

Tight Money Appears in Germany

THIS seemingly contradictory phenomenon of rates for money rising rapidly and loans becoming harder to get, at the moment of naximum increase in the output of new paper, caused a good deal of controversy. Doctor Helfferich, Germany's wartime finance minister, declared to the Reichstag that the credit stringency meant that the country was suffering, not from too great a sup)ly of currency, but from too little. Any one ıcquainted with economic episodes of this kind knows how familiar such assertions are at just such stages of inflation in prices or currency. The same contention was publicly made by American bankers when the American money

(Financial Situation, continued on page 70)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 69)

market for merchants' loans went to 8 per cen in 1920. Its basis then, as in the present asser tion by the German bankers, was the fact tha prices were rising and that higher prices call fo a larger circulating medium to provide for pay rolls, till-money, and personal pocket-money.

But the slightest consideration shows tha such an argument, in the case of Germany, mis takes effect for cause; for if progressive infla tion of the currency drives prices proportion ately higher, the same situation is certain t recur in still more aggravated form. Actua capital cannot be indefinitely accumulated at corresponding rate. Even the proceeds o very large stock and bond issues by stron manufacturing companies, which would hav met the season's business needs at last month' costs of materials and labor, will be wholly in adequate with prices and wages marked up 2 or 30 or 50 per cent. The company is drive into the money market, where its bids compet with an increasing body of other borrowers i the same position, and meantime the capita and surplus of the lending institutions to whic the borrowers apply is correspondingly les able to meet even the former requisitions.

Credit and Capital in Currency Inflation

FURTHERMORE, at that very momen transfer of German capital to foreign mar kets was reducing the home supply. In spit of all the government's efforts to get possession in exchange for new paper marks, of drafts o foreign banks received by German exporters in payment of their for- eign sales, the heaping up of these private foreign credits continued. It was possible for a German cap- italist who had sold German securities i western Europe or America to remit the bill to a bank of Switzerland, instruct that bank t make collection, and thereby create a credi balance of his own in Zurich or Geneva, where its value would not shrink with the further fall in the German mark. But necessarily, all such export of capital from the country must equiva- lently reduce the loanable resources of Germa banks. The outgo of real capital from Ger- many on that account cannot be accurately measured; the total foreign accumulations of the kind to date have been variously estimated all the way from $500,000,000 to $2,000,000,000.

In the closing weeks of August, when it was not known what action the Allies or the Repa- rations Committee would take regarding Ger- many's declaration of inability to continue making reparations payments, and the mark's decline became more rapid than on any pre-

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ious occasion, the German people seemed to e seized with a panicky impulse to turn their aper money, or the bank deposits payable in uch paper, into other currencies with a reasonbly stable value. The transaction could be ffected on the German stock exchanges. The oreign market called it "throwing over of narks by Germans"; the Germans called it uying dollars, or British pounds sterling, or Dutch florins, or Swedish crowns.

Sometimes the foreign currencies thus bought vere physically hoarded by the German buyr, sometimes a bank deposit was established o his credit at New York or London or Amterdam or Stockholm. In either case that nuch of available capital went out of Germany, nd in either case the pressure of German sales f the paper mark forced its value to still a ower figure. The lower it fell, the greater for he moment became the contagious excitement ver getting rid of the paper money before it hould sink to absolute worthlessness. It must e remembered that the German people had beore their eyes across the eastern border one country in which the paper ruble had lost all buying power whatever, and across the southern border another country whose paper crown, worth nominally 20⅓ American cents, had fallen in August to barely one-thousandth part of a cent, and where the complete insolvency of the Austrian Government had become a matter of common talk.

Germany's Economic Outlook

WITH or without a formal respite on reparations payments or reduction in the total sum to be paid, Germany's economic problem will remain. Like all past episodes in the history of depreciated paper, it admits of solution—if only by such outright repudiation of the paper money, with substitution of another medium, as brought France to her feet again after the assignat experiment of the revolution. It certainly does not follow that the present dilemma means the "economic ruin" of Germany; the country's real wealth, its actual producing power, its capacity to make and sell goods that are needed by its own people and by foreign countries, are not destroyed by depreciation of the currency. The machinery of trade will be badly dislocated. Importations will become more difficult to manage because of the increasing obstacles to the regular payment for them on exchange; export arrangements will be impeded by the rapid and violent day-to-day changes in domestic prices.

Yet commercial ingenuity may be trusted to find expedients whereby even these handi-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 72)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 71)

caps may be in large measure overcome. Du ing 1921 the mark declined from 1¾ cents ½ a cent; at the lower figure it was depreciate 98 per cent from normal parity; but Germany imports from the United States during th year were $372,000,000, as against $311,000,00 in 1920. A further fall of 50 per cent in t mark's foreign value occurred in the first s months of 1922, yet Germany imported slight more goods from the United States than in t corresponding period of the year before.

Nevertheless, the continued depreciatio almost to the point of worthlessness, mea that the task of considering the problem drastic change in policy cannot be very muc longer deferred. The longer economic cons quences in Germany itself remain obscure, t longer political consequences are no more eas to forecast. But the social consequences this unprecedented rise in living costs are mo disturbing, the political consequences not eas to foresee, and the discouraging consideratio from the economic view-point, is the fact tha the progressive fall in the currency's value ha carried the situation past one point after an other, at which recourse to a given remedi measure would have been practicabl Whether even the foreign loan, which wa seriously discussed two or three months before would have been possible at the end of August was entirely doubtful. Even the half-way ex pedient of currency "revaluation" presented totally different aspect with the mark at one twentieth of a cent from that which it migh have borne with the price above one full cent

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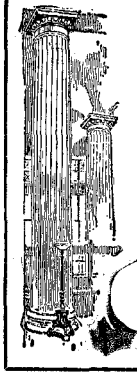

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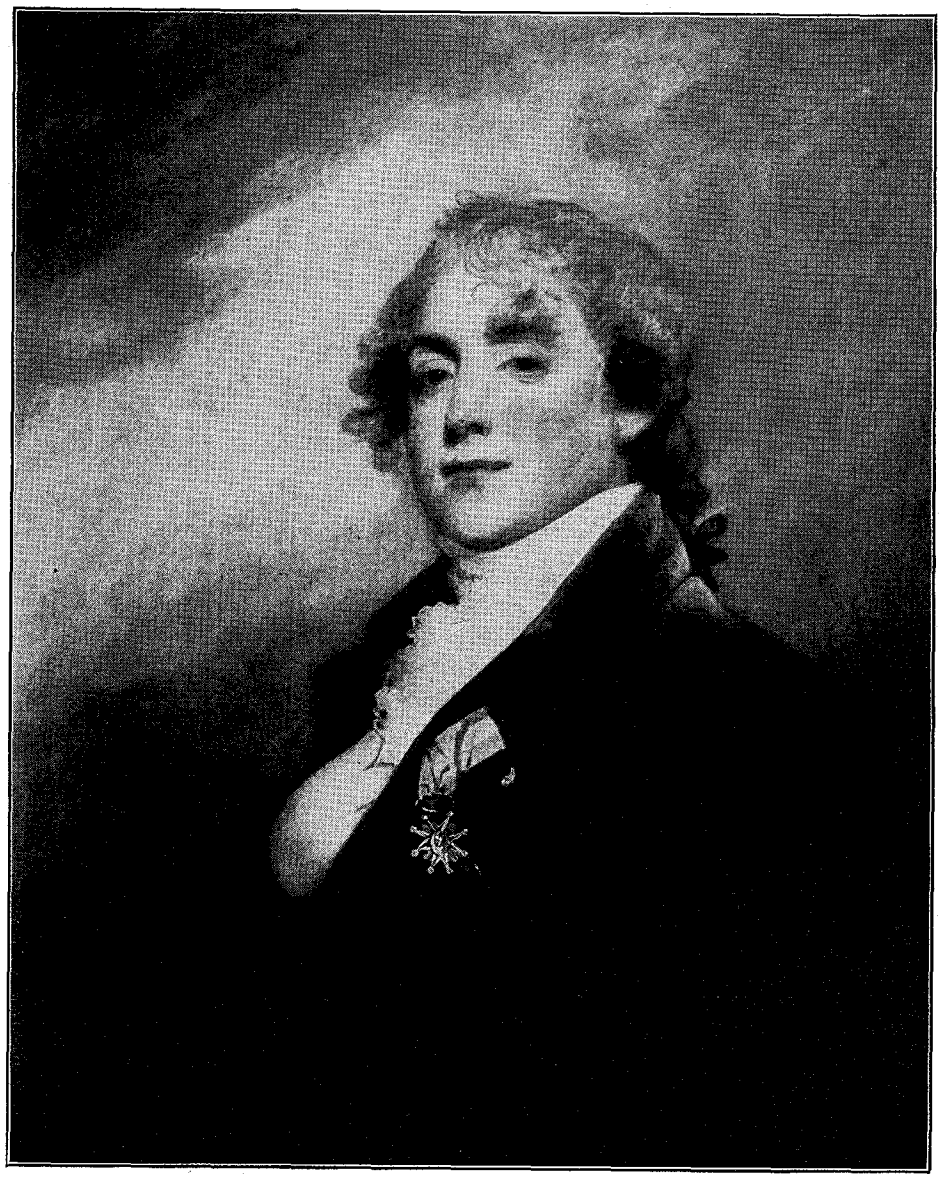

MARQUIS DE CASA YRUJO.

Painted by Gilbert Stuart and owned by the McKean family of Philadelphia.

—" The Field of Art," page 635.

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